POEMS,

With the MUSES

LOOKING-GLASSE,

AND

AMYNTAS.

By THO: RANDOLPH M.A. and late Fellow of Trinity Col. in Cambridge.

The third Edition inlarged.

Whereunto is added,

The Jealous Lovers.

1075. T. 4

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAR BROTHER,

Mr THO: RANDOLPH.

IN such a solemne train of friends that sing
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring
Religious Anthems to attend thy Hearse,
Striving t'embalme thy name in precious verse:
I, that should most, have no more power to raise
Trophies to thee, or bring one grain of praise
To crown thy Altar, then the Orbs dispense
Motion without their sole Intelligence.
For I confesse that power which works in me
Is but a weak resultance took from thee;
And if some scatter'd seeds of heat divine
Flame in my breast, they are deriv'd from thine:
And these low sickly numbers must be such,
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch:
So like a spungy cloud that sucks up rain
From the fat soil to send it back again,

There may be now from me ſome language ſhowne
To urge thy merit, but 'twas firſt thy own:
For though the Doners influence be paſt
For new effects, the old impreſſions laſt;
As in a bleeding trunk we oft diſcry
Leaps in the head, and rowling in the eye,
By virtue of ſome ſpirits, that alone
Do tune thoſe Organs though the ſoul be gone;
But ſince I adde unto this generall noiſe
Only weak ſounds, and Eccho's of thy voice;
Be this a taſk for deeper mouths, while I
That cannot bribe the Phanſy, thaw the eye:
And on that Grave where they advance thy praiſe
Do plant a ſprigge of Cypreſſe, not of Baies.
Yet flow theſe teares not that thy Reliques ſit
Fix'd to their cell a conſtant Anchorit:
Nor am I ſtirr'd that thy pale aſhes have
O're the dark Climate of a private Grave
No fair inſcription: ſuch diſtempers flow
From poor lay-thoughts, whoſe blindneſſe cannot know
That to diſcerning Spirits the Grave can be
But a large womb to Immortallity:
And a fair vertuous name can ſtand alone
Braſſe to the Tombe, and marble to the ſtone.
No, 'tis that Ghoſtly progeny we mourne,
Which careleſſe you let fall into the Vrne:
We had not flow'd with ſuch a laviſh tide
Of tears and grief, had not thoſe Orphans dy'd.
For what had been my loſſe, who reading thine,
A Brother might have kiſs'd in every line?
Theſe that are left, Poſterity muſt have;
Whom a ſtrict care hath reſcu'd from the Grave
To gather ſtrength by Vnion; as the beams

Of the bright Sun ſhot forth in ſeverall ſtreams;
And thinly ſcatter'd with leſſe fervor paſſe,
Which cauſe a flame contracted in a Glaſſe.
Theſe, if they cannot much advance thy fame,
May ſtand dumb Statues to preſerve thy name:
And like Sun-dialls to a day that's gone,
Though poor in uſe can tell there was a ſun.
Yet (if a fair confeſſion plant no Bayes,
Nor modeſt truth conceav'd a laviſh praiſe)
I could to thy great glory tell this age
Not one invenom'd line doth ſwell the page
With guilty legends; but ſo clear from all
That ſhoot malicious noiſe, and vomit gall,
That 'tis obſerv'd in every leafe of thine,
Thou haſt not ſcatter'd ſnakes in any line.
Here are no remnants tortur'd into ruine
To gull the reeling judgements of the time;
Nor any ſtale reverſions patch thy writ
Glean'd from the raggs and frippery of wit.
Each ſillable doth here as truely runne
Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne.
Nay in thoſe feebler lines which thy laſt breath
And labouring brains ſnatch'd from the skirts of death,
Though not ſo ſtrongly pure, we may deſcry
The father in his laſt poſterity,
As clearly ſhown, as Virgins looks do paſſe
Through a thinne lawne, or ſhadows in the glaſſe:
And in thy ſetting, as the ſuns, confeſſe,
The ſame large brightneſſe, though the heat be leſſe.
Such native ſweetneſſe flowes in every line;
The Reader cannot chuſe but ſwear 'tis thine.
Though I can tell a rugged ſect there is
Of ſome fly-wits will judge a ſquint on this;

And from thy eaſy flux of language gueſſe
The fancies weak, becauſe the noiſe is leſſe;
As if that Channell which doth ſmoothly glide
With even ſtreams, flow'd with a ſhallow tide.
But let a quick-diſcerning judgement look,
And with a piercing eye untwiſt thy book
In every loome, I know the ſecond view
Shall find more luſtre then the firſt could do.
For have you ſeen when gazing on the ſkies
With ſtrict ſurvey a new ſucceſſion riſe
Of ſeverall ſtarres, which do not ſo appeare
To every formall glance that ſhoots up there:
So when the ſerious eye has firmly been
Fix'd on the page, ſuch large increaſe is ſeen
Of various fancy, that each ſeverall view
Makes the ſame fruitfull book a Mart of new.
But I forbear this mention; ſince I muſt
Ranſack thy aſhes and revile thy duſt
With ſuch low Characters, I mean to raiſe
Thee to my contemplation, not my praiſe:
And they that wiſh thy picture clearly ſhowne
In a true Glaſſe, I wiſh would uſe thy own:
Where I preſume how ere thy vertues come
Ill ſhap'd abroad, th'art fairly dreſt at home.

Ro. Randolph, M. A. Student
of *C.* Church.

Le

Lectori nimiùm critico qui Authoris Fescenninos sales plus justo rigidus interpretatur.

DExtra quid Archetypæ nudas mysteria chartæ?
Privatiq; aperis limina clausa joci?
Non luccm patitur cœlebs margo venenum,
Et videt ingenuis toxica mista jocis.
Quæq; stolata dedit sanctus Floralia vates,
Exuis, & nudas das sine veste sales.
Hinc tota immeritam jugulat censura papyrum,
Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo falces.
Carnifices calamos, & raucæ jurgia Musæ
Simplicitas casti sentit honesta libri.
Quid culpæ fuerit si vatis amabile carmen
Lascivam casto schemate lusit anum?
Lintea si nudis injecit pulchra pudendis?
Vel tegit incastam larva modesta Deam?
Nulla tuis regnant nisi nomina mascula chartis,
Si quod fœmineum est culpa legentis erit;
(Ut proles, uteri primò qui claustra reliquit,
Mascula, fœmineum videmus arte Sporum.)
Das thalami lusus cortinæ at tegmine sanctos,
Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.
Dii bene! quam sanctis loquitur Venus impia verbis?
Tyndaris & raptus hic stupet esse pios.
Lecta puella tuis dum spectat crimina chartis,
Visa sibi est furto sanctior ire suo.
Ipsunc ingenuæ pareas lex Iulia chartæ,
Scripta librum dederat, lecta lupanar erat.

R o. Randolph, ex Æde Christi,

BLeſt Spirit, when I firſt did ſee
The Genius of thy Poetrie,
Nimble and fluent; in a ſtrain
Even with, if not beyond the brain
Of Laureats that crown'd the ſtage;
And liv'd the wonders of the age:
And this but ſparkles from a fire
That flam'd up, and ſoar'd much higher;
I gaz'd deſirous to ſee
Whither thy wit would carry thee.
Thy firſt riſe was ſo high, that even
As needs it muſt, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem.

CAneſcant alii, ſterilique ætatis honore
Lætentur: fecit te tua Muſa ſenem.
Parcarum labor eſt vitæ menſura peractæ:
Texuntur propriâ ſtamina Veſtra manu;
Felix qui primo excedis, Randolphe, ſub ævo,
Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides;
Vii bene non dederint effætæ frigora vitæ:
Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.

THO. TERENT *M.* A. CK
Æde Chriſti.

Vpon Mr. Randolph's Poems, collected *and publiſhed after his Death.*

AS when a ſwelling Cloud melted to ſhowres,
Sweetly diffuſes freſh and active powers

Into

Into the ſhrunk and thirſty veines of erth;
Bleſſing her barren womb with a new birth
Of grain and fruit: and ſo redeems a land
Of deſperate people from the deſtroying hand
Of merc'leſſe plague, Famine or Death; and then
Collects its ſtreams unto the Ocean:
So thy diffuſive ſoul, and fluent parts,
(Great miracle of naturall wit and Arts,)
Rapt up ſome Regions 'bove our Sphear, did flow
And ſhowr their bleſſings down on us below:
Whilſt we, dull earth, in extaſies did ſit,
Almoſt o'rewhelmed with thy flouds of wit.
What blouds of verſe is pump't from our dry Brains,
Sprung like a ruſhing Torrent from thy Veines.
When a long Drought preſag'd ſome fatall Dearth,
Thy unexhauſted Founts gave us new birth
Of wit and verſe; when *Cham*, or *Iſis* fell,
Thy open'd Floudgates made their Riv'lets ſwell
'Bove their proud Banks: where planted by thy hand
Th'*Heſperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles ſtand,
And thoſe ſweet Shades where Lovers tell their bliſſes
To th wiſp'ring leaves, and ſumme'em up in kiſſes.
There in full Quire the Muſes us'd to ſing
Melodious Odes bathing in *Cham*, their Spring:
And all the Graces TOM, dwelt with thee too,
Crowning thy Front for old *Citherons* Brow.
Nor were we rich alone, Climes far from hence
Acknowledge yet thy ſoveraign influence:
Sicillians owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,
And *Cotſwold Hill* thy Dews created *Dale*.
All Lands and Soyles from hence were fruitfull grown,
And multipli'd the meaſures thou haſt ſown.
Green-ſword-untilled milk-maids wiſh no bliſſes

Beyond

Beyond a ſtamniel Petticoat, and kiſſes,
And thy ſvveet *Dowry*: This alone, they cry,
Will make our Beaſts and Milk to multiply.
And the dull Fallovv Clovvns, vvho never thought
Of God or Heaven but in a floud or drought,
Do gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vovv
To make their Lads and Wenches Poets novv.
For they can make their fields to laugh and ſing
To th'Muſes Pipe, and Winter rhime to ſpring.
They pray for the firſt curſe; like Schollers novv,
To earn their livings by their ſvveaty Brovv.
Then the fine Gardens of the Court are ſet
With Flovvers ſprung from thy Muſes Coronet.
Thoſe pretty Imps in Pluſh, that on truſt go
For their fine clothes, and their fine Iudgements too,
The Frontiſpeece or Title-page of Playes,
Whoſe vvhole diſcourſe is--*As the Poet ſayes.*
That Taverns drain, (for Ivie is the ſign
Of all ſuch ſack-ſhop vvits, as vvell as vvine.)
And make their verſes dance on either hand
With numerous feet, vvhilſt they vvant feet to ſtand:
That ſcore up jeſts for every glaſſe or cup,
And th'totall ſumme behinde the door caſt up;
Theſe had been all dry'd up, and many more,
That quaff up *Helicon* upon thy ſcore.
The ſneaking Tribe, that drink and vvrite by ſits,
As they can ſteal or borrovv coyn or vvits.
That Pandars fee for Plots, and then bely
The paper vvith--*An excellent Comedy,*
Acted (more vvas the pity) *by th'Red Bull*
With great applauſe, of ſome vain City-Gull;
That damn Philoſophy, and prove the curſe
Of emptineſſe, both in the Brain and Purſe;

Theſe

Theſe that ſcrape legs and trenchers to my Lord,
Had ſtarv'd but for ſome ſcraps pickt from thy boord
They had try'd the Balladiers of Fidlers trade,
Or a *New Comedie* at Tiburn made.
Thus, TOM thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all
With wealthy ſhowers or Mines Poeticall
Nor did thy dewes diſtill in a cold raine
But with a flaſh of Lightning op't thy brain,
Which thaw'd our ſtupid ſpirits with lively heat,
And from our frofts forc'd a Poeticke ſweat.
And now wits Commonwealth by thee repriv'd,
(For its conſumption ſhews it not long liv'd,)
Thy far diſperſed Streames divert their courſe,
(Though ſome are damned up) toth' Muſes Sourſe.
This Ocean:--He that will fadome it
By's Lines ſhall found an Ocean of wit;
Not ſhallow, low, and troubled, but profound
And vaſt, though in theſe narrow limits Bound.
The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay,
Are ſome poor drops to thy *Pactolus* Sea,
And firſt ſtoln thence, though now ſo muddy grown
With our foul channels, they ſcarce ſeem thy own.
Thus have I ſeen a peece of Coyn, which bore
The Image of my King or Prince before,
New caſt into ſome Peaſant, loſe its grace;
Yet's the ſame body with a fouler face.
If our own ſtore muſt pay; that Gold vvhich vvas
Lent us in ſterling, vve muſt turn in braſſe.
Hadſt thou vvrit leſſe or vvorſe, then vve might lay
Some thing upon thy Vrn thou didſt not ſay:
But thou hadſt Phanſies vaſt Monopolie,
Our flock vvill ſcarce amount t'an Elegie.
Yet all the Legacies thy Fatall day

Bequeath'd,

Bequeath'd, thy ſad Executor will pay.
To late Divines (by Will and Teſtament)
A Paraphraſe on each Commandement,
In Morall *Precepts*, with a *Diſputation*
Ending the Quarrels 'bout *Predeſtination.*
To thoſe that ſtudy how to ſpend the day,
And yet grow wiſe---*The Ethicks in a Play.*
To Poets, 'cauſe there is no greater curſe,
Thou bequeathdſt nothing, *in thy empty purſe.*
To City-Madams, that beſpeak new faces
For every Play or Feaſt, *Thy Looking glaſſes.*
And to their Chamber-maids who only can
Adorn their Ladies head: and dream of man.
Th'aſt left a Dowry; They till now, by ſtealth
Writ only members of the Common-wealth.
To Heaven thy *Raviſh't ſoul*, (though who ſhall look
Will ſay it lives in each line of thy Book)
Thy *Duſt*, unnaturall Reliques that could die,
To earth; Thy *Fame* unto eternitie.
A *Husband* to thy Widdow'd Poetry,
Not from the Court but Vniverſitie.
To thy ſad Aunt. and now deſpairing mother,
Thy little Orphans, and thy younger Brother;
From all of which this free Confeſſions fit,
The younger ſiſter had the elder wit.

Ad Authorem.

Mollia quòd tenui currunt mihi carmina filo,
Et meus in gyro ſtet brevíore labor.
Dum tua conſtrictis aſſurgit Muſa Cothurnis.
Et Veneres caſtu vincit Avena loco.
Cedimus inculti! Fato par Gloria noſtro
Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Noſtra legant.

R. Brideoake. A. M. Nov. Coll.

WHat need thy Book crave any other fame,
It is enough that it bears *Randolphs* name.
Who ſees the title, and him underſtood,
Muſt much condemn himſelf, or ſay tis good.
Go forth example to the Neophyte,
Who hence ſhould learn to catechiſe his wit,
And dreſſe his Phancy by this Glaſſe: whoſe Muſe
Well-favour'd is, ſhould here her face peruſe,
It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace
She takes from th'owner of a beauteous face:
But if a menſtruous, and illiterate eye
Blaſt her, the various ſpecks ſhall ſoon deſcry
The foul beholder, and proclaim her ſpoil
Not to reſult from thence, but his own ſoil.

ED. GAYTON. A.M.Ioan.

IMmortall *Ben* is dead; and as that ball
On *Ida* toſs'd, ſo is his Crown by all
The infantry of wit. Vain Prieſts! That chair
Is only fit for his true Son and Heir.
Reach here the Lawrell. *Randolph*, 'tis thy praiſe:
Thy naked Scull ſhall well become the Bayes.
See, *Daphne*, courts thy Ghoſt: and ſpite of fate,
Thy *Poems* ſhall be Poet *Laureat*.

G. W. Ioan.

To his very worthy friend M. ROB. RANDOLPH *of* Chr. Ch. *on the publiſhing of his Brothers Poëms.*

WE thank you, worthy ſir, that tis our hap
To praiſe even *Randolph* now without a clap,
And give our ſuffrage yet, though not our voice,
To ſhew the ods betwixt his fame and noyſe:
Whoſe onely modeſty we could applaud,
That ſeldome durſt preſume to bluſh abroad;
And bear his vaſt Report, and ſetting forth
His vertues, grow a ſuff'rer of his worth,
Was ſcarce his own acquaintance, and did uſe
To hear himſelf reported but as news,
So diſtant from himſelf, that one might dare
To ſay thoſe two were nere familiar:
Whoſe poliſhd phancy hath ſo ſmoothly wrought,
That 'tis ſuſpected, and might tempt our thought
To gueſſe it ſpent in every birth, ſo writ
Not as the gift but Legacy of his wit:
Whoſe unbid brain drops ſo much flowing worth,
That others are deliver'd, he brought forth;
That did not courſe in wit, and beat at leaſt
Ten lines in fallow to put up one Ieſt;
Which ſtill prevents our thought, we need not ſtay
To th'end, the Epigram is in the way.
The Town might here grow Poet, nay tis ſe'd
Some *Mai'ors* could hence as eas'ly rime as read;
Whoſe loſſe we ſo much weep, we cannot hear
His very *Comedyes* without a tear;

A

And when we read his mirth, are fain to pray
Leave from our grief to call the work a play:
Where fancy playes with judgement, and ſo fits
That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits;
Where lines fulfill themſelves, and are ſo right
That but a combats mention is a fight,
His phraſe does bring to paſſe, and he has lent
Language enough to give the things Event;
The lines pronounce themſelves, and we may ſay
The Actors were but Echoes of the Play:
Me thinks the book does Act, and we not doubt
To ſay it rather enters than comes out;
Which even you ſeem to envy, whoſe device
Has made it viler even by its price,
And taught its value, which we count ſo great
That when we buy it cheapeſt we but cheat;
And when upon one Page we bleſſe our look,
How-ere we bargain we have gain'd the Book;
Freſh-men in this are forc't to have their right,
And tis no purchaſe though 'twere ſold in ſpight;
So do we owe you ſtill, that let us know
He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.

IOS. HOVVE. Trin. Col. Oxon.

On his beloved friend the Authour, and his ingenious Poëms.

WHat need theſe buſie wits? who hath a Mine
His own, thus rich, needs not the ſcatter'd ſhine
Of leſſer heaps: Day dims a Taper's light:
And Lamps are uſeleſſe, where there is no night.

Why this train of writers? forreign Verſe
Can adde no honour to a Poet's hearſe,
Whoſe every line, which he to paper lent,
Builds for himſelf a laſting Monument.
Brave Verſe this priviledge hath; Though all be dumb,
That is the Authors Epitaph and Tomb.
Which when ambitious Pyles, th'oſtents of Pride
To duſt ſhall fall, and in their ruins hide
Their then no more remembred Founders Name:
Theſe (like *Apollo* ever yong) ſhall fame
The firſt compoſer; whoſe weigh'd works ſhall tell
What Noble thoughts did in his boſome dwell.
But now I finde the cauſe: they that do praiſe
Deſert in others, for themſelves plant Bayes:
For he that praiſes merit, loves it: thus
Hee's good, for goodneſſe thats ſolicitous.
Elſe, though He diamonds keenly pointed write,
They but proclaim a quainter Hypocrite:
Thus in the future it ſhall honour be,
That men ſhall read their names bound up with thee.
So country Moles that would at Court appear,
Intrude ſome Camels train that does live there.
So Creatures that had drown'd elſe, did imbark
With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Ark.
Or if not thus; as when in Royall ſtate
Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate:
Or as laſt year when you both Courts did ſee,
Beget joyes noon in' th' Vniverſity;
All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,
As if the Schools were turn'd into the ſtreet;
Where each one ſtrove ſuch duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own Suns Sun.
Such honour here our dimmer pens would have,

In

In pomp to wait him to his ſolemn grave:
Since what he was, his own fruits better ſhovv,
Then thoſe which planted here, by others grovv.
Rich jewels in themſelves ſuch luſtre caſt,
As gold about them, is no grace but vvaſt.
Such vvas his *Genius*: like the the quick eyes vvink,
He could vvrite ſooner then another think.
His play vvas Fancies flame, a lightning vvit,
So ſhot, that it could ſooner pierce, then hit.
VVhat er'e he pleas'd, though but in ſport to prove,
Appear'd as true, as pity dvvels vvith love.
Had he ſaid thus, That diſcreet zeal might ſtand
Both vvith the Ieſuit, and the Puritan,
T'had been believ'd; That froſt from heat proceeds,
That chaſtity from eaſe, and fulneſſe breeds;
That vvomen ought to vvo, as *Eve* at firſt
VVoo'd Man, to make the vvorld, and man accurſt;
All vvould be taken up for Truth: and ſenſe
VVhich knevv Truth coming, vvould not going hence.
Had he maintain'd Rich *Lucans* vvork had been
Meer Hiſtory; there vvould no pen be ſeen
To call it Poem: If for *Cæſar* ſtood,
Great *Pompey* ſhould be neither vveak, nor Good.
Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Lavv,
Which novv unſetled holds the vvorld in avv;
He vvould have met ſome Oſtraciſme, I fear,
Leſt he had charm'd the purple Iudge to erre.
Nor could he onely in his native ſpeech
Lobe his ripe thoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,
And lofty Greek, vvith Latine, did appear
In him, as Orient in their proper ſphear:
That vvhen in them, himſelf he pleas'd t'expreſſe,
The raviſht hearer, could not but confeſſe,

He might as well old *Rome*, or *Athens* claim,
For birth, as *Britain*, circled with the Main.
'Tis true, we have theſe languages ſtill left;
But ſpoken, as apparrell got by theft
Is worn: diſguis'd, and ſhadowed, Had he
Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity;
Though we ſhould ever in his change have loſt,
We might have gain'd enough whereof to boaſt
Our nations better Genius; But now
Our hopes are nip't er' they began to blow.
And ſure I am, his loſſe muſt needs ſtrike deep,
For whom in verſe, thus *England's Eye* doth weep.
Whoſe tears thus dew'd upon his mournfull duſt
I will not longer trouble. They that muſt
Carp though at beſt things, let them onely read:
Theſe Poems here will ſtrike that humour dead.
Which I ſhould praiſe too: but in them I ſee
There is one blemiſh, for he hath nam'd me;
Elſe, Ile not think the Reader ſo diſtreſt
In wit, but that he will admire the reſt.
Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,
(And what I now ſhall write is modeſt truth,)
He knows not him, who doth ſo much excell,
That could ſo quickly, do ſo much, ſo well.

OVVEN FELTHAM. *Ge*

On the death of Mr. Randolph.

WHen *Donne*, and *Beaumont* dyed, an Epitaph
Some men (I well remember) thought unfa
And ſaid they did *preſume to write, unleſſe*
They could their tears in their expreſſion dreſſe.

But love makes me more bold, and tels me I
In humble tearms to vent my piety
May safely dare; and reason thinks not fit,
For which I lov'd, I now should fear that wit.
Respect looks like a bargain, if confin'd
To rules precise; and is more just then kind,
If by a poiz'd and equall testament
It turnes good-will, into a covenant:
Must every present offer'd to a Prince
Be just proportion'd to his eminence?
Or ought my *Elegy* unjust be thought
Because I cannot mourn thee as I ought?
Such laws as these, (if any be so bold)
Ought those unskilfull but proud souls to hold,
Who think they could and did, at a due rate
Love thee, not me, whose love was passionate,
And hath decreed, how ere the censure go,
Thus much, although but thus, to let men know,
I do admire no Comet did presage
The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age;
Or that no *sybill* did thy death fore-tell,
Since that by it alone more ill befell
The *Laurell God*, then when the day was come
Wherein his *Delphick-Oracle* was dumb:
In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold
(That they who are soon ripe are seldom old.)
But 'twas a poor one, and for thee unfit,
Whose infancy might teach their best yeers witt;
Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,
And whose discourse was tutor to their strains;
If thou wert serious, then the audience
Heard *Plato's* works in *Tullis* eloquence:
If sad, the mourners knew no thrifty size

In tears, but ſtill cri'd out, oh lend more eyes.
If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*
So ſweetned every word, that we might ſee
Each ſtander by having enough to do
To temper mirth, untill ſome friend could wo
Thee take the pains to write, that ſo that preſſure
Checking thy ſouls quick motions, ſome ſmall leaſure
Might be obtain d to make proviſion
Of breath, againſt the next *Scen's* action.
I could go through thy works, which will ſurvive
The funerall of time; and gladly ſtrive
Beyond my power, to make that love appear
Which after death is beſt ſeen in a tear;
But praiſing one, I ſhould diſpraiſe the reſt,
Since whatſoere thou didſt, was ſtill the beſt:
Since then I am perſwaded that in thee
VVit at her acmie was, and we ſhall ſee
Poſterity not daring to aſpire
To equalize, but onely to admire
Thee as their Arch-type: with thought of thee
Henceforth Ile thus enrich my memory.
While others count from Earth-quakes, and great froſt
And ſay, i th laſt dear yeer, twould thus much coſt:
My time diſtinctions this ſhall be among,
Since Wits-decay, or *Randolph s* death, ——ſo long,

R. GOSTELOVV. M.A.

To

To the pious Memory of my dear Brother in-law, Mr. *Thomas Randolph.*

READers, prepare your Faith; who truly tells
His Hiſtory, muſt needs write miracles.
He liſp d Wit worthy th Preſſe, as if that he
Had us d his Cradle as a Library.
Some of theſe Fruits had birth, when other Boyes
(His elders) playd with Nuts; Books were his Toyes.
He had not long of Playes ſpectator been
But his ſmall Feet wore *Socks* fit for the Scene.
He was not like thoſe coſtive Wits, who blot
A quire of Paper to contrive a Plot,
And ere they name it, croſſe it, till it look
Raſed with wounds like an old mercers Book.
What pleas d this yeer, is next in pieces torn,
It ſuffers many deaths ere it be born.
For Humours to lie leidger they are ſeen
Oft in a Tavern, and a bowling-green.
They do obſerve each place, and company,
As ſtrictly as a Traveller or Spye.
And deifying dung-hills, ſeeme t'adore
The ſcum of people, Watch-man, Changling, VVhore,
To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
VVith any Rags the'le drink a pot of Ale:
Nay, what is more (a ſtrange unuſuall thing
VVith Poets) they will pay the reckoning;
And ſit with patience an hour by the Heels
To learn the Non-ſence of the Conſtables.
Svch jig like flim-flams being got to make
The Rabble laugh, and Nut-cracking forſake,
They go home (if th'have any) and there ſit

In Gown and Night-cap looking for ſome wit;
Ere they compoſe, they muſt for a long ſpace
Be dieted as Horſes for the race.
They muſt not Bacon, Beef, or Pudding eat,
A jeſt may chance be ſtarv'd with ſuch groſſe meat.
The Good hour come, and their Brain tun'd they write
But ſlow as dying men their Wills indite,
They pen by drams and ſcruples, from their quill
Words (although dreggy) flow not, but diſtill.
They ſtare, and ſowre their faces; nay to vent
The Brains, they eat their fingers excrement:
And ſcratch their Heads, as if they were about
(Their wit ſo hide-bound is) to pull it out.
Every bald ſpeech though Comicall it be
To their rack'd members proves a Tragedie.
When they have had the Counſell of ſome friend,
And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end.
Their Play ſalutes the world, and claims the Stage
For its inheritance, being now of Age.

But while They pump't their Phanſie day and night,
Hen nothing harder found then not to write,
No diet could corrupt or mend his ſtrain;
All tempers were the beſt to his ſure Brain.
He could with raptures captivate the King,
Yet not endanger Button, or Band-ſtring.
Poems from him guſh'd out ſo readily
As if they'd onely been in's Memory;
Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
As theirs whoſe pen writes for the thirteenth thought.
They erre who ſay, Things quickly done ſoon fade:
Nature and He all in an inſtant made.
Thoſe that do meaſure Phanſies by the glaſſe,
And dote on ſuch as coſt more time, may paſſe

In rank with guls, whom folly doth entice
To think that beſt which has the greateſt price.
Who poreing on, their Spungy brain ſtill ſqueez,
Neglect the cream, and onely ſave the Lees.
Stopping their flying quill, they clip Fames wing,
Make *Helicon* a puddle thats a Spring.
Nor was his haſt hood-winkt; his rage was wiſe,
His Fury counſell had, his raſhneſſe eyes.
Though he (as Engines arrows) ſhot forth wit,
Yet aim'd with all the proper marks to hit.
His Ink nere ſtain'd the Surplice; he doth right
That ſometimes takes a care to miſſe the *white*,
He turn'd no Scripture-phraſe into a jeſt;
He was inſpir'd with raptures, not poſſeſt.
Some Diveliſh Poets think their *Muſe* does ill
Vnleſſe their verſes do prophane or kill.
They boldly write what I ſhould fear to think,
Words that do pale their paper, black their Ink.
The Titles of their *Satyrs* fright ſome, more
Then *Lord have Mercy* writ upon a doore.
Although His wit was ſharp as others, yet
It never wounded; thus a Razer ſet
In a wiſe Barbers hand tickles the skin,
And leaves a ſmooth not carbonaded chin.
So ſoveraign was his Phanſy, that you'd thiuk
His quickning pen did Balſam drop, not Ink.
Read's *Elegies* and you will ſee his praiſe
Doth many ſouls fore th'Reſurrection raiſe.
No venoms in his Book; his very *Snake*
You may as ſafely as a flower take.
There's none needs fear to ſurfet with his phraſe,
He has no *Gynt* raptures to amaze
And torture weak capacities with wonder:

He (by his Laurell guarded) ne're did Thunder
As thoſe ſtrong bumbaſt Wits, whoſe Poetry
Sounds like a Charme, or *Spaniſh* Pedigree,
VVho with their Phancy towring 'bove the Sun,
Have in their ſtile *Babells* confuſion.
If puny eyes do read their verſes, they
VVill think 'tis *Hebrew*, writ the *Engliſh* way.
His lines do run ſmooth as the feet of time ;
Each leaf though rich, ſwells not with gouty rime.
Here is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're
Weav'd a more even webb ; and as they are
Liſted for ſmoothneſſe, ſo in this again
That each Thread's ſpun, and warp'd by his own brain.
VVe have ſome *Poetaſters*, who although
They ne're beyond the writing ſchool did go,
Sit at *Apollo's* Table, when as they
But Midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
VVere they betrai'd, they'd be each Coblers ſcoff,
Laught at, as one whoſe Periwig's blown off.
Their Brains lie all in Notes ; Lord ! how they'd look
If they ſhould chance to loſe their Table-book !
Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
But by ſome neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.
VVith what an extaſie ſhall we behold
This Book, which is no Ghoſt of any old
VVorm-eaten Author : heres no jeſt, or hint,
But had his Head both for it's Ore and Mint.
VVer't not for ſome Tranſlations, none could know
VVhether he had ere look'd in book or no.
He could diſcourſe of any ſubject, yet
No cold premeditated ſence repeat ;
As he that nothing at the Table talks
But what was cook'd in's ſtudy, or the walks :

VVhoſe

VVhoſe vvit (like a Sun-diall) onely can
Go true in this, or that *Miridian.*
Each Climate was to him his proper Sphear;
You'd think he had been brought up every where.
Was he at Court? his Complements would be
Rich wrought with Phanſies beſt embroidery,
Which the ſpruſe Gallants *Echo* like Would ſpeak
So oft, as they'd be thred-bare in a week.
They lov'd even his Abuſes, the ſame jeer
(So witty 'twas,) would ſting and pleaſe their ear,
Read's flowry *Paſtoralls*, and you will ſwear
He was not *Iohnſons* onely, but *Pans* Heir.
His ſmooth *Amyntas* would perſwade even me
To think he alwayes liv'd in *Sicile.*
Thoſe happier Groves that ſhaded him, were all
As *Trees of Knowledge*, and Propheticall:
Dodon's were but the type of them, Leaves were
Books in old time, but became Schollers here.
Had he liv'd till *Weſtminſter Hall* was ſeen
In *Forreſt Towns*, perhaps he *fin'd* had been.
Whilſt others made Trees *Maypoles*, he could do
As *Orpheus* did, and make them dancers too.
But theſe were the light ſports of his ſpare time,
He was as able to diſpute, as rime.
And all (two gifts nere joyn'd before) out went
As well in Syllogiſme as Complement.
Who looks within his cleerer *Glaſſe*, will ſay
At once he writ an *Ethick Tract* and *Play.*
When he in *Cambridge Schools* did *moderate*,
(Truth never found a ſubtler Advocate)
He had as many Auditors, as thoſe (Noſe.
Who preach, their mouthes being *Silenc'd*, through the
The Grave Divines ſtood gazing, as if there

In

In words was colour, or in th'eye an ear:
To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noysome smother.
Though plodding Pates much time and oyl had spent
In beating out an obscure Argument:
He could untie, not break, the subtlest knot
Their puzling Art could weave; nay he had got
The trick on t so, as if that he had been
Within each Brain, and the nice folding seen
Who went to th's *chooles Peripateticks*, came,
If he disputed, home in *Plato's* name.
His *Oppositions* were as *Text*; some le'd
With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.
Nor was his Iudgement all *Philosophy*;
He was in points of deep *Divinity*
Onely *Not* Doctor; his true Catholique Brain
The learning of a *Councell* did contain.
But all his *Works* are lost, his *Fire* is out;
These are but's Ashes, which were thrown about
And now rak'd up together, all we have
With pious sacriledge snatch'd from his Grave
Are a few meteors; which may make it se'd
That *Tom* is yet alive, but *Randolph's* dead.
Thus when a Merchant posting o're the sea
With his rich loaden ship is cast away;
Some light small Wares do swim unto the shore,
But th'great and solid Prizes nere rise more.

RIC. WEST. *Bac. of Arts, and student of Christs Church.*

ON

ON THE INESTIMABLE Content he injoyes in the MUSES; to thoſe of his Friends that dehort him from POETRY.

GO ſordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-born ſoul, that flies a nobler pitch!
Thou can'ſt not tempt her with adulterate (ſhow
She bears no appetite that flags ſo low.
Should both the *Indies* ſpread their laps to me,
And court mine eyes to wiſh my Treaſurie,
My better *will* they never could entice;
Nor this with gold, nor that with all her ſpice.
For what poor things had theſe poſſeſſions ſhown,
When all were mine, but I were not mine own.
Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may pleaſe,
And I am rich in wiſhing none of theſe.
For ſay, which happineſſe would you beg firſt,
Still to have drink, or never to have thirſt?
No ſervants on my beck attendant ſtand,

Yet

Yet are my paſſions all at my command;
Reaſon within me ſhall ſole ruler be,
And every ſenſe ſhall wear her livery,
Lord of my ſelf in chief; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my ſlave.
Yet I as well as they; with more content
Have in my ſelf a Houſhold government.
My intellectuall ſoule hath there poſſeſt
The Stewards place to govern all the reſt,
When I go forth my Eyes two Vſhers are,
And dutifully walk before me bare.
My Leggs run Footmen by me. Go or ſtand
My ready Arms wait cloſe on either hand:
My Lips are Porters to the dangerous dore:
And either Ear a truſty Auditor.
And when abroad I go, *Fancy* ſhall be
My skilfull Coach-man, and ſhall hurry me
Through Heaven and Earth, and *Neptun's* watry plaine,
And in a moment drive me back again.
The charge of all my Cellar, Thirſt, is thine;
Thou Butler art, and Yeoman of my wine.
Stomach the Cook whoſe diſhes beſt delight,
Becauſe their onely ſawce is *Appetite*.
My other Cook *Digeſtion*; where to me
Teeth carve, and Palat will the Taſter be.
And the two Eye-lids, when I go to ſleep,
Like carefull Grooms my ſilent chamber keep.
Where leſt a cold oppreſſe my vitall part,
A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.
And leſt too great a heat procure my pain,
The Lungs fan wind to cool thoſe parts again.
Within the inner cloſſet of my brain
Attend the nobler members of my train.

Invention

Invention Maſter of my Mint grows there,
And *Memory* my faithfull Treaſurer.
And though in others tis a treacherous part,
My Tongue is *Secretary* to my heart.
And then the pages of my ſoul and ſenſe,
Love, Anger, Pleaſure, Grief, Concupiſcence,
And all affections elſe, are taught t'obey
Like ſubjects, not like favourites to ſway.
This is my Mannor-houſe, and men ſhall ſee
I here live Maſter of my family.
Say then thou man of wealth; In what degree
May thy proud fortunes over-ballance me?
Thy many Barks plough the rough Oceans back;
And I am never frighted with a wrack.
Thy flocks of ſheep are numberleſſe to tell,
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well,
Thou haſt a thouſand ſeverall farmes to let,
And I do feed on ne're a Tenants ſweat.
Thou haſt the Commons to Incloſure brought;
And I have fixt a bound to my vaſt thought.
Variety is ſought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious Appetite,
Three Elements, at leſt, diſpeopled be,
To ſatisfie judicious gluttony.
And yet for this I love my Commons here,
Above the choiceſt of thy dainty cheer.
No widows curſe caters a diſh of mine,
I drink no tears of Orphans in my wine.
Thou mayſt perchance to ſome great office come,
And I can rule a Common-wealth at home,
And that preeminence injoy more free,
Then thou puft up with vain Authority.
What boots it him a large command to have,

Whoſe every part is ſome poor vices ſlave?
Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
As o're the ruſtick he can domineer.
Whilſt he poor ſwains doth threat, in his own eyes
Luſt and Concupiſcence do Tyrannize.
Ambition wracks his heart with jealous fear,
And baſtard flattery captivates his ear.
He on poſterity may fix his care,
And I can ſtudy on the times that were.
He ſtands upon a pinacle, to ſhow
His dangerous height, whilſt I ſit ſafe below.
Thy father hords up gold for thee to ſpend,
When death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late:
My nothing to inherit is a fate
Above thy birth-right, ſhould it double be;
No longing expectation tortures me
I can my fathers reverend head ſurvay,
And yet not wiſh that every hair were gray.
My conſtant *Genius* ſayes, I happier ſtand,
And richer in his life, then in his land.
And when thou haſt an heir that for thy gold
Will think each day makes thee a yeer too old;
And ever gaping to poſſeſſe thy ſtore,
Conceives thy age to be above fourſcore
'Cauſe his is one and twenty, and will pray
The too ſlow hours to haſt, and every day
Beſpeak thy Coffin, curſing every bell,
That he hears toll, 'cauſe 'tis anothers knell:
(And juſtly at thy life he may repine,
Fut his is but a Wardſhip during thine.)
Mine ſhall have no ſuch thoughts, if I have one
He ſhall be more a pupill then a ſonne:

And

And at my grave weep truth, and say deaths hand,
That bountifully unto thine gave land,
But rob'd him of a Tutor; Curſed ſtore!
There is no pietie but amongſt the poor,
Go then confeſſe which of us fathers be
The happier made in our poſterity:
I in my Orphan that hath nought beſide
His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
Thou ſeverall Artiſts doſt imploy to ſhow
The meaſure of thy lands; that thou mayeſt know
How much of earth thou haſt: while I do call
My thoughts to ſcan how little 'tis in all
Thou haſt thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,
The crafty fox, or the more nobler deer;
Till at a fault perchance thy Lordſhip be,
And ſome poor city varlet hunt for thee.
For 'tis not poor *Actæons* fault alone:
Hounds have devour'd more Maſters ſure then one.
Whilſt I the while purſuing my content,
With the quick Noſtrils of a judgement, ſent
The hidden ſteps of nature, and there ſee
Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye,
Thou haſt a Hawk, and to that height doth flye
Thy underſtanding, if it ſoare ſo high:
While I my ſoul with Eagles Pinions wing,
To ſtoop at Heaven, and in her Talons bring
A glorious conſtellation, ſporting there
With him whoſe belt of ſtars adorns the ſphear.
Thou haſt thy lants-chips, and the painter try
With all their skill to pleaſe thy wanton eye.
Here ſhadowy groves, and craggy mountains there;
Here rivers headlong fall, there ſprings run cleer; (ſhow
The Heavens bright Raies through clouds muſt azure

Circled

Circled about vvith *Iris* gavvdy bovv.
And vvhat of this ? I reall Heavens do ſee,
True ſprings, true groves; vvhilſt yours but ſhadovvs be.
Nor of your houſhold-ſtuffe ſo proudly boaſt,
Compos'd of curioſity and coſt.
Your tvvo beſt chambers are unfurniſhed,
Th'inner and upper roome, the heart and head.
But you vvill ſay, The comfort of a life,
Is in the partner of your joyes a vvife.
You may have choice of brides, you need not vvo
The rich, the fair; they both are proferd you:
But vvhat fond virgin vvill my love prefer,
That onely in *Parnaſſus* joynture her?
Yet thy baſe match I ſcorn, an honeſt pride
I harbour here that ſcorns a market bride.
Neglected beauty novv is priz'd by gold;
And ſacred love is baſely bought and ſold.
Wives are grown traffique, marriage is a trade,
And vvhen a nuptiall of tvvo hearts is made,
There muſt of moneys too a vvedding be,
That coyn as vvell as men may multiply.
O humane blindneſſe! had vve eyes to ſee,
There is no vvealth to valiant Poetry!
And yet vvhat vvant I Heaven or Earth can yeeld?
Me thinks I novv poſſeſſe th' *Eliſian* field.
Into my cheſt the yellovv *Tagus* flovves,
While my plate-fleet in bright *Pactolus* rovves.
Th' *Heſperian* Orchard's mine; mine, is all:
Thus am I rich in vvealth Poëticall.
Why ſtrive you then my friends to circumvent
My ſoul, and rob me of my beſt content?
Why out of ignorant love counſell you me
To leave the Muſes and my Poëtry?

Which

Which ſhould I leave and never follow more,
I might perchance get riches and be poor.

In anguem, qui *Lycoris* in dormientem amplexus eſt.

VEr erat, & flores per apertum libera campum
(Ut Ceretis ſpes una) legit mea flamma Lycoris.
At nimio tandem ſtudio, nimioq; labore,
Admiſit ſomnos virides deſeſſa per herbas.
Utq; erat & placidum carpebant membra ſoporem,
Alternâ varius maculâ de flore propinquo
Per veſtes tacitè ſubrepſit Lubricus anguis. ?
Vidi ego, & attonitam perculſus frigore mentem,
Omnia pertimui : Tu me Rhodopeia conjux
Serpentum inſidiis blando directa marito,
Prima feris : ſed cum tendentem iunoxia vili
Spicula, nec laſſæ fraudem intentare puellæ :
Quàm longè timor hic abiit, majore ſecuto ?
Namq; levis totum luſtravit vipera corpus ;
Tamq; ſuam Lybiam, & ſteriles faſtidiit arenas
Et mirata femur, ventremq;, atq; ubera lacte
Candidiora ſuo ; Tali fas, dixit, in arvo
Fas mihi ſemper erit, perq; iſtos ſerpere colles.
Me videt, & metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis,
Sub nivioq; latet collo, ſua lilia credens ;
Purpureis mox uſq; genis allapſus, in iſtis
Tutius eſt hærere roſis, & dulcius, inquit.
Cum ſi montem ſpectans, venaſq; in fronte tumentes.
Quænam (ait ille) jugo violæ naſcuntur in iſto ?
Hinc ad Caſariem ſurgit, flavoſq; capillos,
Et ſtupet attratam formoſo in vertice ſylvam.

Heſperumq; *nemus jam credit, credidit hortum.*
Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde ſuperbâ
Non illi myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaq; Quercus,
Theſſala *nec* Pinus, *nec erat* Peneia *laurus.*
Gaudia jam tota implêrant ſecura pericli
Pectora, deſcendit rurſus, totoſq; per artus
Laſcivus geſtit numeroſo ludere gyro;
Caudaq; formoſum cingat dum frigida collum,
Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oſcula libat;
Spiranteſq; hauret Zephyros, atque omnia Phœnix
Quæ potuit moriens precioſo imponere buſto,
Quicquid olent Arabes, *ſævum non inde venenum,*
Sed velut Hyblæos *diſcurrens incola campos,*
Mella legit nova nuper Apis: jam credite, poſſit
Inter Auſtæi *ſerpens armenta vagari.*
Ab quoties metui cœleſtes frigidus Artes,
Rivalemq; Jovem! formâ ne callidus iſtâ
Appeteret noſtram, petiit Deoïda Nympham.
Excrit ille caput (toto jam corde voluptas
Incedit) Cantuq; ſuæ blanditur amicæ,
Dulciaque erectis modulatur ſibila criſtis.
Excutitur Nymphæ ſomnus; jam membra refecta
Luminaq; attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.
Dumq; ibi diſperſos flores, lapſamq; coronam
Colligit in gremio, maculoſus cernitur anguis.
Illa (ſibi notæ quanta eſt fiducia formæ!)
Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,
Admovitque ſinu, colloque & pectore fovit.
Hic ludens modò per digitos novus annulus ibat,
Splendida nunc mediam complexus zona puellam;
Vivaq; per teretes pendens armilla lacertos;
Gratior ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras
Electitur, innumeros ſeſe variavit in orbes,

Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.
Ad nimium superis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!
Eios alii fluctus, & littora rubra
Scrutantur; nulli misit priùs Africa gemmas.
Perniciem quæcunq; parant & flebile virus
Humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin;
Namq; ea, parva licèt, summo quæ pendula tecto
Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta
Æmula vidisset, subitò novus ardor amantis
Pectus agit: Serpensnè, *inquit,* tibi gemma Lycori?
Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ!
Nec mora; deposcit radios, sua retia mittit,
Quæq; solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,
Et tibi subtiles meditatur Aranea telas.
Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix
Deliciis fruere, & triplici rapis oscula linguâ,
(Sic semper novus exuviis & pelle renata
Perfectam repetas per sæcula mille inventam!)
Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin
Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,
Nec fronte turpes inscribant tempora rugas.
At nova perpetuò facies, ademq; Licorin
Monstret & in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat;
Et Venerem *formâ superans, ævoq;* Sybillam,
At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime serpens,
Quando renascentes numerâsti sæpius annos,
Accedas astris fidus, Pythone *remoto,*
Flumineis in morem flexus; Tu deinde Lycori
Cum! ædet vitæ, Serpenti *proxima charo*
Stella nite, cœlumq; bea, tibi detq; Cathedram
Cassiopæa suam, det Bacchi Virgo Coronam.

Engliſhed thus Παρρασικῶς.

THe Spring was come, and all the fields grown fine
My flame *Lycoris* like young *Proſerpine*
Went forth to gather flowers, bettring their ſent
They took more ſweetneſſe from her, then they lent.
Now loaden with her harveſt, and o'repreſt
With her ſweet toyl, ſhe laid her down to reſt.
Lillies did ſtrow her couch, and proud were grown
To bear a whiteneſſe purer then their own.
Roſes fell down ſoft pillows to her head,
And bluſht themſelves into a deeper red
To emulate her cheeks : *Flora* did ſet
Her maids to work to weave the Violet
Into a purple rugge, to ſhield the fair
Lycoris from the malice of the Air ;
When lo a ſnake hid in the neighbour bowres,
(Ah who could think treaſon ſhould lurk in flowres
Shoots forth her checker'd skin, and gently creeps
O're my *Lycoris*, that as gently ſleeps.
I ſaw it, and a ſodain froſt poſſeſt
My frighted ſoul in my then troubled breſt.
What fears appear'd not to my minde and me ?
Thou firſt wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridice*,
By Serpents envie forced to expire,
From *Orpheus* rapt, and his death-conquering lyre :
But when I found he wore a guiltleſſe ſting,
And more of love did then of treaſon bring :
How quickly could my former fear depart,
And to a greater leave my jealous heart !
For the ſmooth Viper every member ſcands,

Aſſ

Africk he loaths now, and the barren ſands
That nurſt him, wondring at the glorious ſight
Of thighes and belly, and her breſts more white
Then their own milk. *Ah might I ſtill* (quoth he)
Crawl in ſuch fields, 'twixt two ſuch mountains be!
There me he ſpied, and fearing to be ſeen;
Shrowds to her neck, thinking't had Lillies been.
But viewing her bright cheeks, he ſoon did cry.
Under yon Roſes ſhall I ſafer lye.
Thence did her fore-head with full veins appear,
Good heaven (quoth he) *what violets grow here*
On this clear Promontory? Hence he ſlides
Up to her locks, and through her treſſes glides,
Her yellow treſſes; dazel'd to behold
A gliſtring grove, an intire wood of Gold.
Th'*Heſperian* wood he thinks he now hath ſeen,
That thought, but now, they had an Orchard been;
For leaves and boughes the *Archimenian* Vine,
The *Dodon* Oak and the *Theſſalian* Pine
Muſt yeeld to theſe; no Trees ſo bright as they,
Nor *Paphian* Myrtles, nor *Penëian* Bay!
Joy now fill'd all his breſt, no timorous fear
Of danger could finde room to harbour there.
Down ſlips he, and about each limb he hurles
His wanton body into numerous curles.
And while his tail had thrown it ſelf a chain
About her neck, his head bears up again;
With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
And there with kiſſes ſteept in *Nectar* meets.
Thence *Zephyrs* breath he ſucks, then doth he ſmell
Perfumes that all th'*Arabian* gums excell.
And ſpices that do build the *Phœnix* Pyre,
When ſhe renews her youth in funerall fire.

Nor ſeeks he poyſon there, but like the Bee
That on Mount *Hybla* plies her husbandry,
He gathers honey thence, now, now I know
With *Ariſtæus* Flocks a Snake may go.
Ah cold at heart, I fear'd ſome heavenly ſleight,
And *Jove* my Rivall; that his old deceit
Had once again this borrowed ſhape put on
To court my Nymph, as he *Dedis* won,
Up lift the Snake his head (for pleaſure now
Held all his ſoul) and with erected brow
To flatter's Love he ſung; he ſtrives to play,
And hiſſes forth a well tun'd Roundelay.
This wakes the Nymph, her eyes admit the day;
Here flowers, and there her ſcatter'd Carlands lay,
Which as ſhe picks up, and with Bents reties,
She in her lap the ſpeckled Serpent ſpies.
The Nymph no ſigne of any terrour ſhows,
(How bold is beauty when her ſtrength ſhe knows!)
And in her hand the tender worme ſhe graſp'd,
While it ſometimes about her finger claſp'd
A ring enamel'd, then her tender waſt
In manner of a girdle round imbrac't,
And now upon her arm a bracelet hung,
Where for the greater ornament, he flung
His limber body into ſeverall folds,
And twenty winding figures, where it holds
Her amorous pulſe, in many a various twiſt,
And many a love-knot ties upon her wriſt.
Lycoris to the gods thou art too dear,
And too too much of heaven belov'd I fear.
This or that Nymph's the Red-ſea ſpoils may be,
But *Lybia* ne're ſent Jewels but to thee.
What er'e to us are deaths and poyſons ſent,

Desire to be *Lycoris* Ornament:
For that same little Spider that hangs up,
Together with her web on the house top,
When she beheld the Snake a bracelet made,
Struck with an envy, and a love; she said,
And shall a Snake thy Gemme Lycoris be,
And such bright form receive no tyres from me?
Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
Her subtle toyl she sets to catch the fly,
To th'loom *Arachne* goes, and plyes it there
To work a roab for my *Lycoris* weare.
But thou, ô Serpent, which so blest canst be
To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:
That happy worm, upon her lip fast hung,
Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue
(So may'st thou age and skin together cast,
And oft recall thy youth, when it is past,)
Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may be,
Let her th' Ingredients of thy Cordials see.
That she may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
May never print a wrinckle in her brow.
I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupids* name,
May a new beauty alwayes and the same
Lycoris shew; ne'r may she in her glasse
Look for her own and finde anothers face.
Venus for beauty may she then appear,
When she has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year;
And when, dear Snake, thou wilt no more renew
Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adiew;
And glory to the night, or from his sphear
Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there:
Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
And through the Orbe a starry torrent flow.

And thou *Dyccris*, when th'art pleas'd to take
No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*
Shine forth a conſtellation, full, and bright;
Bleſſe the poor heavens with more majeſtick light,
Who in requitall ſhall preſent you there,
Ariadnes Crown, and *Caſſiopæus Chair*.

A complaint againſt Cupid *that he never made him in Love.*

HOw many of thy Captives (Love) complain
Thou yoak'ſt thy ſlaves in too ſevere a chain?
I have heard 'em their Poetique malice ſhow,
To curſe thy Quiver, and blaſpheme thy Bow.
Calling thee Boy, and blind, threatning the rod;
Prophanely ſwearing that thou art no god.
Or if thou be; not from the ſtarry place,
But born below, and of the Stygian race.
But yet theſe Atheiſts that thy ſhafts diſlike,
Thou canſt be friendly to, and deign to ſtrike.
This on his *Cloris* ſpends his thoughts and time;
That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rhime:
A third ſpeaks raptures, and hath gain'd a wit
By praiſing *Cælia*; elſe had miſt of it.
But I that think there can no freedom be,
(*Cupid*) ſo ſweet as thy Captivity;
I that could wiſh thy chains, and live content
To wear them, not thy Gives, but ornament?
I that could any ranſome pay to thee,
Not to redeem, but ſell my liberty,
I am neglected. Let the cauſe be known;
Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,

That

That wert ſo prodigall? or doſt thou pleaſe
To ſet thy Pillars up with Hercules
Weary of conqueſt? or ſhould I diſgrace
Thy victories, if I were deign'd a place
Amongſt thy other Trophies? none of theſe,
Witneſſe thy daily triumphs: who, but ſees
Thou ſtill purſueſt thy game from high to low;
No age, no Sex can ſcape thy powerfull bow.
Decrepit age whoſe veins and bones may be
An Argument againſt Philoſophy,
To prove an emptineſſe; that has no ſenſe
Left but his feeling, feels thy influence,
And dying dotes: not babes thy ſhafts can miſſe;
How quickly Infants can be taught to kiſſe! (row,
As the poor Apes being dumb theſe words would bor-
I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
Each Plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
Tilling the earth, and wiſhing 'twere his Love.
Am I invulnerable? is the dart
Rebeaten, which thou level'ſt at my heart?
I'le reſt my Parents bones, if they have done
As *Tethis* once did to her god-like ſon
The great *Achilles*, dipt in Stygian lake:
Though I am ſo, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
Try where I am not proof, and let me feel
Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.
Perchance my heart lies there; who would not be
A Coward, to be valiant made by thee.
I cannot ſay thy blindeneſſe is the cauſe,
That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws;
The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,
That place of comfort, Paradiſe of ſport.
For they may ſay, that ſay thou blinde canſt be,

Eagles

Eagles want eyes, and onely moles can ſee,
Not *Argus* with ſo many lights did ſhine,
For each fair Ladies ſparkling eyes are thine.
Think'ſt thou becauſe I do the Muſes love,
I in thy Camp would a faint ſouldier prove?
How came *Muſæus*, and *Anacreon* then
Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen
Amongſt thy ſpears, and how came *Ovid* (ſay)
To be enrol'd great Generall in thy pay?
And doubt'ſt thou me? ſuſpect you I will tell
The hidden myſteries of your *Paphian* cell,
To the ſtrait lac'd *Diana?* or betray
The ſecrets of the night, unto the day?
No, *Cupid*, by thy mothers doves I ſwear,
And by her ſparrows, 'tis an idle fear.
If *Philomel* deſcend to ſport with me,
Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as ſhe.
Though ſhe hath loſt her tongue; in ſuch delights
All ſhould be like her, onely talk by nights:
Make me thy Prieſt (if Poets truth divine)
I'le make the Muſes wanton, at thy ſhrine
They all ſhall wait, and *Dian's* ſelf ſhall be
A votreſſe to thy mothers Nunnery.
Where zeal with nature ſhall maintain no ſtrife,
Where none ſwear chaſtity, and ſingle life.
To *Venus*-Nuns an eaſier oath is read,
She breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden-head.
Reject not then your *Flamin's* miniſtry:
Let me but Deacon in thy Temples be:
And ſee how I ſhall touch my pow'rfull lyre,
And more inſpir'd with thine, then *Phœbus* fire.
Chaunt ſuch a moving verſe, as ſoon ſhould frame
Deſire of dalliance in the coyeſt dame,

Melting

Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of ſtone,
And force her to untruſſe her Virgin Zone.
Is *Lucrece*, or *Penelope* alive?
Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* Wife,
Or any of the *Veſtalls* hither call,
And I will make them be thy converts all.
Who like good Proſelites more in heart then ſhow,
Shall to thy origies all ſo zealous go,
That *Thais* ſhall, nor *Helen* ſuch appear;
As if they onely Loves preciſians were.
But now my Muſe dull heavy numbers ſings,
Cupid 'tis thou alone giv'ſt verſe her wings.
The Lawrell wreath I never ſhall obtain,
Unleſſe thy torch illuminate my brain.
Love Lawrell gives; *Phœbus* as much can ſay,
Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.
Why is my *Preſentation* then put by?
Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?
Can any Lady ſay I am unfit?
If ſo, I'le ſue my *Quare Impedit*.
I'm young enough, my ſpirits quick and good,
My veins ſwell high with kind and active blood.
Nor am I marble; when I ſee an eye
Quick, bright, and full, rai'd round with majeſty;
I feel my heart with a ſtrange heat oppreſt,
As 'twere a lightning darted through my breſt.
I long not for the cherries on the Tree,
So much as thoſe which on a lip I ſee.
And more affection bear I to the Roſe
That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,
And feell my temper vary at the ſight;
I know not why, but warmer ſtreams do glide

Through

Thorow my veins, ſure 'tis a wanton tide.
But you perchance eſteem my love the leſſe,
Becauſe I have a fooliſh baſhfulneſſe,
A ſhame-fac'd roſe you finde within my face,
Whoſe modeſt bluſh frights you from my embrace;
That's ready now to fall, if you'l but deign
To pluck it once, it ſhall not grow again.
Or do you therefore caſt my love away,
Becauſe I am not expert in the play?
My skill's not known till it be ventred on;
I have not *Ariſtotle* read alone;
I am in *Ovid* a proficient too;
And if you'd hear my Lecture, could to you
Analize all his Art, with ſo much more
Judgement and skill, then e're 'twas taught before;
That I might be chief Maſter, he, dull fool,
The under-uſher in the *Cyprian* School:
For petty Pædagogue, poor pedant, he
Firſt writ the Art, and then the remedy:
But I could ſet down rules of love ſo ſure,
As ſhould exceed Art, and admit no cure.
Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)
As might ſtand Copies unto *Aretine*.
And ſuch new dalliance ſtudy, as ſhould frame
Variety in that which is the ſame.
I am not then uncapable (great *Love*)
Would'ſt thou my skill but with one arrow prove.
Give me a Miſtreſſe in whoſe looks to joy,
And ſuch a Miſtreſſe (*Love*) as will be coy,
Not eaſily won, though to be won in time;
That from her niceneſſe I may ſtore my rhime:
Then in a thouſands ſighs, to thee I'le pay
My Morning Oriſons, and every day

Two thouſand groans, and count theſe amorous' (prayers
I make to thee, not by my Beads but Tears.
Beſides, each day I'le write an Elegy,
And in as lamentable Poetry
As any Inns of Court man, that hath gone
To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.
But (*Love*) I ſee you will not entertain
Thoſe that deſire to live amidſt your train;
For death and you have got a trick to flye
From ſuch poor wretches as do wiſh you nigh.
You ſcorn a yeelding ſlave; and plainly ſhow it,
Thoſe that contemn your power you make to know it.
And ſuch am I; I ſlight your proud commands;
I marle who put a Bow into your hands;
A Hobby-horſe, or ſome ſuch pretty toy,
A rattle would befit you better, Boy.
You conquer gods and men? how ſtand I free,
That will acknowledge no ſupremacy
Unto your churliſh god-head? does it cry?
Give it a plumme to ſtill it's deity.
Good *Venus* let it ſuck; that it may keep
Leſſe brawling; gentle Nurſe rock it a ſleep,
Or if you be paſt Baby, and are now
Come to wear breeches, muſt we then allow
Your Boy-ſhip leave to ſhoot at whom you pleaſe?
No, whip it for ſuch wanton tricks as theſe:
If this do anger you, I'le ſend a Bee,
Shall to a ſingle duell challenge thee:
And make you to your Mam run, and complain,
The little ſerpent ſtung thee once again.
Go hunt the Butter-flies, and if you can
But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan,
Wee'l give you leave to hunt and ſport at them,

So

So you let men alone, ——But I blaſpheam
(Great *Love*) I fear I have offended thee,
If ſo, be mercifull—— and puniſh me.

A gratulatory to M. Ben. Johnſon *for his adopting of him to be his Son.*

I Was not born to *Helicon*, nor dare
Preſume to think my ſelf a Muſes heir.
I have no title to *Parnaſſus* hill.
Nor any Acre of it by the will
Of a dead Anceſtour, nor could I be
Ought but a tenant unto Poetry.
But thy Adoption quits me of all fear,
And makes me challenge a childes portion there.
I am a kinne to *Heroes* being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, *Muſæus*, *Homer* too, beſide
Thy Brothers by the *Roman* Mothers ſide;
As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,
That is ſo like thee, *Horace*; the whole Quire
Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all
My Uncles: thou haſt given me pow'r to call
Phœbus himſelf my Grandfire; by this graunt
Each Siſter of the nine is made my Aunt.
Go you that reckon from a large deſcent
Your lineall honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a Heralds faith you build the ſame:
I do not envy you, nor think you bleſt
Though you may bear a Gorgon on your Creſt
By direct line from *Perſeus*; I will boaſt

No

No farther then my Father; that's the moſt
I can, or ſhould be proud of; and I were
Unworthy his adoption, if that here
I ſhould be dully modeſt; boaſt I muſt
Being ſon of his Adoption, not his luſt.
And to ſay truth, that which is beſt in me
May call you Father, 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a ſpark of that cœleſtiall flame
Within me, I confeſſe I ſtole the ſame
Promethews like, from thee; and may I feed
His Vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more Moons thou haſt, that ſhine by night,
All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
Yet can forſwear it; I the debt confeſſe,
And think my reputation ne're the leſſe.
For Father let me be reſolv'd by you;
Is't a diſparagement from rich *Peru*
To raviſh gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore
To ranſack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* ſhore?
Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want
Doth take from him a ſprig or two, to plant
A leſſer Orchard? ſure it cannot be:
Nor is it theft to ſteal ſome flames from thee.
Graunt this, and I'le cry guilty; as I am,
And pay a filiall reverence to thy name
For when my Muſe upon obedient knees
Asks not a Fathers bleſſing, let her leeſe
The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curſe
I wiſh her 'cauſe I cannot think a worſe.
And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat
Phœbus to lend thee ſome of his own heat,
To cure thy Palſie; elſe I will complain

He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vain
Make him the god of Phyſick, 'twere his praiſe
To make thee as immortall as thy Bayes;
As his own *Daphne*, 'twere a ſhame to ſee
The god not love his Prieſt, more then his Tree.
But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyte,
'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Lesbiam, & Hiſtrionem.

I Wonder what ſhould Madam *Lesbia* mean
To keep young *Hiſtrio*, and for what ſcene
So bravely ſhe maintains him, that what ſenſe
He pleaſe to bleſſe, 'tis done at her expence!
The play-boy ſpends ſecure; he ſhall have more,
As if both *Indies* did ſupply his ſtore.
As if he did in bright *Pactolus* ſwim,
Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him,
And yet has no revenews to defray
Theſe charges, but the Madam, ſhe muſt pay
His prodigall diſburſments: Madams are
To ſuch as he, more then a treble ſhare.
She payes (which is more then ſhe needs to do)
For her own coming in, and for his too.
This is reward due to the ſacred ſin;
No charge too much done to the beardleſſe chin,
Although ſhe ſtint her poor old Knight Sir *John*
To live upon his exhibition,
His hundred marks *per Annum*, when her joy,
Her ſanguine darling, her ſpruce active boy
May ſcatter Angels; rub out ſilks, and ſhine

In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:
Keep his Race-nags, and in Hide-park be seen
Brisk as the best (as if the stage had been
Grown the Court's Rivall) can to *Brackly* go,
To *Lincolne* Race, and to *New-market* too;
At each of these his hundred pounds has vie'd
On *Peggabies*, or *Slotten-herrings* side;
And loses without swearing. Let them curse
That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,
Nor such a Madam; if this world do hold
(As very likely 'twill) Madams grown old
Will be the best Monopolies; *Histrio* may
At *Maw*, or *Gleek*, or at *Primero* play,
Still Madam goes to stake, *Histrio* knows
Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes
As deep, the Caster, as the onely Son
Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
A whole week since: you'd know the reason why
Lesbia does this, guesse you as well as I;
Then this I can no better reason tell,
Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
I see old Madams are not onely toyle,
No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.
Ah poor day-labourers, how I pity you
That shrink, and sweat to live with much ado!
When had you wit to understand the right,
'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.
Let some that resting here, do onely think
That youth with age is an unequall link,
Conclude, that *Histrios* task as hard must be,
As was *Mezentius* bloody cruelty.
Who made the living to embrace the dead,
And so expire, but I am rather lead

His bargain of the two the best to call,
He at one game keeps her, she him at all.

De Histrice, Ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphall*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
Shoot showers of arrows forth all levied right.
And long the fable of those quils of steele
Did seem to me a tale incredible.
Now have I faith; the Porcupine I see,
And then th' Herculean birds no wonders be.
Her longer head like a swines snowt doth show,
Bristles like hornes upon her fore-head grow,
A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye,
Under her shaggy back the shape doth lye
As twere a whelp: nature all Art hath try'd
In this small beast so strangely fortified.
A threatning wood o're all her body stands,
And stiffe with Pikes the speckled stalks in bands
Grow to the warre; while under those doth rise
An other troop, girt with alternate dies
Of severall hue, which while a black doth fill
The inward space ends in a solid quill.
That lessening by degrees, doth in a while,
Take a quick point, and sharpens ro a Pile.
Nor doth her squadrons like the hedge-hogs stand
Fixt, but she darts them forth, and at command
Farre off her members aims, shot through the sky
From her shak'd side the Native Engines flye.
Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, shee'l wound
Her following foe; sometimes intrenching round,
In battail form marshalling all her flanks,

Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
Of her poor enemies : lineing every side
With spears to which she is her self allied,
Each part of her's a souldier, from her back
But stir'd, a horse and horrid noise doth crack,
That one would think the trumpets did incite
Two adverse Armies to begin to fight,
So great a noise, from one so small did rise.
Then to her skill in Arms she is so wise
As to add Policy, and a thrifty fear
Of her own safety ; she a wrath doth bear
Not prodigall of weapons, but content
With wary threatning, and hath seldome sent
An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
But spends 'em onely to secure her life !
And then her diligent stroke so certain is
Without all errour, she will seldome misse.
No distance cozens her ; the dumb skin aims right,
And rules the levy of the skilfull fight.
What humane labour, though we boast it such,
With all her reason can perform so much ?
They from the *Cretan* Goats their horns must take,
And after, those with fire must softer make.
Buls guts must bend their bowes, and er'e they fight
Steel arms their darts, and feathers wing their flights.
When lo a little beast we armed see
With nothing but her own Artilery :
Who seeks no forraign aid, with her all go,
She to her self is Quiver, darts, and bow,
One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows ;
If from examples then the practise flows
Of humane life, hence did th'Invention grow
At distance to incounter with our foe.

Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are
Their Stratagems, and manner of their war.
Hence did the *Parthians* learn to fight and fly,
Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

In Archimedis Sphæram, ex Claudiano.

Iove saw the Heavens fram'd in a little glasse,
And laughing, to the gods these words did passe:
Comes then the power of mortall cares so far?
In brittle Orbes my labours acted are.
The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things,
The laws of gods this *Syracusian* brings
Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
Their severall sphears, and with set motions bend
The living work: Each yeer the faigned Sun,
Each month returns the counterfeited Moon,
And viewing now her world, bold Industry
Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects be
Believe *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,
For a poor hand is Natures rivall grown.

De Magnete, ex Claudiano,

WHo in the world with busie reason pries,
Searching the seed of things, and there desc
With what defect labours th' Eclipsed Moon,
What cause commands a paleness in the Sun,
Whence ruddy Comets with their fatall hair,
Whence windes do flow, and what the Motions are
That shake the bowels of the trembling Earth,

What ſtrikes the lightning forth, whence clouds give birth
To horrid thunders, and doth alſo know
What light lends luſtre to the painted Bow:
If ought of truth his ſoul doth underſtand,
Let him reſolve a queſtion I'le demand.
There is a ſtone which we the load-ſtone ſtile,
Of colour ugly, dark, obſcure, and vile:
It never deck'd the ſleiked locks of Kings,
No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings
To virgins beauteous necks, it never ſhone
A ſplendent buckle in their maiden Zone:
But onely hear the wonders I will tell,
Of this black Peeble, and 'twill then excell
All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*
'Mongſt the red weeds ſeeks for 'ith Eaſtern ſhore:
From Iron firſt it lives, Iron it eats,
But that ſweet feaſt it knows no other meats;
Thence ſhe renews her ſtrength, vigor is ſent
Through all her nerves by that hard nouriſhment,
Without that food ſhe dies, a famine num's
Her meager joynts, a thirſt her veins conſumes,
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody ſphears,
And *Venus* that releaſes humane fears,
Do both together in one Temple ſhine,
Both jointly honour'd in a common ſhrine;
But different Statues, *Mars* a ſteel put on,
And *Venus* figure was Magnetique ſtone.
To them (as is the cuſtome every yeere)
The Prieſt doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.
The torch the Quire doth lead, the threſhold's green
With hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are ſeen
To ſmell with roſie flowers, the Geniall ſheet
Spread over with a purple Coverlet,

But here (O strange!) the statues seem'd to move;
And *Cythere'a* runs to catch her Love:
And like their former joyes in heaven possest,
With wanton heat clings to her *Mars*'s brest;
There hangs a gratefull burden: then she throws
Her arms about his helmet, to inclose
Her Love in amorous Gives, lest he get out,
Here live embraces chain him round about.
He stir'd with love, breath'd gently through his veins,
Is drawn by unseen links, and secret chains,
To meet his spoused Gem; the ayr doth wed
The steel unto the stone thus strangely led
The deities their stoln delights replay'd,
And onely Nature was the bridall-maid.
What heat in these two metals did inspire
Such mutuall league? what concords powerfull fire
Contracted their hard mindes? the stone doth move
With amorous heat, the steel doth learn to love.
So *Venus* oft the god of War withstood,
And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood
He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,
And with drawn points whets up his active ire;
She dares go forth alone, and boldly meet
His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet
The tumour of his high swoln brest asswage,
Temp'ring with gentle flames his violent rage.
Peace courts his soul, the fight he disavows,
And his red plumes he vovv to kisses bovvs.

Ah cruell boy, large thy dominions be,
The gods and all their thunders yeeld to thee,
Great Iove to leave his heaven thou canst constrain,
And midst the brinish vvaves to Lovv again.
Novv the cold Rocks thou strik'st, the senseless ston

Thy weapon feels; a luſtfull heat doth run
Through veins of flint; the ſteel thy power can tame,
And rigid Marble muſt admit thy flame.

De Sene Veronenſi: *Ex Claudiano.*

HAppy the man that all his dayes hath ſpent
Within his own grounds, and no farther went;
Whom the ſame houſe that did him erſt behold
A little Infant, ſees him now grown old;
That with his ſtaffe walks where he crawl'd before,
Counts th'age of one poor cottage and no more.
Fortune ne're him with various tumult preſt,
Nor drank he unknown ſtreams, a wandring gueſt.
He fear'd no Merchants ſtorms, nor drums of war,
Nor ever knew the ſtrifes of the hoarſe Bar.
Who though to th'next Town he a ſtranger be,
Yet heavens ſweet proſpect he enjoyes more free.
From fruits, not Conſuls, computation brings,
By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the ſprings.
Thus he the day by his own orb doth prize;
In the ſame field his Sun doth ſet and riſe.
That knew an oak a twig, and walking thither
Beholds a wood and he grown up together,
Neighbouring *Veron* he may for India take,
And think the Red-ſea is *Benacus* lake.
Yet is his ſtrength untam'd, and firm his knees;
Him the third age a luſty Grandſire ſees.
Go ſeek whos' will the far *Iberian* ſhore,
This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

The ſecond Epod: of Horace *tranſlated.*

HAppy the man which farre from city care,
(Such as ancient Mortals were)
With his own oxen plows his fathers land,
Free from Vſurers griping hand,
The ſouldiers trumpets never break his ſleep,
Nor angry ſeas that raging keep.
He ſhuns the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth ſet
On the proud threſholds of the Great:
His life is this (O life almoſt divine!)
To marry Elmes unto the Vine;
To prune unfruitfull branches, and for them
To graft a bough of happier ſtem.
Or elſe within the low couch'd vallies views
His well-cloth'd flocks of bleating ews.
Sometimes his honey he in pots doth keep,
Sometimes he ſhears his fleecy ſheep.
And when his fruits with Autumn ripened be
Gathers his apples from the tree.
And joyes to taſt the pears himſelf did plant,
And Grapes that naught of purple want.
Vnder an Oak ſometimes he layes his head,
Making the tender graſſe his bed,
Mean while the ſtreams along their banks do float,
And birds do chaunt with warbling throat,
And gentle ſprings a gentle murmure keep,
To lull him to a quiet ſleep.
When Winter comes, and th'ayre doth chiller grow,
Threatning ſhowers, and ſhivering ſnow,
Either with hounds he hunts the tusked ſwine

That

That foe unto the corn and vine;
Or layes his nets, or limes the unctious buſh
To catch the black-bird, or the thruſh.
Sometimes the Hare he courſes, and one way
Makes both a pleaſure and a prey.
But if with him a modeſt wife doth meet,
To guide his houſe and children ſweet,
Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,
Something brown but chaſt of life;
Such as will make a good warm fire to burn,
Againſt her wearied Mate's return,
And ſhutting in her ſtalls her fruitfull Neat,
Will milk the kines diſtended Teat:
Fetching her husband of her ſelf-brew'd beer,
And other wholeſome Countrey cheer.
Sup him with bread and cheeſe, Pudding or bye,
Such dainties as they do not buy:
Give me but theſe, and I ſhall never care
Where all the *Lucrine* Oiſters are:
Theſe wholeſome countrey dainties ſhall to me
Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* be.
Had I but theſe, I well could be without
The *Carp*, the *Salmon*, or the *Trout*:
Nor ſhould the Phœnix ſelf ſo much delight
My not ambitious appetite,
As ſhould an Apple ſnatch'd from mine own trees,
Or honey of my labouring Bees.
My Cattels udders ſhould afford me food,
My ſheep my cloth, my ground my wood.
Sometimes a lamb, ſnatch'd from the wolf ſhall be
A banquet for my friend and me.
Sometimes a Calf, ta'en from her lowing Cow,
Or tender Iſſue of the Sow.

Our

Our gardens ſallets yeeld, Mallows to keep
Looſe bodies, Lettice for to ſleep.
The cackling Hen an egg for breakfaſt layes,
And Duck that in our water playes,
The Gooſe for us her tender plumes hath bred,
To lay us on a ſofter bed.
Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphans tears,
Our Pillows are not ſtuff'd with cares.
To walk on our own ground a ſtomack gets,
The beſt of ſawce to tart our meats.
In midſt of ſuch a feaſt, 'tis joy to come
And ſee the well-fed Lambs at home,
'Tis pleaſure to behold th'inverſed Plow,
The Languid necks of Oxen bow.
And view th'induſtrious ſervants that will ſweat
Both at labour and at meat.
Lord grant me but enough; I ask no more
Then will ſerve mine, and help the poor.

An Elegy upon the Lady Venetia Digby.

Death, who'ld not change prerogatives with thee
That doſt ſuch rapes, yet maiſt not queſtion'd be?
Here ceaſe thy wanton luſt, be ſatisfi'd,
Hope not a ſecond, and ſo fair a bride.
Where was her *Mars*, woſe valiant arms did hold
This *Venus* once, that thou durſt be ſo bold
By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas fear,
Leſt he ſhould come, that would have reſcu'd her.
Monſter confeſſe, didſt thou not bluſhing ſtand,
And thy pale cheek turnd red to touch her hand?
Did ſhe not lightning-like ſtrike ſudden heat

Through

Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy froſt to ſweat?
Well ſince thou haſt her, uſe her gently, *Death*,
And in requitall of ſuch precious breath
Watch ſentinell to guard her, do not ſee
The worms thy rivals, for the Gods will be.
Remember *Paris*, for whoſe pettier ſin,
The *Troian* gates let the ſtout *Grecians* in:
So when time ceaſes, (whoſe unthrifty hand
Ha's now almoſt conſum'd his ſtock of ſand)
Myriads of Angels ſhall in Armies come,
And fetch (proud raviſher) their *Helen* home.
And to revenge this rape, thy other ſtore
Thou ſhalt reſign too, and ſhalt ſteal no more.
Till then fair Ladies (for you now are fair,
But till her death I fear'd your juſt deſpair,)
Fetch all the ſpices that *Arabia* yeelds,
Diſtill the choiceſt flowers of the fields?
And when in one their beſt perfections meet
Embalm her coarſe, that ſhe may make them ſweet;
Whilſt for an Epitaph upon her ſtone
I cannot write, but I muſt weep her one.

Epitaph.

Beauty it ſelf lies here, in whom alone,
Each part enjoy'd the ſame perfection.
In ſome the eyes we praiſe, in ſome the hair;
In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair;
That Nymphs fine feet; her hands we beauteous call;
But in this form we praiſe no part, but all.
The ages paſt have many beauties ſhown,
And I more plenty in our time have known:
But in the age to come I look for none;
Nature deſpairs, becauſe her pattern's gone.

The

An Epitaph upon Mistris *I. T.*

READER, if thou hast a tear,
Thou canst not chooſe but pay it here.
Here lies *modeſty*, *meeknesſe*, *zeal*,
Goodneſſe, *Piety*, and to tell
Her worth at once, One that had ſhown
All vertues that her ſex could own,
Nor dare my praiſe too laviſh be,
Leſt her duſt bluſh, for ſo would ſhe.
Haſt thou beheld in the ſpring's bowers
Tender buds break to bring forth flowers?
So to keep vertues ſtock, pale death
Took her to give her infant breath,
Thus her accounts were all made even,
She robb'd not earth, to add to heaven.

An Epithalamium.

MUſe be a bride-maid; doſt not hear
How honoured *Hunt*, and his fair *Deer*,
This day prepare their wedding cheer?

The ſwifteſt of thy pinions take,
And hence a ſudden journey make,
To help 'em break their bridall Cake.

Haſt 'em to Church, tell 'em love ſayes,
Religion breeds but fond delayes,
To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chide

Chide the ſlow Prieſt, that ſo goes on,
As if he feard he ſhould have done
His ſermon, e're the glaſſe be run.

Bid him poſt o're his words, as faſt
As if himſelf were now to taſt
The pleaſure of ſo fair a waſt

Now lead the bleſſed Couple home,
And ſerve a dinner up for ſome,
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimbly as your blood,
Which I ſee ſwell a purple flood
In emulation of that good

The bride poſſeſſeth; for I deeme
What ſhe enjoyes will be the theme
This night of every virgins dreame.

But envy not their bleſt content,
The haſty night is almoſt ſpent,
And they of Cupid will be ſhent.

The Sun is now ready to ride,
Sure 'twas the morning I eſpide,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the luſty bridegroomes veins
Swell, till the active torrent ſtrains
To break thoſe o're-ſtretcht azure chains.

And the fair bride ready to cry
To ſee her pleaſant loſſe ſo nigh,

Pant

Pants like the fealed Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights,
Thoſe that perform his miſtick rites
Muſt pay their Oriſons by nights.

Nor can that ſacrifice be done
By any *Prieſt*, or *Nun* alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that taſt of *Hymens* cheere,
See that your lips do meet ſo neere,
That Cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whiſperings of your love
Such ſhort and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in ſuch ſtrict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the Vine,
The Ivy and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall boſomes beat,
Till they create by virtuall heat
Mirrhe, Balme, and Spikenard in a ſweat.

Thence may there ſpring manya pair
Of Sons and Daughters ſtrong and fair:
How ſoon the Gods have heard my prair!

Me thinks already I eſpy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drouſie Nurſes Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honour'd friend Mr. Warre.

HEre lies the knowing head, the honeſt heart,
Fair blood. and courteous hands, and every part
Of gentle *Warre*, all with one ſtone content,
Though each deſerv'd a ſeverall monument.
He was (beleeve me Reader) for 'tis rare
Vertuous though young, and learned though an heir.
Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content,
He paid them both their tribute which they lent,
His anceſtors in him fixed their pride.
So with him all reviv'd, with him all died.
This made death lingring come, aſham'd to be,
At once the ruine of a family.
Learn Reader here, though long thy line hath ſtood,
Time breeds conſumptions in the nobleſt blood.
Learn (Reader) here to what our Glories come,
Here's no diſtinction 'twixt the Houſe and Tombe.

Upon the loſſe of his little finger.

ARithmetique nine digits, and no more
Admits of, then I ſtill have all my ſtore,
For what miſchance hath tane from my left hand,
It ſeems did onely for a cipher ſtand,
But this Ile ſay for thee departed joynt,
Thou wert not given to ſteal, not pick, nor point
At any in diſgrace, but thou didſt go
Untimely to thy Death, onely to ſhow
The other members what they once muſt do.

Hand,

Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all muſt follovv too.
Oft didſt thou ſcan my verſe, vvhere if I miſſe
Henceforth I vvill impute the cauſe to this.
A fingers loſſe (I ſpeak it not in ſport)
Will make a verſe a Foot too ſhort,
Farewell dear finger, much I grieve to ſee
How ſoon miſchance hath made a hand of thee.

On the Paſſion of Chriſt.

WHat rends the temples vail, where is day gone?
How can a generall darkneſſe cloud the Sun?
Aſtrologers their skill in vain do try,
Nature muſt needs be ſick, when God can dye.

Neceſſary Obſervations.

1 Precept.

FIrſt worſhip God, he that forgets to pray
Bids not himſelf good-morrow nor good-day.
Let thy firſt labour be to purge thy ſin,
And ſerve him firſt, whence all things did begin.

2 Pre.

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,
With them, though for a truth, do not contend.
Though all ſhould truth defend, do thou looſe rather
The truth a while, then loſe their Loves for ever.
Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
Shall have a childe that will revenge the deed.

3 Pre.

Think that is juſt, 'tis not enough to do,

Vnleſſe

Unleſſe thy very thoughts are upright too.

4 Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,
A coward is, and gives himſelf the lye.

5 Pre.

Honour the King, as ſons their Parents doe,
For he s thy Father, and thy Countries too.

6 Pre.

A friend is gold; if true hee'l never leave thee:
Yet both without a touchſtone may deceive thee.

7 Pre.

Suſpitious men think others falſe, but he
Cozens himſelf that will too credulous be,
For thy friends ſake, let no ſuſpect be ſhown,
And ſhun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre,

Take well what e're ſhall chance; though bad it bee,
Take it for good, and 'twill be ſo to thee.

9 Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart,
Which ſhot rebounds, to ſtrike the ſhooters heart.

10 Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey;
Who keeps it not, hath wandring loſt his way.

11 Pre,

Thank thoſe that do thee good, ſo ſhalt thou gain
Their ſecond help, if thou ſhouldſt need again,

13 Pre.

To doubtfull matters do not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre.

e well advis'd, and wary counſell make,
re thou doſt any action undertake.

Having undertaken, thy endeavours bend
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14 Pre.

Safe in thy breſt cloſe lock up thy Intents,
For he that knows thy purpoſe, beſt prevents.

15 Pre.

To tell thy miſeries will no comfort breed,
Men help thee moſt that think thou haſt no need.
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou ſoon ſhalt loſe a friend, and finde a foe.

16 Pre.

Keep thy friends goods, for ſhould thy wants be known
Thou canſt not tell but they may be thy own.

17 Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud do not preſume,
A little evill got will much conſume.

18 Pre.

Firſt think, and if thy thoughts approve thy will
Then ſpeak, and after what thou ſpeakſt fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare not, nor ſpend too much; be this thy care,
Spare but to ſpend, and onely ſpend to ſpare.
Who ſpends too much may want, and ſo complain,
But he ſpends beſt that ſpares to ſpend again.

20 Pre.

If with a ſtranger thou diſcourſe, firſt learn
By ſtricteſt obſervations to diſcern,
If he be wiſer then thy ſelf, if ſo
Be dumb, and rather chooſe by him to know:
But if thy ſelf perchance the wiſer bee,
Then do thou ſpeak that he may learn by thee.

21 Pre.

If thou diſpraiſe a man let no man know,

By any circumstance that he's thy foe:
If men but once finde that, they'l quickly see
Thy words from hate, and not from judgement be.
If thou wouldst tell his vice, do what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,
Good counsell comes clean out of season then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his fault and mend at last.
When he is cool, and calm then utter it,
No man gives Physick in the midst oth' Fit.

23 Pre.

Seem not too conscious of thy worth, nor be
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.
If to thy King and Countrey thy true care
More serviceable is then others are,
That blaze in Court; and every Action sway
As if the Kingdom on their shoulders lay.
Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
Others prefer'd of lesse Desert then thee.
Do not complain, though such a plaint be true,
Lords will not give their Favours as a due,
But rather stay and hope: it cannot be
But men at last must needs thy vertues see.
So shall thy trust endure and greater grow,
Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

24 Pre.

Desire not thy mean fortunes for to set
Next to the stately Mannors of the Great.
He will suspect thy labours, and oppresse,
Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the lesse.
Great ones do love no Equals: But must be

Above the Terms of all comparity.
Such a rich neighbour is compared beſt
To the great Pike that eats up all the reſt:
Or elſe like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an hour
Will ſeaven of his fatteſt friends devour.
Or like the ſea whoſe vaſtneſſe ſwallows clean
All other ſtreams, though no increaſe be ſeen.
Live by the Poor, they do the Poor no harm;
So Bees thrive beſt when they together ſwarm.
Rich men are Bears, and Poor men ought to fear'em
Like ravenous wolves; 'tis dangerous living neer'em.

25 Pre.

Each man three Devils hath; ſelf born afflictions,
Th'unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections:
Charme theſe, ſuch holy Conjurations can
Gain thee the friendſhip both of God and man.

26 Pre,

So live with man, as if Gods curious eye,
Did every where into thine Actions prye.
For never yet was ſin ſo void of ſence,
So fully fac'd with brazen impudence,
As that it durſt before mens eyes commit
Their beaſtly luſts, leſt they ſhould witneſſe it.
How dare they then offend, when God ſhall ſee,
That muſt alone both Iudge and jury bee?

27 Pre.

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,
And give more reſpite to this Mortall breath.
Would'ſt thou live long? the onely means are theſe,
'Bove *Galens* diet, or *Hippocrates*.
Strive to live well, tread in the upright wayes,
And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes;
Then thou haſt liv'd enough amongſt us here.

For every day well ſpent I count a yeer.
Live well, and then how ſoon ſo e're thou die,
Thou art of Age to claim Eternity.
But he that out-lives *Neſtor*, and appears
T'have paſt the date of gray *Methuſalem's* years;
If he his life to ſloth and ſin doth give,
I ſay he onely *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28 Pre.

Truſt not a man unknown, he may deceive thee;
And doubt the man thou knowſt for he may leave thee
And yet for to prevent exception too,
'Tis beſt not ſeem to doubt although you doe.

29 Pre.

Hear much but little ſpeak, a wiſe man fears,
And will not uſe his tongue ſo much as ears.
The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth do break
Will others ſhame, and its own Ruin ſpeak.
I never yet did ever read of any
Undone by hearing, but by ſpeaking many.
The reaſon's this, the Ears if chaſt and holy,
Do let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be courteous, meek, and kinde,
A winning carriage with indifferent minde,
But not familiar, that muſt be exempt,
Grooms ſaucy love ſoon turns into contempt.
Be ſure he be at leaſt as good as thee,
To whom thy friendſhip ſhall familiar be.

31 Pre.

Iudge not between two friends, but rather ſee
If thou canſt bring them friendly to agree.
So ſhalt thou both their Loves to thee encreaſe,
And gain a Bleſſing too for making Peace;

But if thou ſhouldſt decide the cauſe, i'th'end,
How e're thou judge thou ſure ſhalt loſe a friend.

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many Actions, loſt by one.

33 Pre.

Unto thy Brother buy not, ſell, nor lend,
Such Actions have their own peculiar end;
But rather chooſe to give him, if thou ſee
That thou haſt power, and he neceſſity.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, leſt Age ſhould finde thee poore
When time is paſt, and thou canſt ſpare no more.
No coupl'd miſery is ſo great in either,
As Age and Want when both do meet together.

35 Pre.

Fly Drunkenneſſe, whoſe vile incontinence
Takes both away the reaſon and the ſence.
Till with *Circean* Cups thy mind's poſſeſt
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a Beaſt.
Think whilſt thou ſwalloweſt the capacious Bowle,
Thou let'ſt in Seas to wrack and drown the ſoule.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how ſubject drunkards are to fall.
Conſider how it ſoon deſtroyes the grace
Of humane ſhape, ſpoiling the beauteous face:
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vitious Heraldry.
What Pearls and Rubies doth the wine diſcloſe,
Making the purſe poor to enrich the Noſe?
How does it nurſe diſeaſe, infect the heart,
Drawing ſome ſickneſſe into every part!
The Stomack over-cloy'd, wanting a vent.

Doth

Doth up again reſend her excrement.
And then (ô ſee what too much wine can do !)
The very ſoul being drunk ſpews ſecrets too.
The Lungs corrupted breath contagious air,
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are,
The Brain o're warm'd (loſing her ſweet repoſe)
Doth purge her filthy ordure through the noſe.
The veins do boil glutted with vitious food,
And quickly fevers the diſtemper'd blood.
The belly ſwels, the foot can hardly ſtand
Lam'd with the Gout; the Palſie ſhakes the Hand,
And through the fleſh ſick waters ſinking in,
Do Bladder-like puffe up the dropſi'd skin.
It weaks the Brain, it ſpoils the Memory,
Haſting on Age, and wilfull Poverty.
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a ſhame.
'Tis vertues poiſon, and the bane of truſt,
The match of wrath, the fnell unto luſt.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
Upon preſumption of a ſtronger brain.
For he that holds more wine then others can,
I rather count a Hogs head then a man.

36 Pre.

Let not thy impotent luſt ſo powerfull be
Over thy Reaſon, Soul, and Liberty,
As to enforce thee to a married life,
Er'e thou art able to maintain a wife.
Thou canſt not feed upon her lips and face,
She cannot cloath thee with a poor imbrace.
My ſelf being yet alone, and but one ſtill,
With patience could endure the worſt of ill.
When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go

To fight againſt his foes, and fortunes too.
But (ô) the grief were treble for to ſee
Thy wretched Bride half pin'd with Poverty.
To ſee thy infants make their dumb complaint,
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The pooreſt begger when he's dead and gone,
Is rich as he that ſits upon the Throne.
But he that having no eſtate is wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife, I will have one
Neither for beauty nor for portion,
But for her verrues; and I'le married be
Not for my luſt, but for poſterity.
And when I am wed, I'le never jealous be,
But make her learn how to be chaſt by me.
And be her face what 'twill, I'le think her faire
If ſhe within the houſe confine her care.
If modeſt in her words, and clothes ſhe be,
Not dawb'd with pride, and prodigality;
If with her neighbours ſhe maintains no ſtrife,
And beare her ſelf to me a faithfull wife;
I'de rather unto ſuch a one be wed,
Then claſp the choiſeſt *Helen* in my bed.
Yet though ſhe were an Angell, my affection
Should onely love, not dote on her perfection.

A Platonick Elegie.

LOve, give me leave to ſerve thee, and be wiſe
To keep thy torch in, but reſtore blinde eyes.
I will a flame into my boſome take,

That

That Martyrs Court when they embrace the ſtake:
Not dull, and ſmoaky fires, but heat divine,
That burns not to conſume, but to refine.
I have a Miſtreſſe for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts moſt fair,
Like Tapers on the Altar ſhine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.
And whereſo'ere my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets Religion in,
I touch her like my Beads, with devout care,
And come unto my Court-ſhip as my Prayer.
We ſit, and talk, and kiſſe away the houres
As chaſtly as the morning dews kiſſe flowres.
Go wanton Lover, ſpare thy ſighs and tears,
Put on the Livery which thy dotage wears,
And call it Love, where hereſie gets in
Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater ſin.
We wear no fleſh, but one another greet,
As bleſſed ſouls in ſeparation meet,
Wer't poſſible that my ambitious ſin,
Durſt commit rapes upon a *Cherubin*,
I might have luſtfull thoughts to her, of all
Earths heav'nly Quire the moſt Angelicall.
Looking into my breaſt, her form I finde
That like my Guardian-Angell keeps my minde
From rude attempts; and when affections ſtir,
I calm all paſſions with one thought of her.
Thus they whoſe reaſons love, and not their ſence,
The ſpirits love: thus one Intelligence
Reflects upon his like, and by chaſt loves
In the ſame ſphear this and that Angell moves.
Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought
Begets another, and that ſtill is brought

To

To bed of more; vertues and grace increase,
And such a numerous issue ne're can cease,
Where Children though great blessings, onely be
Pleasures repriv'd to some posterity.
Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
And call that Love which is but appetite.
When essence meets with essence, and souls joyne
In mutuall knots, that's the true Nuptiall twine:
Such, Lady, is my love, and such is true.
All other Love is to your Sex, not You.

An Apologie for his false Prediction that his Aunt Lane *would be deliver'd of a Son.*

Μάντις ἄριστος ὅς τις εἰκάζει καλῶς.

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

ARe then the *Sybils* dead? what is become
Of the loud Oracles? are the Augures dumb?
Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveal'd
Natures intents? is Gipsisme quite repeal'd?
Is *Friar Bacon* nothing but a name?
Or is all Witchcraft brain'd with Doctor *Lamb*?
Does none the learned *Bungies* soul inherit?
Has Madam *Davers* dispossest her spirit?
Or will the Welshmen give me leave to say
There is no faith in *Merlin*? none though they
Dare swear each letter Creed, and pawn their blood
He prophecied an age before the flood
Of holy *Dee*, which was as some have said,
Ten generations ere the Ark was made.

All

All your predictions but impoſtures are,
And you but prophecy of things that were.
And you Cœleſtiall juglers that pretend
You are acquainted with the ſtars, and ſend
Your ſpies to ſearch what's done in every ſphear,
Keeping your State-intelligencers there;
Your art is all deceit, for now I ſee
Againſt the Rules of deep Aſtrology,
Girls may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
And boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.
Nor doth the Moon though moiſt and cold ſhe be
Alwayes at full, work to produce the ſhe:
Had this been true I had foretold no lie,
It was the Art was in the wrong, not I,
Thence I ſo dully err'd in my belief,
As to miſtake an *Adam* for an *Eve*:
O groſſe miſtake, and in the civill pleas
Error perſonæ, Maſter Doctor ſaies,
And may admit divorce, but farewell now
You hungry ſtar-fed Tribe, henceforth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and *Ptolomie*,
With *Erra Pater* ſhall no Goſpell be.
Nor will I ever after this I ſwear
Throw Dice upon the ſhepherds Calender.
But why do I t'excuſe my ignorance
Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance
I have loſt all my skill, for well I know
My Phyſiognomy two yeers ago
By the ſmall Pox was mar'd, and it may be
A fingers loſſe hath ſpoild my Palmiſtry.
But why ſhould I a groſſe miſtake confeſſe?
No, I am confident I did but gueſſe
The very truth: it was a male-childe then,

But

But Aunt you ſtaid till 'twas a wench agen,
To ſee th'unconſtancy of humane things,
How little time great Alteration brings!
All things are ſubject unto change we know,
And if all things, then why not ſexes too?
Tyreſias we read a man was born
Yet after did into a woman turn,
Lovinus a Phyſitian of great fame,
Reports that one at *Paris* did the ſame.
And devout Papiſts ſay certain it is,
One of their Popes by Metamorphoſis
Indur'd the ſame, elſe how could *Ioan* be heir
To the ſucceſſion of Saint *Peters* Chair.
So I at *Chairing Croſſe* have beheld one
A Statue cut out of the *Parian* ſtone
To figure great *Alcides:* which when well
The Artiſt ſaw it was not like to ſell,
He takes his Chizell, and away he pares
Part of his ſinewy neck; ſhaving the haires
Of his rough beard and face, ſmoothing the brow
And making that look amourous, which but now
Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
He poles the ſhaggy locks, and had o're-ſpread
His brawny ſhoulders with a fleece of haire,
And works inſteed more gentle treſſes there;
And thus his skill exactly to expreſſe,
Soon makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules.*
And can it then impoſſible appear,
That ſuch a change as this might happen here.
For this cauſe therefore (gentle Aunt) I pray
Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.
But this will not excuſe me; that I may
Directly clear my ſelf, there is no way

Unleſſe

Unleſſe the *Jeſuites* will to me impart
The ſecret depth of their myſterious art.
Who from their halting Patriot learn to frame
A Crutch for every word that fals out lame.
That can the ſubtle defference diſcry
Betwixt æquivocation and a lye.
And a rare ſcape by ſly diſtinction finde
To ſwear the Tongue, and yet not ſwear the minde.
Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
But my own cauſe thus confidently plead.
I ſaid there was a boy within your womb,
Not actually, but one in time to come.
Or by *Antiphraſis* my words might be
That ever underſtands the contrary:
Or when I ſaid you ſhould a man-childe bear,
You underſtood me of the ſex I fear,
When I did mean the minde; and thus define
A woman but of ſpirit maſculine.
Or had I ſaid it ſhould a girl have been
And it had prov'd a boy, you ſhould have ſeen
Me ſolve it thus; I meant a boy by fate
But one that would have been effeminate.
Or thus I had my juſt excuſe begun,
I ſaid my Aunt would ſurely bring a ſon
If not a daughter; what we ſeers forefee
Is certain truth, unleſſe it falſhood bee.
Or I affirm becauſe ſhe brought forth one
That will bring boyes, ſhe hath brought forth a ſon:
For do not we call Father *Adam* thus,
Becauſe that he got thoſe that have got us.
What ere I ſaid by ſimple Affirmation,
I meant the right by *mentall reſervation.*

An Epithalamium to Mr. *F. H.*

FRanke when this Morne the harbinger of day
Blush'd from her Eastern pillow where she lay
Clasp'd in her *Typhons* arms, red with those kisses
Which being injoy'd by night, by day she misses:
I walk'd the fields to see the teeming earth,
Whose womb now swels to give the flowers a birth.
Where while my thoughts with every object tane,
In severall contemplations rapt my brain,
A sudden lustre like the Sun did rise,
And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes.
At last I spied a Beauty, such another,
As I have sometimes heard call thee her brother.
But by the chariot, and her team of Doves,
I guest her to be *Venus*, Queen of Loves.
With her a pretty boy I there did see,
But for his wings I had thought it had been thee.
At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
I knew t'was *Cupid* Emperour of our hearts.
Thus I accosted them. Goddesse divine,
Great Queen of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrine:
Whole Altars no man sees that can depart
Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart;
That conquer'st gods, and men, and heaven divine,
Yea, and hell too: Bear witnesse *Proserpine*.
And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show
Over all these, and o're thy mother too
Witnesse the night which when with *Mars* she lay,
Did all her sports to all the gods betray:

Tell

Tell me great Powers, what makes such glorious beams
Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streams?
Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know
Cupid and she must both to *Weston* go.
I guest the cause; for *Hymen* came behinde
In saffron robes, his Nuptiall knots to binde,
Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love
Of thy *Adonis*; as thou hop'st to move
Thy *Mars* to second kisses, and obtain
Beauties reward, the Golden fruit again:
Bow thy fair ears to my chast prayers, and take
Such Orisons as purest Love can make.
Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither
To tye pure hearts in purest bonds together.
Cupid thou know'st the maid, I have seen thee lye
With all thy arrows lurking in her eye.
Venus thou know'st her love, for I have seen
The time thou would'st have fain her Rivall been.
O blesse them both! Let their affections meet
With happy Omens in the Geniall sheet.
Both comely, beauteous both, both equall fair,
Thou canst not glory in a fitter pair.
I would not thus have prayed if I had seen
Fourscore and ten, wed to a young fifteen.
Death in such Nuptials seems with love to play,
And Ianuary seems to match with May.
Autumn to wed the Spring, Frost to desire
To kisse the Sun, Ice to embrace the fire,
Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,
Of equall moisture, and of equall heat:
And their desires are one; were all Loves such
Who would love solitary sheets so much?
Virginity (whereof chast fools do boast;

A thing not known what 'tis, till it be loſt)
Let others praiſe, for me I cannot tell
What vertue 'tis to lead *Baboons* in hell.
Woman is one with man when ſhe is brided;
The ſame in kinde, onely in ſex divided.
Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then;
Adam had been the firſt, and laſt of men.
How none O *Venus* then thy power had ſeen?
How then in vain had *Cupids* arrows been?
My ſelf whoſe cool thoughts feel no hot deſires,
That ſerve not *Venus* flames; but *Veſta's* fires:
Had I not vow'd the cloyſters, to confine
My ſelf to no more wives then onely Nine,
Parnaſſus brood, thoſe that hear *Phœbus* ſing,
Bathing their naked limbs in *Theſpian* ſpring,
I'de rather be an Owl of Birds, then one
That is the *Phœnix* if ſhe live alone.
Two's the firſt of numbers, one naught can do,
One then is good, when one is made of two.
Which myſtery is thine great *Venus*, thine,
Thy union can two ſouls in one combine.
Now by that power I charge thee bleſſe the ſheets
With happy iſſue where this couple meets.
The maid's a *Harvy*, one that may compare
With fruit *Heſperian*, or the Dragons care.
Her Love a *Ward*; not he that awed the ſeas,
Frighting the fearfull *Hamadryades*,
That Ocean terrour, he that durſt out-brave
Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave.
This *Ward* a milder Pirat ſure will prove,
And onely ſails the *Helleſpont* of Love,
As once *Leander* did: his theft is beſt
That nothing ſteals but whats within the breſt,

Yet

Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare,
And ranſack all his treaſures, let him beare
The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *Weſt*,
And all the richeſt treaſures of the *Eaſt*.
The ſands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* Ore,
With both the *Indies*; yet this one gets more
At once by Love, then he by force could get,
Or raviſh from the Marchants, let him ſet
His Ores together; let him vainly boaſt
Of ſpices ſnatch'd from the *Canary* coaſt,
The Gums of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* fleec
Died in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeelds,
With all the Metals in *Guiana* fields.
When this has ſet all forth to boaſt his pride
In various pomp, this other brings his Bride,
And I'le be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
If ſhe alone prove not the richer prize.
O let not death have power their Love to ſever!
Let them both love, and live, and die together.
O let their beds be chaſt, and baniſh thence
As well all Iealouſies, as all offence!
For ſome men I have known, whoſe wives have been
As chaſt as Ice: ſuch as were never ſeen
In wanton dalliance, ſuch as untill death
Never ſmelt any, but their husbands breath.
Yet the Good-man ſtill dream'd of horns, ſtill fearing
His forehead would grow harder; ſtill appearing
To his own fancy, Bull, or Stag, or more,
Or Ox at leaſt, that was an Aſſe before.
If ſhe would have new cloaths, he ſtraight will fear
She loves a Taylour; if ſhe ſad appear
He gueſſes ſoon it is 'cauſe he's at home;

If jocund, sure she has some friend to come,
If she be sick, he thinks no grief she felt,
But wishes all Phisitians had been guelt,
But ask her how she does, sets him a swearing.
Feeling her pulse, is love-tricks past the bearing.
Poor wretched wife, she cannot look a wry
But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.
And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
To entertain a hansome Chamber-maid.
Far, far from them be all such thoughts I pray,
Let their Loves prove eternall, and no day
Adde date to their affections, (grant ô Queen)
Their Loves like Nuptiall-bayes be always green.
And also grant——But here she bid me stay,
For well she knew what I had else to say.
I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race
To joyn their hands and send them night apace.
She smil'd to hear what I in sport did say,
So whip'd her doves and smiling rid away.

To M. Feltham *on his book of Resolves.*

IN this unconstant Age when all mens mindes
In various change strive to outvie the windes,
When no man sets his foot upon the square,
But treads on globes and circles; when we are
The Apes of Fortune, and desire to be
Resolved on as fickle wheels as she.
As if the Planets that our rulers are,
Made the souls motion too irregular.
When minds change oftner then the *Greek* could dream
That made the Metempseucos'd soul his theam;

Yea oft to beastly forms: when truth to say,
Moons change but once a Month, we twice a day.
When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
In such a tide of mindes, that every hour
Do ebb and flow; by what inspiring power,
By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,
Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
While foolish men whose reason is their sence,
Still wandring in the worlds circumference:
Thou holding passions reins with strictest hand;
Dost firm and fixed in the Center stand.
Thence thou art setled, other-while they tend
To rove about the circle finde no end.
Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live as thou dost write.
And yet I guesse thy life thy book produces,
And but expresses thy peculiar uses.
Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came.
So *Lesbians* by their works their rules do frame,
Not by the rules the work: thy life had been
Pattern enough, had it of all been seen,
Without a book; books make the difference here,
In them thou liv'st the same but every where.
And this I guesse, though th'art unknown to me,
By thy chast writing; else it could not be
(Dissemble ne're so well) but here and there
Some tokens of that plague would soon appear;
Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout
In books would sometimes blister, and break out.
Contagious sins in which men take delight
Must needs infect the paper when they write.
But let the curious eyes of *Lynceus* look

Through every nerve, and ſinew of this book,
Of which 'tis full: let the moſt diligent minde
Pry thorow it, each ſentence he ſhall finde
Seaſon'd with chaſte, not with an itching ſalt,
More ſavouring of the Lamp, then of the malt,
But now too many think no wit divine,
None worthy life, but whoſe luxurious line
Can raviſh Virgins thoughts; And is it fit
To make a Pander, or a Baud of wit?
But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,
And ask in ſcorn if you would geld the book.
As if th' effeminate brain could nothing do
That ſhould be chaſte, and yet be maſculine too.
Such books as theſe (as they themſelves indeed
Truely confeſſe) men do not praiſe but read.
Such idle books, which if perchance they can
Better the brain, yet they corrupt the man.
Thou haſt not one bad line ſo luſtfull bred,
As to die maid, or matrons cheek in red.
Thy modeſt wit, and witty honeſt letter
Make both at once my wit, and me the better.
Thy book a garden is, and helps us moſt
To regain that, which we in *Adam* loſt.
Where on the tree of knowledge we may feed,
But ſuch as no forbidden fruits doth breed.
Whoſe leaves like thoſe whence *Eve* her coat did frame
Serve not to cover, but to cure our ſhame.
Fraught with all flowers, not onely ſuch as grows
To pleaſe the eye, or to delight the noſe.
But ſuch as may redeem loſt healths again,
And ſtore of Heliebore to purge the brain.
Such as would cure the ſurfeit man did take
From *Adams* Apples: ſuch as fain would make

Man

Mans second Paradise, in which should be
The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.
It is a Garden; ha, I thus did say:
And maids, and Matrons blushing run away.
But maids re-enter these chast pleasing bowers,
Chast Matrons here gather the purest flowers.
Fear not, from this pure Garden do not flye,
In it doth no obscene *Priapus* lye.
This is an *Eden* where no serpents be
To tempt the womans imbecility.
These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise;
Nor doth the Cinamon-bark deserve lesse praise,
I mean the stile, being pure, and strong, and round,
Not long, but Pithy: being short-breath'd, but sound,
Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings,
That best of Tutours to the worst of Kings.
Not long and empty; lofty but not proud;
Subtile but sweet, high but without a cloud.
Well setled, full of nerves, in brief 'tis such
That in a little hath comprized much.
Like th' *Iliads* in a Nutshell. And I say
Thus much for stile; though truth should not be gay
In strumpets glittering robes, yet ne'retheless
She well deserves a Matrons comelinesse.
Being too brave she would our fancies glut,
But we should loath her being too much the slut,
The reasonable soul from heaven obtain'd
The best of bodies; and that man hath gain'd
A double praise, whose noble vertues are
Like to the face, in soul and body faire.
Who then would have a noble sentence clad
In russet-thread-bare words, is full as mad
As if *Apelles* should so fondly dote,

As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucys* coat.
They erre that would bring ſtile ſo baſely under;
The lofty language of the Law was thundr.
The wiſeſt 'pothecary knows 'tis skill
Neatly to candy o're the wholeſome pill.
Beſt Phiſike then, when gaul with ſuger meets,
Tempting *Abſinthium* bitterneſſe with ſweets.
Such is thy ſentence, ſuch thy ſtile, being read
Men ſee them both together happ'ly wed.
And ſo reſolve to keep them wed, as we
Reſolve to give them to poſterity.
'Mongſt thy reſolves put my reſolves in too;
Reſolve who's will, thus I reſolve to do:
That ſhould my errours chooſe anothers line
Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

In Natalem Auguſtiſſimi Principis *Caroli.*

PRima tibi periit ſoboles (dilecta Maria,)
Elu ſitque uterum, mœſta Diana tuum.
Tunc Cœlo, nunc & terris fœcunda fuiſti,
Quæ potes & reges & peperiſſe deos.

The firſt birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
And ſad *Lucina* cheated thy bleſt wombe.
To heav'n thou went fruitfull, now to earth,
That canſt give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Upon his Picture.

WHen age hath made me what I am not now:
And every wrinkle tels me where the plow

Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice ſhall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be ſnow:
When death diſplayes his coldneſſe in my cheek,
And I, my ſelf in my own Picture ſeek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to beleeve, this, or my glaſſe:
Yet though I alter, this remains the ſame
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And firſt complexion; here will ſtill be ſeen
Blood on the cheek, and Down upon the chin.
Here the ſmooth brow will ſtay, the lively eye,
The ruddy Lip, and hair of youthfull dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may ſee,
Whoſe ſhadow is leſſe given to change then he.

An Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford *to haſten him into the Countrey.*

Come ſpurre away,
I have no patience for a longer ſtay;
But muſt go down,
And leave the chargeable noiſe of this great Town.
I will the Countrey ſee,
Where old ſimplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Then foppery in pluſh and ſcarlet clad.
Farewell you City-wits that are
Almoſt at Civill-warre; (mad
'Tis time that I grow wiſe, when all the world grows

More of my dayes

I will not ſpend to gain an Idiots praiſe;
Or to make ſport
For ſome ſlight Puny of the Innes of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford*, ſay,
How ſhall we ſpend the day,
With what delights,
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got ſecure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet ſhall no finger loſe;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.
There from the tree
Wee'l cherries pluck, and pick the ſtrawberry.
And every day
Go ſee the wholeſome Countrey Girls make hay,
Whoſe brown hath lovelier grace,
Then any painted face.
That I do know
Hide-Park can ſhow.
Where I had rather gain a kiſſe then meet
(Though ſome of them in greater ſtate
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the *Cheap*, and wives of *Lumbard-ſtreet*.

But think upon
Some other pleaſures, theſe to me are none,
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things againſt my fate.
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My *Muſe* is ſhe
My love ſhall be.

Let

Let Clowns get wealth, and heirs; when I am gone,
And the great Bugbear, grisly death
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

Of this no more;
Wee I rather tast the bright *Pomon*'s store.
No fruit shall scape
Our pallats, from the damsen, to the gaape.
Then full we'l seek a shade,
And hear what musique's made;
How Philomell
Her tale doth tell:
And how the other Birds do fill the quire;
The Thrush and Black-bird lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the skie,
Whereat what fowl we please our Hauk shall flye;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty Fox, or timorous Hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'l choose,
The Buck shall fall,
The Stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to mee,
I'me sure all game is free;
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty,

And when we mean
To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now and men,
And drink by stealth

A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health,
I'le take my pipe and try
The *Phrygian* melody;
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madneſſe to diſtemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And *Dorique* muſique make,
To Civilize with greater notes our wits again.

An Anſwer to Mr. Ben Jonſon's *Ode to perſwade him not to leave the ſtage.*

BEn do not leave the ſtage
'Cauſe 'tis a loathſome age;
For Pride and Impudence will grow too bold,
When they ſhall hear it told
They frighted thee: ſtand high as is thy cauſe,
Their hiſſe is thy applauſe,
More juſt were thy diſdain,
Had they approv'd thy vain,
So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
They to incenſe, and thou as much to ſcorn.

Wilt thou engroſſe thy ſtore
Of wheat, and powre no more,
Becauſe their Bacon-brains have ſuch a taſt
As more delight in maſt?
No; ſet 'em forth a board of dainties, full
As thy beſt Muſe can cull;
While they the while do pine
And thirſt midſt all their wine.

What greater plague can hell it ſelf deviſe,
Then to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canſt not finde them ſtuffe
That will be bad enough
To pleaſe their palats; let 'em thine refuſe
For ſome Pye-corner Muſe;
She is too fair an hoſteſſe, 'twere a ſinne
For them to like thine *Inne*:
'Twas made to entertain,
Gueſts of a nobler ſtrain,
Yet if they will have any of thy ſtore,
Give 'em ſome ſcraps, and ſend them from thy dore.

And let thoſe things in Pluſh,
Till they be taught to bluſh,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what *Broome* ſwept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty ſtrains
Write not to Cloaths but Brains:
But thy great ſpleen doth riſe
Cauſe Moles will have no eyes;
This onely in my *Ben*, I faulty finde
He's angry, they'l not ſee him that are blinde.

Why ſhould the Scene be Mute
Cauſe thou canſt touch my Lute,
And ſtring thy *Horace*? let each Muſe of nine
Claim thee, and ſay thou art mine.
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire
To ſit by *Pinda's* fire:
For by ſo ſtrange neglect,
I ſhould my ſelf ſuſpect

The Palſie were as well, thy brains diſeaſe;
If they could ſhake thy Muſe which way they pleaſe.

And though thou well canſt ſing,
The glorieus of thy King;
And on the wings of verſe his chariot beare
To heaven, and fix it there:
Yet let thy muſe as well ſome raptures raiſe,
To pleaſe him as to praiſe.
I would not have thee chooſe
Onely a treble Muſe;
But have this envious ignorant Age to know,
Thou that canſt ſing ſo high, canſt reach as low.

A Dialogogue. Thirſis. Lalage.

Th. MY *Lalage* when I behold
So great a cold,
And not a ſpark of heat in thy deſire,
I wonder what ſtrange power of thine,
Kindles in mine
So bright a flame, and ſuch a burning fire.
Lal. Can *Thirſis* in Philoſophy
A truant be,
And not have learn'd the power of the Son?
How he to ſublunary things
A fervour brings,
Yet in himſelf is ſubject unto none?
Thir. But why within thy eyes appear
Never a tear,
That cauſe from mine perpetuall ſhowres to fall?
Lal. Fool 'tis the power of fire you know

To

To melt the ſnow,
Yet has no moiſture in it ſelf at all.
Thir. How can I be, deer Virgin ſhow,
Both fire and ſnow?
Do you that are the cauſe, the reaſon tell;
More then miracle to me
It ſeems to be,
That ſo much heat with ſo much cold ſhould dwell.
Lal. The reaſon I will render thee;
Why both ſhould be.
Audacious *Thirſis* in thy love too bold,
'Cauſe thy ſawcineſſe durſt aſpire
To ſuch a fire,
Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.
Thir. Let pity move thy gentle breſt
To one oppreſt;
This way, or that, give eaſe to my deſire;
And either let Loves fire be loſt
In hopes cold froſt,
Or hopes cold froſt be warm'd in loves quick fire.
Lal. O neither Boy; neither of theſe
Shall work thy eaſe.
Ile pay thy raſhneſſe with immortall pain,
As hope doth ſtrive to freez thy flame,
Love melts the ſame:
As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't again,
Thir. Come gentle ſwains lend me a groan
To eaſe my moan.
Chorus. Ah cruell Love, how great a power is thine?
Under the Poles although we lye
Thou mak'ſt us fry:
And thou canſt make us freez beneath the line.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nym. WHy ſigh you ſwain? this paſſiō is not cōmon
I'ſt for your kids or Lamkins? *Sh.* For a wo-
Nym. How fair is ſhe that on ſo ſage a brow (man
Prints lowring looks? *Shep.* Iuſt ſuch a toy as thou.
Nymp. Is ſhe a maid? *Shep.* What man can anſwer that?
Nym. Or widow? *Sh.* No. *Ny.* What then? *Sh.* I know not
Saint-like ſhe looks, a *Syren* if ſhe ſing. (what,
Her eyes are ſtarres, her minde is every thing.
Nymp. If ſhe be fickle, Shepherd leave to woo
Or fancy me. *Sh.* No thou art woman too;
Nym. But I am conſtant. *Sh.* Then thou art not fair.
Nym. Bright as the morning *Sh.* Wavering as the Ayr.
Ny. What grows upon this cheek? *Sh.* A pure Carnation,
Ny. Come taſt a kiſſe, *Sh.* O ſweet, ô ſweet Temptation!
Chor. Ah Love, and canſt thou never loſe the field?
Where *Cupid* layes the ſiege, the Town muſt yeeld.
He warmes the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the Icy froſt of cold deſire.

A Paſtorall Ode.

COy *Cœlia* doſt thou ſee
Yon hollow mountain tottering o're the plain,
O're which a fatall Tree
With treacherous ſhade betrays the ſleepy ſwain?
Beneath it is a Cell,
As full of horror as my breaſt of care,
Ruin therein might dwell, As

As a fit room for guilt and black deſpair.
Thence will I headlong throw
This wretched weight, this heap of miſerie;
And in the duſt below,
Bury my Carcaſe; and the thought of thee:
Which when I finiſht have,
O hate me dead, as thou haſt done alive;
And come not near my grave
Leaſt I take heat from thee, and ſo revive.

A Song.

MUſick thou Queen of ſouls, get up and ſtring
Thy pow'rfull Lute, and ſome ſad requiem ſing,
Till Rocks requite thy *Eccho* with a groan:
And the dull clifts repeat the duller tone:
Then on a ſudden with a nimble hand
Run gently o're the Chordes, and ſo command
The Pine to dance, the Oak his Roots forgo,
The Holme, and aged Elme to foot it too;
Mirtles ſhall caper, loſty Cedars run,
And call the Courtly Palme to make up one;
Then in the midſt of all their Iolly train,
Strike a ſad note; and fix 'em Trees again.

The Song of Diſcord.

LEt *Linus* and *Amphions* Lute,
With *Orpheus* Cittern now be mute,
The harſheſt voice the ſweeteſt note;
The Raven has the choiceſt throat,

A ſet of Frogs a quire for me,
The Mandrake ſhall the Chaunter be,
Where neither voice, nor tunes agree;
This is diſcords Harmony.
Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play
The following trees had run away.

To one Over-hearing his private diſcourſe.

I Wonder not my *Leda* far can ſee
Since for her eyes ſhe might an Eagle be,
And dare the Sun; but that ſhe hears ſo well
As that ſhe could my private whiſperings tell,
I ſtand amaz'd; her ears are not ſo long,
That they could reach my words, hence then it ſprung,
Love over-hearing fled to her bright ear,
Glad he had got a tale to whiſper there.

Epigram: 47 ex decimo libro Martialis.

THeſe are things that being poſſeſt
Will make a life that's truely bleſt:
Eſtate bequeath'd, not got with toil;
A good hot fire, a gratefull ſoil.
No ſtrife, warm cloths, a quiet ſoule,
A ſtrength intire, a body whole,
Prudent ſimplicity, equall friends,
A diet that no Art commends.
A night not drunk, and yet ſecure;
A bed nor ſad, yet chaſt and pure.
Long ſleeps to make the nights but ſhort,

A will to be but what thou art.
Naught rather chooſe; contented lye,
And neither fear, nor wiſh to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

Grammaticam Diodore *doces Eunuche puellos,*
Credo Solœciſmum tu Diodore *facis,*
Cum ſis exactus quàm nec Sporus *ille* Neronis,
Nec merſus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
Non unam liquit tibi ſæva novacula teſtem;
Propria quæ maribus cur Diodore *legis?*
Quæ genus aut ſexum variant, Heteroclita tantùm
Poſthâc ſi ſapias tu Diodore *legas.*

To the vertuous and noble Lady the Lady Cotton.

TIs not to force more tears from your ſad eye,
That we write thus; that were a Piety
Turn'd guilt and ſin; we onely beg to come,
And pay due tribute to his ſacred tombe.
The Muſes did divide his loue with you,
And juſtly therefore may be mourners too.
In ſtead of Cypreſſe, they have brought freſh Baies
To crown his Urn, and every dirge is praiſe.
But ſince with him the learned tongues are gone,
Neceſſity here makes us uſe our own.
Read in his praiſe your own, you cannot miſſe;
For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and noble Knight, Sir Rowland Cotton *of* Bellaport *in Shropshire.*

RIch as was *Cottons* worth, I wish each line;
And every verse I breath like him, a Mine.
That by his vertues might created be
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.
But that invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise
Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies.
And whereas other youths commended be,
From conceiv'd Hopes, his was maturity,
Where other springs boast blossoms fairly blown,
His was a harvest, and had fruits full grown:
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raign
In wisdom, *Aeson* like, turn'd young again.
This, Royall *Henry*, whose majestique eye
Saw thorow men, did from his Court descry,
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there
One of the prime stars in his glorious sphear.
And (Princely Master) witnesse this with mee,
He liv'd not there to serve himself but thee.
No Silk-worm Courtier, such as study there
First how to get their clothes, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, he nere was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own,
He valued more his Master, and knew well,
To use his love was noble; base to sell.
Many there be live in the Court we know

To serve for Pageants, and make up the show;
And are not serviceable there at all
But now and then at some great Festivall.
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of Common-wealths, and mistique State affairs;
And when great *Henry* did his maxims hear,
He wore him as a Iewell in his Ear,
Yet short he came not, nay he all out-went
In what some call a Courtiers complement.
An Active body that in subtill wise
Turns pliable to any excuse.
For when he leapt, the people dar'd to say
He was born all of fire, and wore no clay:
Which was the cause too that he wrestled so,
'Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
His course he so perform'd with nimble pace,
The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race;
As it were true that some late Artists say,
The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way,
All so soon finish'd, when the Match was won
The Gazers by ask'd why they not begun,
When he in Masque us'd his harmonious feet,
The Sphears could not in comlier order meet,
Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance
Their measures forward, or retire their dance.
There be have seen him in our *Henry's* Court
The glory and the envy of that sport.
And capring like a constellation rise,
Having fixt upon him all the Ladies eyes.
But these in him I would not vertues call,
But that the world must know, that he had all.
When *Henry* dy'd) our universall wo)
Willing was *Cotton* to die with him too.

On the Death of a Nightingale.

GO ſolitary wood, and henceforth be
Acquainted with no other Harmonie,
Then the Pyes chattering, or the ſhreeking note
Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throat.
Thy ſweeteſt Chanters dead, that warbled forth
Layes, that might tempeſts calm, and ſtill the North,
And call down Angels from their glorious Sphear
To hear her Songs, and learn new Anthems there.
That ſoul is fled, and to *Eliſion* gone;
Thou a poor deſert left; go then and run,
Beg there to ſtand a grove, and if ſhe pleaſe
To ſing again beneath thy ſhadowy Trees;
The ſouls of happy Lovers crown'd with bliſſes
Shall flock about thee, and keep time with kiſſes.

In filium *Manlii* inſepultum.

IN terrâ condi vetuit Pater improbus, at Te
In tumulo patitur nobiliore tegi.
Pars canis eſt tumuli; tumuli pars altera Tigris;
Altara pars Lupus eſt, & Leo forſan erit.
Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, ſepulchra
Sunt aliis tantùm mortua, viva tibi.

Upon

Upon the report of the King of Swedens death.

I'Le not beleeve't; if fate should be so crosse,
Nature would not be silent of her losse.
Can he be dead, and no portents appear?
No pale Eclipse of th'Sun to let us fear
What we should suffer, and before his light
Put out, the world inveloped in Night.
What thundring torrents the flulsh'd welkin tare?
What apparition kill'd him in the aire?
When *Cæsar* dy'd there were convulsion fits;
And nature seem'd to run out of her wits.
At that sad object *Tybers* bosome swell'd,
And scarce from drowning all, by *Iove* withheld,
And shall we give this mighty Conquerour
That in a great and a more holy warre,
Was pulling down the Empire which he reard,
A fall unmourn'd of Nature, and unfear'd;
A death (unlesse the league of heav'n withstood)
Lesse wept then with an univer sall flood?
If I had seen a Comet in the Air
With glorious eye, and bright disheve'd hair,
And on a suddain with his gilded train
Drop down; I should have said that *Sweden's* slain;
Shot like that star; or if the earth had shook
Like a weak floor, the falling roof had broke;
I should have said the mighty King is gone;
Fell'd as the tallest tree in *Libanon.*
Alasse if he were dead, we need no post,
Very *instinct* would tell us what we lost.
And a chill damp (as at the generall doom)

Creep through each breſt, & we ſhould know for who,
His *German* conqueſts are not yet compleat,
And when they are, there's more remaining yet,
The world is full of ſin, not every Land
One grown with ſchiſme hath felt his purging hand,
The Pope is not confounded, and the Turk;
Nor was he ſure deſign'd for a leſſe work.
But if our ſins have ſtop'd him in the ſource,
In mid'dſt Career of his victorious courſe;
And heaven would truſt the dulneſſe of our ſence
So far, not to prepare us with portents.
'Tis we that have the loſſe, and he hath caught
His heav'nly garland e're his work be wrought.
But I, before I'le undertake to grieve
So great a loſſe, will chooſe not to believe.

On Sir Robert Cotton *the Antiquary.*

POſterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
But ages long ſince paſt for thee have groan'd.
Times trophies thou didſt reſcue from the grave,
Who in thy death a ſecond buriall have.
Cotton, deaths conqueſt now compleat I ſee,
Who ne're had vanquiſht all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

HEav'n knows my love to thee, fed on deſires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the pureſt beams ſhot from the Sun
At his full height, and the devotion

Of

Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her first robes appear
Whiter then our Affections; they did show
Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.
So pure, the *Phœnix* when she did refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But now my day's o'recast, for I have now
Drawn Anger like a tempest o're the brow
Of my fair Mistresse; those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise,
Threat like revengefull Meteors; and I feel
My torment, and my guilt double my hell
'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,
Done to another, but it was made sin,
And justly mortall too by troubling Thee,
Slight wrongs are treasons done to Majestie.
O all ye blest Ghosts of deceas'd Loves,
That now live Sainted in the' *Elisian* groves
Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine
Meet in full quire, and joyn your prayers with mine.
Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,
By your past sufferings and present blisses,
Conjure her by your mutuall hopes, and fears;
By all your intermixed sighes and tears,
To plead my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walk the guardian sentinell,
My souls safe Genii, that she need not feare
A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there.
But what needs that, when she alone sits there
Sole Angell of that Orbe? in her own sphere
Alone she sits, and can secure it free
From all irregular motions; onely she
Can give the Balsom that must cure this sore;
And the sweet Antidote to sin no more.

Η' Ἔυρυς ἡ ποίησις ἡ μανικὴ.

FRom witty men and mad
All Poetry conception had.

No Sires but theſe will Poetry admit,
Madneſſe or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit,
It is a witty madneſſe, or mad wit.

Onely theſe two Poëtique heat admits,
A witty man, or one that's out of 's wits.

Ad Amicum Litigantem.

WOuld you commence a Poet Sir, and be
A graduate in the thredbare myſtery?
The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,
Where the horſe hooſe rais'd the *Pegaſian* ſpring,
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth run,
Direct you to the banks of *Helicon*.
If in that art you mean to take degrees,
Bedlam's the beſt of Univerſities.
There ſtudy it, and when you would no more
A Poet be, go drink ſome Hellebore.
Which drug when I had taſted, ſoon I left
The bare *Parnaſſus*, and the barren cleft;
And can no more one of their Nation be,
Becauſe recover'd of my lunacie.
But you may then ſucceed me in my place
Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
Denied you, for you go to law, 'tis ſaid;
And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

Felicem

Felicem Antyciram ! *nullos ibi credo Poetas*
Insanos tumido corde fovere modos.
Hanc fama est tantùm sanos admittere cives.
Exulat hinc vester (turba molesta) furor !
Nullus in hâc Elegis, nullus jugulatur Iambis ;
Incola non Satyram, non Epigramma timet.
Nubus in hâc teneras recitator verberat auret,
Non hic judicium, non petit ille tuum.
Non hìc te Chloris, non hic laudata fatigat
Cœlia ; nulla tuam mordet hirudo cutem.
Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas ;
Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.
Nusquam aliquis, terræ securior errat, ob unum locum
Grates Helleboro quin agat ille suo.

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

Ah miser, & nullo fœlix in amore ! Corinnam,
Cum rogat illa, negas ; cum negat illa, rogas.
Ambos urit Amor, quid ut felicius ? ambos
Tempore non uno sed tamen urit amor.
Cum flagrat Corydon, *frigescit fibra* Corinnæ ;
Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna *calet.*
Cur æstas Corydonis *hyems fit facta* Corinnæ ?
Quidve Corinnæ *æstas fit* Corydonis *hyems ?*
Unde ignis glaciem ? glacius unde efficit ignem ?
De sinc crudeles, sæve Cupido, *jocos !*
Desine ! sed nec te Corydonis *tollere flammis,*
Tollere nec castas Virginis ore nives.
Ure duos, extingue duos, & pectus utrumque
Aut Calor, aut teneat pectus utrumque gelu.

Para-

Paraphras'd.

AH wretch in thy *Corinna's* love unbleſt!
How ſtrang a fancy doth torment thy breaſt?
When ſhe deſires to ſport, thou ſayeſt her nay;
When ſhe denies then thou deſir'ſt to play.
Love burns you both, (ó 'tis a happy turn!)
But 'tis at ſeverall times love doth both burn.
When ſcorching heat hath *Coridons* heart poſſeſt,
Then raigns a froſt in cold *Corinna's* breſt;
And when a froſt in *Coridon* doth raign,
Then is *Corinna's* breſt on fire again,
Why then with *Coridon* is it ſummer prime,
When with *Corinna* it is winter time?
Or why ſhould then *Corinna's* ſummer be
When it is winter, *Corydon* with thee?
Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed?
Ah jeſt not Love in ſo ſevere a deed!
I bid thee not *Corydons* flame to blow
Clean out; nor clean to melt *Corinna's* ſnow.
Burn both! freez both! let mutuall Fervour hold
His and her breſt, or his and her's a cold.

Ad Baſſum.

NOſtri, (Baſſe) ſolent pretio conducere ſtultos
Quos in deliciis Aulicus omnis habet.
At ſi quis cuperet ſapientem vendere præco,
Rarus erit minimo qui velit aſſe virum.
Vſque adeò nocet ingenium, tantoque putatur

Quo

Quo minus eſt cerebri, charius eſſe caput.
Unde tot ignare veneres? cur ſtultus amatur?
Hei mihi! cur tanti non ſapuiſſe fuit?
Hæc ratio eſt, paribus gaudet, Venus *atque* Cupido;
Et nunquam ſimiles non ſibi jungit Amor.

To one admiring her ſelf in a Looking-Glaſſe.

FAir Lady when you ſee the Grace
Of Beauty in your Looking-glaſſe:
A ſtately forhead, ſmooth and high,
And full of Princely Majeſtie.
A ſparkling eye, no gem ſo fair,
Whoſe luſtre dims the *Cyprian* ſtar.
A glorious check divinely ſweet,
Wherein both Roſes kindely meet.
A cherry Lip that would entice
Even gods to kiſſe at any price.
You think no Beauty is ſo rare
That with your ſhadow might compare,
That your reflection is alone,
The thing that men moſt dote upon,
Madam, alas your Glaſſe doth lie,
And you are much deceiv'd; For I
A beauty know of richer grace
(Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.
Hence then O learn more milde to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me;
If me your reall ſubſtance move,
When you ſo much your Shadow love,
Wiſe nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright Majeſty.

Which

Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could, except your ſelf, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot ſee.
Now you have what to love, you'l ſay
What then is left for me I pray?
My face ſweet-heart, if it pleaſe thee;
That which you can, I cannot ſee:
So either love ſhall gain his due.
Your's ſweet in me, and mine in you.

A Eglogue occaſion'd by two Doctors diſputing upon Predeſtination.

Corydon.

HO jolly *Thyrſis* whither in ſuch haſt?
I'ſt for a wager that you run ſo faſt?
Or paſt paſt your hour below yon Hawthorn-tree
Doe's longing *Galatea* look for thee?

Thyrſis.

No *Corydon*, I heard yonng *Daphnis* ſay
Alexis challeng'd *Tityrus* to day
Who beſt ſhall ſing of Shepherds Art, and praiſe;
But hark I hear'em, liſten to their laies.

Tityrus.

Alexis read, what means this myſtique thing?
An Ewe I had two Lambs at once did bring;
Th'one black as jet, the other white as ſnow?
Say in juſt Providence how it could be ſo?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodneſſe therefore partiall call,
That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus.

Tityrus.

Were they not both eand by the ſelfſame Ewe?
How could they ment then ſo different hue?
Poor Lamb alas; and couldſt thou, yet unborn,
Sin to deſerve the guilt of ſuch a ſcorn!
Thou hadſt not yet fowl'd a religious ſpring,
Nor fed on plots of hollowed graſſe, to bring
Stains to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
Sacred to *Pan*, or *Pales* Deity.
The gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;
And knowing, 'tis unjuſt to uſe thee ſo.

Alexis.

Tityr with me contend, or *Corydon*;
But let the gods, and their high wils alone:
For in our Flocks that freedom challenge wee;
This Kid is ſacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tityrus.

Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us
To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus.
This on the barren mountains fleſh can glean,
That fed in flowry paſtures will be lean.

Alexis.

Plow, ſowe, and compaſſe, nothing boots at all,
Unleſſe the dew upon the Tilth's do fall.
So labour ſilly Shepherds what we can
All's vain, unleſſe a bleſſing drop from *Pan*.

Tityrus.

I'll thrive thy Ewes if thou theſe lies maintain.

Alexis.

And may thy Goats miſcarry ſawcy ſwain.

Thyrſis.

Fie, Shepherds fie! while you theſe ſtrifes begin,
Here creeps the Wolf, and there the Fox gets in.

To

To your vain piping on ſo deep a Reed
The Lambkins liſten, but forget to feed.
It gentle ſwains beſits of Love to ſing,
How Love left Heaven; and heavens immortall King,
His Coeternall Father. O admire,
Love is a Son as ancient as his Sire.
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth ſo great, and from ſo chaſt a womb?
His cradle was a manger; Shepherds ſee
True faith delights in poor ſimpliſity.
He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine,
But could of water make a briſker wine.
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barn
The harveſt bring, nor threſh, and grinde the Corn.
Without all theſe Love could ſupply our need,
And with five Loavs, five thouſand Hungers feed,
More wonders did he, for all which ſuppoſe
How he was crown'd, with Lilly or with Roſe?
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
Or Mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they ſay,
Girts her proud Temples? Shepherds none of them
But wore (poor head) a thorny Diadem.
Feet to the Lame he gave, with which they run
To work their Surgeons laſt deſtruction.
The blinde from him had eyes; but us'd that light
Like Baſiliſques to kill him with their ſight.
Laſtly he was betrai'd (O ſing of this)
How Love could be betrai'd! 'twas with a kiſſe.
And then his innocent hands, and guiltleſſe feet
Were nail'd unto the Croſſe, ſtriving to meet
In his ſpread arms his Spouſe, ſo milde in ſhow
He ſeem'd to court th'Imbraces of his foe. (ſent.
Through his pierc'd ſide, through which a ſphear was

A torrent of all flowing Balſame went,
Run *Amarillis* run: one drop from thence
Cures thy ſad ſoul, and drives all anguiſh hence.
Go ſun-burnt *Theſtylis*, go, and repair
thy beauty loſt, and be again made fair,
Love-ſick *Amyntas* get a *Philtrum* here,
To make thee Lovely to thy truly dear.
But coy *Licoris* take the Pearl from thine,
And take the Blood-ſhot from *Alexis* eyne.
Weare this an Amulet 'gainſt all Syrens ſmiles,
The ſtings of ſnakes, and Tears of Crocodiles,
Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dies;
Three dayes he ſleeps, and then again doth riſe,
(Like fair *Aurora* from the Eaſtern Bay)
And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
This pipe unto our flocks, this ſonnet get,
But ho, I ſee the Sun ready to ſet.
Good night to all, for the great night is come;
Flocks to your folds, and Shepherds high you home,
To morrow morning, when we all have ſlept,
Pan's Cornet's blowen, and the great *Sheep-ſhears* kept

An Eglogue to M. Johnſon.

Tityrus.

UNder this Beech why ſits thou here ſo ſad
Son *Damon*, that was erſt a joviall lad?
Theſe groves were wont to Eccho with the ſound
Of thy ſhrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.
Rouſe up thy ſoul, *Parnaſſus* mount ſtands high,
And muſt be climb'd with painfull induſtry,

Damon. You Father on his forked top ſit ſtill,

And see us panting up so steep a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
Never with wax, never to join it more,
Tyt. Fond boy 'twas rashly done; I meant to thee,
Of all the sons I have, by legacie
To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all
I meant it should her second Master call.
Dam. And do you think I durst presume to play
Where *Tityrus* had worn his lip away!
Live long thy self to tune it; 'tis from thee,
It has not from it self such Harmony.
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our *Tityrus* in his grave;
Yonder, upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies bears, on every sacred bow
Wee'le hang it up a relick, we will do it,
And learned Swains shall pay devotion to it.
Tyt. Canst thou farwell unto the Muses bid?
Then Bees shall loath the Thyme, the new-wean'd Kid
Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ews
Henceforth the tender sallows shall refuse.
Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get:
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine,
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an ear.
Which while the severall Echo's would repeat,
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the gods *Pan* doth the pipe respect,
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

Pa

Pan can distinguish what thy Raptures be
From *Bavius* loose lascivious Minstralsie,
Or *Mævius* windy Bagpipe, *Mævius*, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Timpany.
If ever I flock of my own do feed,
My fatteſt Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.
Ty. Two Altars I will build him, and each yeer
Will sacrifice two well-fed Bullocks there;
Two that have horns, that while they butting stand
Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,
That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan?*
Whence is this fury? Did the partiall ear
Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did hear
Eton, and thee contend which best should play,
Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?
Does *Amarillis* cause this high despair?
Or *Galatea's* coyneſſe breed thy care?
Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn:
Thy pipe, not alwayes *Tytirus* wins with them:
And as for Love, in sooth I do not know
Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no.
Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,
Or *Amarilis:* I to both could send
Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:
And on occasion could have quickly gueſt
Where two fair Ring-doves built their amorous neſt.
Ty. If none of these, my *Damon* then aread
What other cause can so much passion breed!
Dam. Father, I will, in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears.
The Reapers that with whetted sickles stand,

Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand;
Though they endure the ſcorching ſummers heat,
Have yet ſome wages to allay their ſweat:
The Lopper that doth fell the ſturdy Oak
Labours, yet has good pay for every ſtroak.
The Plowman is rewarded: onely we
That ſing are paid with our own melody;
Rich churles have learnt to praiſe us, and admire,
But have not learn't to think us worth the hire.
So toiling Ants perchance delight to hear,
The ſummer muſick of the Graſhopper,
But after rather let him ſtarve with pain,
Then ſpare him from their ſtore one ſingle grain.
As when great *Junos* beauteous Bird diſplayes
Her ſtarry tail, the boyes do run and gaze
At her proud train; ſo look they now adaies
On Poets: and do think if they but praiſe,
Or pardon what we ſing, enough they do:
I, and 'tis well if they do ſo much too.
My rage is ſwel'd ſo high I cannot ſpeak it,
Had I *Pan's* pipe or thine I now ſhould break it!
Tit. Let Moles delight in Earth; Swine dung-hils rake;
Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleaſure take
In ſlimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;
But we, whoſe ſouls are made of purer fire,
Have other aims: Who ſongs for gain hath made,
Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade.
Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
Hid in the boughs, warbles melodiouſly
Her various muſique forth, while the whole Quire
Of other birds flock round, and all admire!
But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
Part with her prey to pay for her delight?

Or will the fooliſh, painted, pratling Jay
Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
Lend her a ſtraw? or any of the reſt
Fetch her a feather when ſhe builds her neſt?
Yet ſings ſhe ne're the leſſe, till every den
Do catch at her laſt notes: And ſhall I then
His fortunes, *Damon*, 'bove my own commend,
Who can more cheeſe into the market ſend?
Clowns for poſterity may cark and care,
That cannot out-live death but in an Heir:
By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
That truſt not to ſucceſſions, but our Fames.
Let hide-bound churles yoak the laborious Ox,
Milk hundred goats, and ſheare a thouſand flocks;
Plant gainfull Orchards, and in ſilver ſhine;
Thou of all fruits ſhould'ſt onely prune the Vine,
Whoſe fruit being taſted, might erect thy brain
To teach ſome raviſhing, high, and lofty ſtrain;
The double birth of *Bacchus* to expreſſe,
Firſt in the Grape, the ſecond in the Preſſe.
And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move
Thy minde, once fixed on the Muſes Love?
Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham*'s fair ſtreams,
Without deſire to ſee the prouder *Thames*,
I had no flock to care for, but could ſit
Under a willow covert, and repeat
Thoſe deep and learned layes, on every part
Grounded on judgement, ſubtilty, and Art,
That the great Tutor to the greateſt King,
The ſhepheard of *Stagira*, us'd to ſing:
The ſhepheard of *Stagira*, that unfolds
All Natures cloſet, ſhews what e're it holds;
The matter, form, ſence, motion, place, and meaſure

Of every thing contain'd in her vaſt treaſure,
How Elements do change; What is the cauſe
Of Generation; what the Rule and Laws
The Orbs do move by; Cenſures every ſtarre,
Why this is fixt, and that irregular;
Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
And help't each Angell turn about her ſphear.
The thirſty pilgrim travelling by land,
When the fierce Dog ſtarre doth the day command,
Half choak't with duſt, parch't with the ſoultry heat,
Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with ſweat,
Finding a gentle ſpring, at her cool brink
Doth not with more delight ſit down and drink,
Then I record his ſongs: we ſee a cloud,
And fearing to be wet, do run and ſhroud
Under a bath, when he would ſit and tell
The cauſe that made her miſty womb to ſwell;
Why it ſometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
Sometimes diſſolves her ſelf in flakes of ſnow:
Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
A reaſon why it wore a beard of flame.
Ah *Tytirus*, I would withall my heart,
Even with the beſt of my carv'd mazers part,
To hear him, as he us'd, divinely ſhew,
What 'tis that paints the divers colourd bow: (ſtray,
Whence thunders are diſcharg'd, whence the winds
What foot through heaven hath worn the milky ways
And yet I let this true delight alone,
Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
Ah wo is me, anothers flock to keep;
The care is mine, the maſter ſhears the ſheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.

Now

Nor would it learn to liſten to my layes,
For 'twas a flock made up of ſeverall ſtrayes;
And now I would return to *Chim*, I hear
A deſolation frights the Muſes there!
With ruſtick ſwains I mean to ſpend my time;
Teach me there father to preſerve my rime.
Tyt. To morrow morning I will counſell thee,
Meet me at *Faunus* Beech; for now you ſee
How larger ſhadows from the mountains fall,
And *Corydon* doth *Damon, Damon* call.
Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
More then high time; did you not erſt behold
How *Heſperus* above yon yon clouds appear'd,
Heſperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

A Paſtorall Courtſhip.

BEhold theſe woods, and mark my *Sweet*
How all the boughes together meet!
The *Cedar* his fair arms diſplayes,
And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
The lofty *Pine* deignes to deſcend,
And ſturdy *Oaks* do gently bend.
One with another ſubt'ly weaves
Into one loom their various leaves;
As all ambitious were to be
Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie!
Let's enter, and diſcourſe our Loves;
Theſe are, my dear, no tell-tale groves!
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,
To prate again the words they hear.
Nor babbling Echo, that will tell

The neighbouring hills one ſyllable.
Being enter'd lets together lie,
Twin'd like the Zodiaks *Gemini*!
How ſoon the flowers do ſweeter ſmell?
And all with emulation ſwell
To be thy pillow? Theſe for thee
Were meant a bed, and thou for me,
And I may with as juſt eſteem
Preſſe thee, as thou mayſt lie on them.
And why ſo coy? What doſt thou fear?
There lurks no ſpeckled Serpent here.
No Venemous ſnake makes this his rode,
No Canker, nor the loathſome Toad.
And yon poor ſpider on the tree,
Thy ſpinſter will, no poiſoner be,
There is no Frog to leap, and fright
Thee from my arms and break delight;
Nor Snail that o're thy coat ſhall trace,
And leave behind a ſlimy lace.
This is the hallowed ſhrine of Love,
No waſp nor hornet haunts this grove,
Nor Piſmire to make pimples riſe
Upon thy ſmooth and ivory thighes.
No danger in theſe ſhades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a ſting, but I:
And in it doth no venome dwell,
Although perchance it make thee ſwell.
Being ſet, let's ſport a while my Fair,
I will tie Love-knots in thy hair.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth ſtray,
And has free liberty to play;
And bridds thy locks: And ſhall I finde
Leſſe favour then a ſaucy winde?

Now

Now let me ſit, and fix my eyes,
On thee that art my Paradiſe.
Thou art my all; the ſpring remains
In the fair violets of thy vains:
And that it is a ſummers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy lips diſplay.
And when for Autumn I would ſeek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
But that which onely moves my ſmart,
Is to ſee winter in thy heart.
Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four ſeaſons of the year!
I'le claſp that neck where ſhould be ſet
A rich and Orient Carkanet;
But ſwains are poor, admit of then
More naturall chains, the arms of men.
Come let me touch thoſe breſts, that ſwell
Like two fair mountains, and may well
Be ſtil'd the Alpes, but that I fear
The ſnow has leſſe of whiteneſſe there.
But ſtay (my love) a fault I ſpie,
Why are theſe two fair fountains dry?
Which if they run, no Muſe would pleaſe
To taſt of any ſpring but theſe.
And *Ganymed* employ'd ſhould be
To fetch his *Love Nectar* from thee.
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe fair *Venus* ſwears,
To the next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.
Were it not then diſcreetly done
To ope one ſpring to let two run?
Fy, fy. this Belly, Beauty's mint,
Bluſhes to ſee no coyn ſtampt in't.
Employ it then, for though it be

Our

Our wealth, it is your royalty;
And beauty will have currant grace
That bears the Image of your face.
How to the touch the Ivory thighes
Veil gently, and again do rise,
As pliable to impression
As Virgins wax, or *Parian* stone
Dissolv'd to softness; plump, and full,
More white and soft then *Cotsall Woull*,
Or Cotten from from the *Indian* Tree,
Or prety silk-worms huswifery.
These on two marble pillars rais'd
Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
They, or their Columnes must; but when
I view those feet which I have seen
So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns,
That all the *Satyrs* and the Fawns
Have stood amaz'd, when they would passe
Over the layes, and not a grasse
Would feel the weight, nor rush, nor bent
Drooping betray which way you went,
O then I felt my hot desires
Burn more, and flame with double fires.
Come let those thighes, those legs, those feet
With mine in thousand windings meet.
And woven in more subtle twines
Then Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines.
For when Love sees us circling thus
He'le like no Arbour more then us.
Now let us kisse, would you be gone?
Manners at least allows me one.
Blush you at this? pretty one stay,
And I will take that kisse away.

Thus

Thus with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes off; ſo will we go
To numbers that the ſtars out-run,
And all the Atoms in the Sun.
For though we kiſſe till *Phœbus* ray
Sink in the ſeas, and kiſſing ſtay
Till his bright beams return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good manners call,
In one, good manners, grant me all.
Are kiſſes all? they but fore-run
Another duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrell ſay
That tunes his pipes and will not play?
Say what are bloſſoms in their prime.
That ripen not in harveſt time?
Or what are buds that ne're diſcloſe
The long'd for ſweetneſſe of the roſe?
So kiſſes to a Lover's gueſt
Are invitations, not the feaſt.
See every thing that we eſpie
Is fruitfull ſaving you and I:
View all the fields, ſurvey the bowers,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flowers,
And ſay if they ſo rich could be
In barren baſe Virginity.
Earth's not ſo coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plow.
For how had man or beaſt been fed,
If ſhe had kept her maiden head?
Cœlia once coy as are the reſt
Hangs now a babe on either breſt,
And *Chloris* ſince a man ſhe took,

Has

Has leſſe of greenneſſe in her look.
Our Ewes have ean'd, and every damme
Gives ſuck unto her tender Lamb.
As by theſe groves we walk'd a long,
Some Birds were feeding of their young.
Some on their eggs did brooding ſit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.
Thoſe that were ſlower then the reſt,
Were buſie building of the neſt,
You onely will not pay the fine.
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the brook
With ſilken line and ſilver hook,
Through Chryſtall ſtreams you might deſcry
How vaſt and numberleſſe a fry
The fiſh had ſpawn'd, that all along
The banks were crowded with the throng.
And ſhall fair *Venus* more command
By water then ſhe does by land?
The Phœnix chaſt yet when ſhe dies,
Her ſelf with her own aſhes lies.
But let thy love more wiſely thrive
To do the act while th'art alive.
'Tis time we left our childiſh Love
That trades for toyes, and now approve
Our abler skill; they are not wiſe
Look Babies onely in the eyes.
That ſmooth'red ſmile ſhews what you meant,
And modeſt ſilence gives conſent.
That which we now prepare, will be
Beſt done in ſilent ſecreſie.
Come do not weep, what is't you fear?
Leaſt ſome ſhould know what we did here.

See not a flowre you preſt is dead,
But re-erects his bended head;
That whoſoe're ſhall paſſe this way
Knows not by theſe where *Phyllis* lay.
And in your forehead there is none
Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poor credulous and ſimple maid!
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betraied!
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day
For which thou canſt no ranſom pay.
How black art thou transform'd with ſin!
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale;
When every Wake, and Whitſund-ale
Shall talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart
There is no Medicine for my ſmart,
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſſe you meet again to morrow.

Upon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a voice incomparable ſweet.

I Chanc'd ſweet *Lesbia's* voice to hear,
O that the pleaſure of the ear
Contented had the appetite;
But I muſt ſatisfie the ſight;
Where ſuch a face I chanc'd to ſee
From which good Lord deliver me,
I'ſt not prophane if I ſhould tell
I thought her one of thoſe that fell
With *Lucifer* Apoſtate train
Yet did her Angels voice retain?

A Cherubin her notes deſcri'd,
A Devill every where beſide.
Ask the dark woods, and they'le confeſſe
None did ſuch Harmony expreſſe
In all their bowres from May to Iune,
Yet nere was face ſo out of tune.
Her Virginall-teeth falſe time did keep,
Her wrinkled forehead went to deep.
Lower then *Gammut* ſunk her eyes,
'Bove *Ela* though her noſe did riſe.
I le truſt Muſicians now, that reſt
Beſt muſicke doth in diſcords dwell,
Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire
Of Birds to come, who all admire,
And would with pleaſure longer ſtay,
But that her looks frights them away.
Which for a good *Priapus* goes,
And well may ſerve to ſcar the Crows.
Her voice might tempt th'immortal race,
But let her onely ſhew her face,
And ſoon ſhe might extinguiſh thus
The luſting of an Incubus,
So have I ſeen a Lute o're-worn,
Old and rotten, patcht, and torn,
So raviſh with a ſound, and bring
A cloſe ſo ſweet to every ſtring,
As would ſtrike wonder in our ears,
And work an envy in the Sphears
Say monſter ſtrange, what maiſt thou be?
Whence ſhall I fetch thy Pedigree?
What but a Panther could beget
A beaſt ſo foul a breath ſo ſyveet?
Or thou of *Syrens* iſſue art,

If they be fish the upper part,
Or else blinde *Homer* was not mad
Then, when he sung *Vlisses* had
So strange a gift from *Aeolus*,
Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*
In severall bottles did include;
For certain thou art one of those,
Thy looks, where other women place
Their chiefest Pride, is thy disgrace.
The tongue, a part which us'd to be
Worst in thy Sex, is best in thee.
Were I but now to choose my dear
Not by my eye, but by my ear,
Here would I dote; how shall I woo
Thy voice, and not thy body too?
Then all the brood I get of thee,
Would Nightingales and Cygnets be:
Cygnets betimes their throats to try,
Born with more Musicke then the dye.
Say *Lesbia*, say, what god will blesse
Our Loves with so much happinesse?
Some women are all tongne, but ô
Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so?
Thy looks do speak thee witch; one spell
To make thee but invisible,
Or die! resigne thy self ro death,
And I will catch thy latest breath;
But that the nose will scarse I fear
Finde it so sweet as did the ear.
Or if thou wouldst not have me coy,
As was the self-inamour'd Boy,
Turn onely Voice, an Echo prove,
Here, here, by heav'n, I'le fix my Love,

If not, you gods, to eaſe my minde,
Or make her dumb, or ſtrike me blinde;
For grief, and anger in me riſe,
Whil'ſt ſhe hath tongue, or I have eyes.

The Milk-maids Epithalamium.

JOy to the Bridegroom aud the Bride
That lie by one anothers ſide!
O fie upon the Virgin-Beds,
No loſſe is gain but *M*aiden-heads.
Love quickly ſend the time may be
When I ſhall deal my Roſemary!

I long to ſimper at a feaſt,
To dance, and kiſſe, and do the reſt.
When I ſhall Wed, and Bedded be
O then the qualme comes over me,
And tels the ſweetneſſe of a Theam
That I nere knew but in a dream.

You Ladies have the bleſſed nights,
I pine in hope of ſuch delights:
And ſilly Damſell onely can
Milk the Cows teats and think on man,
And ſigh and wiſh to taſt and prove
The wholeſome Sillibub of Love.

Make haſt, at once twin-Brothers bear;
And leave new matter for a ſtar.
Women and ſhips are never ſhown
So fair as when their ſails are blown.

Then

Then when the Midwife hears your moan,
I'le ſigh for grief that I have none.

And you, dear Knight, whoſe every kiſſe
Reaps the full crop of *Cupids* bliſſe,
Now you have found, confeſſe and tell
That ſingle ſheets do make up hell.
And then ſo charitable be
To get a man to pity me.

An Egloque on the noble Aſſemblies revived on Cotſwold Hils, by M. Robert Dover.

Collen. Thenot.

WHat Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our Britiſh ſwains
How Lubber-like they loll upon the plains?
No life, no ſpirit in 'em; every Clown
Soon as he layes his Hook and Tarbox down,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,
Or nimbly run the winding of the Maze,
Now gets a buſh to room himſelf, and ſleep;
'Tis hard to know the ſhepherd from the ſheep.
And yet me thinks our Engliſh paſtures be
As flowry as the Lawns of *Arcadie*;
Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
Boaſt purer ayre, nor ſheer a finer fleece.
The. Yet view their out-ſide, *Collen*, you would ſay
They have as much brawn in their necks as they
Fair *Tempa* brags of, luſty arms that ſwell
With able ſinews, and might hurl as well
The weighty ſledge; their legs, and thighes of bone,
Great as *Coloſſus*, yet their ſtrength is gone,
They look like yonder man of wood, that ſtands

To bound the limits of the Parish-lands.
Dost thou ken, *Collen*, what the cause might be
Of such a dull and generall Lethargie?
Col Swain, with their sports their souls were ta'ne away
Till then they all were active, every day
They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now
Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.
Early in May up got the jolly rout
Call'd by the Lark, and spred the fields about:
One for to breath himself, would coursing be
From this fame Beech, to yonder Mulberie.
A second leapt, his supple nerves to trie,
A third was practising his Melody.
This a new jig was footing, others were
Busied at wrestling, or to throw the Barre:
Ambitious which should bear the Bell away,
And kisse the Nut-brown Lady of the *May*.
This stirr'd 'em up; a jolly swain was me
Whom *Peg* and *Susan* after Victory
Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset
With Daisies, Pinks and many a Violet,
Cowslip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small,
Encourage vertue, but if none at all
Meet her, she languisheth, and dies, as now
Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.
And *Tho.* this the cause I read to be
Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.
Th. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-say,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away
Col. Some melancholly swains about have gone
To teach all zeal their own complection:
Choler they will admit sometimes I see,
But Flegme, and Sanguine no Religions be.

These teach that Dauncing is a Jezabell,
And Barley-break the ready way to Hell.
The Morrice-Idols, Whitsun-ales can be
But prophane Reliques of a Jubilee!
These in a zeal, t'expresse how much they do
The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;
And harmelesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon
As if they were the towers of *Babylon*,
Some think not fit there should be any sport
I'th Countrey, 'tis a dish proper to th'Court.
Mirth not becomes 'em, let the sawcy swain
Eat Beef, and Bacon, and go sweat again.
Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be
When all is but ridiculous fopperie?
The. Collen, I once the famous *Spain* did see,
A nation glorious for her gravity;
Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike Steeds
Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with Reeds;
At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze,
Yet 'twas no better then our Prison-base.
What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
Of our more down-right sport, the Cudgell-play?
Foot-ball with us may be with them Baloome,
As they at Tilt, so we at Quintain runne.
And those old Pastimes relish best with me,
That have least Art, and most simplicity.
Collen, they say at Court there is an Art
To dance a Ladies honour from her heart;
Such wiles poore shepherds know not, all their sence
Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
The Countrey Lasse, although her dance be good,
Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.
And yet their sports by some controul'd have been,

Who think there is no mirth but what is ſin.
O might I but their harmleſſe Gambols ſee
Reſtor'd unto an ancient liberty,
Where ſpotleſſe dalliance traces ore the Plains,
And harmleſſe Nymphs jet it with harmleſſe ſwains;
To ſee an age again of Innocent Loves
Twine cloſe as Vines, yet kiſſe as chaſt as Doves,
Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have ſtrung,
Or tun'd my whiſtle to the *Mantuan* ſong.
Coll. Then tune thy whiſtle boy, and ſtring thy Lyre,
That age is come again, thy brave deſire
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing ſhall be this yeer
Holy as is the motion of a Sphear.
The. *Collen*, with ſweeter breath Fame never blew
Her ſacred Trump, if this good news be true! (land
Coll. Knowſt thou not *Cotſwold* hills? *Th.* Through all the
No finer Wooll runnes through the ſpinſters hand.
But ſilly *Collen*, ill thou doſt divine,
Canſt thou miſtake a Bramble for a Pine?
Or think this Buſh a Cedar? or ſuppoſe
Yong Hamlet, where to ſleep each ſhepheard goes,
In circuit, buildings, people, power and name
Equalls the Bow ſtring'd by the ſilver Thame?
As well thou maiſt their ſports with ours compare,
As the ſoft wooll of Lambs, with the Goats hair.
Coll. Laſt evening Lad, I met a noble ſwain,
That ſpurr'd his ſprightfull Palfrey ore the plain,
His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay
As any Laſſe upon her Bridall day:
I thought (what eaſie faiths we ſhepheards prove)
This, not the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!
I ask't the cauſe, they told me this was he,
Whom this dayes Triumph crown'd with victory:

Many

Many brave ſteeds there were, ſome you ſhould finde
So fleet as they had been ſons of the winde :
Others with hoofs ſo ſwift, beat o're the race
As if ſome engine ſhot 'em to the place.
So many, and ſo well wing'd ſteeds there were
As all the brood of *Pegaſus* had been there.
Rider, and horſe could not diſtinguiſh'd be,
Both ſeem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaur's* progeny,
A numerous troop they were, yet all ſo light
Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight,
Such Royall paſtimes *Cotſwold* mountains fill,
When gentle ſwains viſit her glorious hill :
Where with ſuch packs of hounds they hunting go
As *Cyrus* nere did wind his Bugle to !
Whoſe noiſe is muſicall, and with full cries
Beats o're the fields, and Echoes through the skies.
Orion hearing wiſh'd to leave his Sphere,
And call his dog from heaven to ſport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
So brave a dirge ſung forth his funerall.
Nor *Syrens* ſweetlier rill, Hares as they flie
Look back, as glad to liſten, loth to die.
Theſ. No doubt but from the brave Heroick fire
In the more noble hearts, ſparks of deſire
May warm this colder boores, and emulous ſtrife
Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
When thoughts of fame their quickned ſouls ſhall fill
At every glaunce that ſhews 'em *Cotſwold* hill.
Coll. There Shepherd, there, the ſolemn games be plaid,
Such as great *Theſus*, or *Alcides* made :
Such as *Apollo* wiſhes he had ſeen,
And *Iove* deſires had his invention been !
The *Nemean*, and the *Iſthmian* paſtimes ſtill

Though dead in *Greece*, ſurvive on *Cotſwold* hill.
Tbe. Oh happy hill the gentle Graces now
Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Citherons* brow:
Parnaſius clift ſhall ſink below his ſpring,
And every Muſe ſhall on thy frontlet ſing.
The goddeſſes again in ſtrife ſhall be,
And from mount *Ida* make appeal to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage, and in dread
The aged *Alpes* ſhall bow his ſnowy head;
Flora with all her ſtore thy Temples Crown,
Whoſe height ſhall reach the ſtars: gods looking down
Shall bleſſe the Incenſe that thy flowers exhale,
And make thee both a mountain and a Vale.
How many Ladies on thy top ſhall meet,
And preſſe thy treſſes with their od'rous feet?
Whoſe eyes when wandring men ſee from a far,
They'le think thee Heaven and each of them a ſtar.
But gentle *Collen* ſay what god or man
Fame we for this great work, *Daphnis*, or *Pan*?
Col. Daphnis is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
Tell all your flocks 'tis Joviall *Dovers* deed.
Behold the ſhepherds in their ribbands go,
And ſhortly all the Nymphs ſhall wear 'em to:
Amaz'd to ſee ſuch glory met together,
Bleſſe *Dovers* pipe, whoſe Muſick call'd 'em hither.
Sport you my Rams at ſound of *Dovers* name;
Big-bellied Ews make haſt to bring a Lambe
For *Douers* fold: Go Maids and Lillies get
To make him up a glorious Coronet.
Swains keep his holy-day, and each man ſwear
To Saint him in the *Shepheards-Calendar*.

Ad

Ad Medicum.

HEu, quæ me Colchis, magico quæ Theſſala cantu
Sic cruciat miſerũ & tantis coquit ilia flammis
Aut quæ cera meas torret liquefacta medullas?
Mitiùs in Lybiam Phœbi jubar antra leonis
Ingreſſum furit, & Vulcania mitiùs Ætna
Sæviit, ardentes cineres, multamque favillam
In Calabros jaculata ſinus: Heu, quis mihi vectes
Induit Herculeas? nam ſentio virus, & omnes
Ebullire meas Neſſæo ſanguine venas!
Mille licet paſcas fibrâ creſcente volucres,
Felicem Tirium, multo quem frigore ſtringis
Caucaſus! O liceat mihi tecum monte ſub illo
Æternum tractare gelu, glacieq; perenni
Demulcere animum, nivibuſq; extinguere flammas!
Aut tecum ſitiam, gelidis modò detur in undis
Stare, tuiſq; meum lymphis ſolarier æſtum,
Tantale, namq; uror miſerè miſer, æſtuat intùs
In domitus, totoſq; ignis depaſcitur artus.
Dum gliſcit calor, & ſævo coquit igne cruorem,
Intumet extemplò cutis, exurgitq; tumeſcens
Purpureâ maculâ, & multo diſtincta rubore;
Non aliter quàm de cœlo cum decidit imber,
Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat æquore bulla;
Aut quale in noſtris (ſæpe eſt videre) culinis
Cum primum verubus ſtridet caro: Belides, in me,
In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam,

Gens eſt, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes
Condere viſceribus; me, me, petut, & voret ore
Jam toſtum jecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia mem-
Apta Thyeſtæis *vivunt convivia menſis.* *bra)*
At eum flamma ſatis totos bacchata per artus
Lenius ardeſcens deferbuit, illicò turgens
Deſcendit cutis, & paulò nunc mitius uror.
Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorque repentè
Taygeti *montis, geledive in vallibus* Hæmi
Ramorum denſâ requieſcere tectus in umbra;
Et tandem revocata ſuas redit, improba, vires,
Flamma, premitque iterũ, ſolitiſque caloribus urit.
Tunc mihi ſcintillant oculi, tremulumque videntes
Imbelli ſpectant, acie, bina omnia, bina
Conſpicor, & binis exurgit menſa lucernis;
Tum videor Stygiis *undis, ipſoque Acharonte*
Immergi, videm flagranti claudier ære,
Inque Perillæo *mugire incendia Tauro.*
Sum meus ipſe Rogus: quæ tantas pabula poſſunt,
Quo valeam tantas nutrire bitumine flammas?
Si quæ eſt herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe eſt)
Extinguas pluſquam Phœbeos, (Phœbe) *calores:*
Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde ſalutem,
Ut ſemel annoſum reparaverat Æſona Colchis;
Utque Aries juvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile ſacred Deſerts, whom kinde nature made
Onely to ſhelter with a loving ſhade,

The

The now neglected Musick, glad to see
Lions afford her hospitality,
And Tigers bid her welcome, with the rest
Of savage Beasts accept her for a guest,
Since men refuse her, and scarce daign an ear
To her high notes, or if they please to hear,
Tis all; amongst my Pupils, you may see
The Birds that learn't their sweetest laies of me;
Those that chant Carols in this thankless age
To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Mask for Lydia.

SWeet *Lydia* take this Maske, and shroud
Thy face within the silken cloud,
And veil those powerfull Skies:
For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,
Makes burning-glasses of his eyes,
And sets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto mee
There is no Basilisk but thee,
Thy very looks do kill:
Yet in those looks so fixt is my delight,
Poor soul (alas) I languish still
In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes or we shall finde
Too great a lustre strike us blinde!
Or if a Ray so good
Ought to be seen, let it but then appear
When Eagles do produce their brood,
To try their young ones there,

Or

Or if thou would'ſt have me to know
How great a brightneſſe thou canſt ſhow,
When they have loſt the Sun;
Then do thou riſe, and give the world this theme,
So! from th' *Heſperides* is run,
And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he ſhall ſtray,
Thou through the *Crab* muſt take thy way;
For ſhould you both ſhine bright
In the ſame *Tropick*, we poor moles ſhould get
Not ſo much comfort by the light,
As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now? where ſhall I ſeek
Her charming lip, her tempting cheek
That my affections bow'd?
So dark a ſable hath eclipſt my fair,
That I can gaze upon the cloud,
That durſt not ſee the ſtar.

But yet me thinks my thoughts begin
To ſay there lyes a white within,
Though black her pride controul:
And what care I how black a face I ſee,
So there be whiteneſſe in the ſoul,
Still ſuch an *Ethiope* be,

A parley With his empty Purſe.

PUrſe, who'l not know you have a Poets been
When he ſhall look and finde no gold herein?

What

What reſpect (think you) will there now be ſhown
To this foul neſt, when all the birds are flown?
Unnaturall *vacuum*, can your emptineſſe
Anſwer to ſome ſlight queſtions, ſuch as theſe?
How ſhall my debts be payd? or can my ſcores
Be cleer'd with Verſes to my Creditors?
Hexameter's no ſterling, and I fear
What the brain coins goes ſcarce for currant there;
Can meeter cancell bonds? Is here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rime?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jail
Are the nine *Muſes* held ſufficient bail?
Would they to any compoſition come,
If we ſhould morgage our *Eliſium*,
Tempe, *Parnaſſus*, and the golden ſtreams
Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, thoſe rich dreams
Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move
Thoſe rocks, and ſtones with his beſt ſtrains of love?
Should I (like *Homer*) ſing in lofty tones
To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons!*
Hector, and *Ajax* are but Sergeants names,
They relliſh Bay-ſalt, 'bove the Epigrams
Of the moſt ſeaſon'd brain, nor will they be
Content with Ode, or payd with Elegy.
Muſe, burn thy Baies, and thy fond quill reſigne,
One croſſe of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
Of all the treaſure which the Poets hold
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
And mine's return'd to th' *Indies*, and hath ſwore
Never to viſit this cold climate more.
Then crack your ſtrings good Purſe, for you need none;
Gape on, as they do to be payd, gape on.

Upon

Upon love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.

NAture, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,
Not by the Tyrant conscience.
Then our commission gives us leave to do,
What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
For we must question else heavens great decree,
And tax it with a Treachery;
If things made sweet to tempt our appetite
Should with a guilt stain the delight.
Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing do;
Who made us love, made't lawfull too.
It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
Ravish'd by envious Avarice,
Made women first impropriate; All were free,
Inclosures mens inventions be.
I'th' golden age no action could be found
For trespasse on my neigbours ground:
'Twas just with any Faire to mix our blood;
The best is most diffusive good.
She that confines her beams to one mans sight,
Is a dark-Lanthorn to a glorious light.
Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chast appeare
Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?
Or have you not with the same odours met,
When more have smelt your Violet?
The Phœnix is not angry at her nest,
Cause her perfumes make others blest:
Though Incense to th'eternall gods be meant,
Yet mortalls Rivall in the sent.
Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see
That all his vassals loves are free.

The

The ſevere Wedlocks fetters do not binde
The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous minde;
But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
Even to the Royall Lyons bed.
The Birds may for a yeer their loves confine,
But make new choice each *Valentine*.
If our affections then more ſervile be
Then are our ſlaves, where's mans ſoveraignty?
Why then by pleaſing more, ſhould you leſſe pleaſe,
And ſpare the ſweets, being more ſweet then theſe?
If the freſh Trunk have ſap enough to give
That each inſertive Branch may live;
The Gardner grafts not onely Apples there,
But adds the Warden and the Peare,
The Peach, and Apricock together grow,
The Cherry and the Damſon too,
Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
An intire Orchard of one Tree.
So leaſt our Paradiſe perfection want,
We may as well inoculate as plant.
What's Conſcience but a Beldams midnight theam?
Or nodding Nurſes idle dream?
So feign'd, as as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies
To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.
For who can tell when firſt her reign begun?
I'th' ſtate of innocence was none:
And ſince large Conſcience (as the proverb ſhewes)
In the ſame ſenſe with bad one goes,
The leſſe the better then, whence this will fall,
'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.
Suppoſe it be a vertue rich, and pure,
'Tis not for Spring, or Summer ſure,
Nor yet for Autumn; Love muſt have his prime,

His

His warmer heats, and harveſt time.
Till we have flouriſh'd, grown, and reapt our wiſhes;
What Conſcience dares oppoſe our kiſſes?
But when times colder hand leads us near home,
Then let that Winter-vertue come:
Froſt is all then prodigious; we may do
What youth and pleaſure prompts us to.

On Importunate Dunnes.

POx take you all from you my ſorrows ſwell
Your Treacherous Faith makes me turn Infidell.
Pray vex me not for Heavens ſake, or rather
For your poor Childrens ſake, or for their Father.
You trouble me in vain, what 'ere you ſay
I cannot, will not, nay I ought not pay,
You are Extortioners; I was not ſent
T'encreaſe your ſins, but make you all repent
That 'ere you truſted me, wee're even here,
I bought too cheap, becauſe you ſold too dear.
Learn Conſcience of your Wives, for they I ſwear
For the moſt part Trade in the better Ware.
Heark Reader if thou never yet hadſt one
I'le ſhew the torments of a *Cambridge Dunne*.
He railes where 'ere he comes, and yet can ſay
But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.
What can I keep the Day, or ſtop the Sun
From ſetting, or the Night from coming on.
Could I have kept dayes, I had chang'd the doom
Of Times and Seaſons, that had never come.
Theſe evill ſpirits haunt me every day
And will not let me eat, ſtudy, or pray
I am ſo much in their Books that 'tis known
I am too ſeldome frequent in my *owne*.

What

What damage given to my Doors might be
If Doors might Actions have of Battery!
And when they finde their comming to no end
They *Dunne* by proxie, and their Letters ſend,
In ſuch a ſtile as I could never finde
In *Tullies* long, or *Seneca's* ſhort winde.

Good Maſter Randolph, *Pardon me I pray*
If I remember you forget your day.
I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
Unkinde in you, not to be kinde to me.
You know Sir, I muſt pay for what I have.
My Creditors will be paid, therefore I crave
Pay me as I pay them Sir, for one Brother
Is bound in Conſcience to pay another.
Beſides my Landlord would not be content.
If I ſhould dodge with him for's quarters rent.
My Wife lies in too, and I needs muſt pay
The Midwife, leaſt the fool be caſt away.
And 'tis a ſecond charge to me poor man
To make the new born Babe a Chriſtian.
Beſides the Churching a third charge will be
In butter'd Habberdine and frummety.
Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
I reſt (I would thou would'ſt) *Your loving*
(Friend.

A.B.M.H. T.B. H.L. I.O.
I.F. M.G. P.W. Nay I know
You have the ſame ſtile all, and as for me
Such as your ſtile is ſhall your payment be.

Iuſt

Juſt all alike, ſee, what a curſed ſpell
Charmes Devils up, to make my Chamber hell.
This ſome ſtarv'd Prentice brings, one that does look
With a face blurd more then his Maſters book.
One that in any chink can peeping lye
More ſlender then the yard he meaſures by:
When my poor ſtomack barks for meat I dare
Scarce humour it, they make me live by air,
As the *Camelions* do; and if none pay
Better then I have done, even ſo may they,
When I would go to Chappell, they betray
My zeal, and when I onely meant to pray
Unto my God, faith all I have to do
Is to pray them, and glad they'l hear me too.
Nay ſhould I preach, the Raſchals are ſo vext,
They'd fee a Beadle to arreſt my Text;
And ſue if ſuch a ſute might granted be,
My Uſe and Doctrine to an Outlary.
This ſtings, yet what my gall moſt works upon
Is that the hope of my revenge is gone.
For were I but to deal with ſuch as thoſe,
That knew the danger of my Uerſe or Proſe
I'de ſteep my Muſe in Vineger and Gall
Till the fierce ſcold grew ſharp and hang'd 'um all.
But thoſe I am to deal with are ſo dull.
(Though got by Schollers) he that is moſt full
Of Underſtanding can but hither come
Imprimis, Item, and the Totall-ſum,
I do not wiſh them *Egypts* plagues, but even
As bad as they; I'le add unto them ſeven.
I wiſh not Graſhoppers, Froggs, and Lice come down,
But clouds of Moths in every ſhop i' th' Town.
Then honeſt Devill to their Ink convey

Some

Some *Aqua-fortis* that may eat away
Their books: To adde more torments to their lives
Heaven I beſeech thee ſend 'um handſome Wives.
Such as will pox their fleſh, till ſores grow in't
That all their Linnen may be ſpent in lint.
And give them Children with ingenuous faces,
Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces
Of Soul and Body, that it may be known
To others, and themſelves they'r not their own.
And if this vex 'um not, I'le grieve the Town
With this curſe, States put *Trinity*, *Lecture* down.
But my laſt Imprecation this ſhall be,
May they more Debtors have, and like me.

A Character.

Aulico-politico, Academico.

THou Cozen to great Madams and allyed,
To all the Beauties that are Ladified,
Thou Eagle of the Realm whoſe eyes can ſee,
Th'inviſible plots of forraign policie,
Thou great and unknown Learning of thy Nation
Made not by ſtudie, but by inſpiration!
The Court, the State, the Schooles together be
By th'ears, and fight, and ſcratch, and all for thee.
When I behold thee cringe in ſome fair Hall,
And ſcrape proportions Mathematicall,
Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick-ſpell
To circle, ovall, ſquare, and triangle,
And take a Virgin by the Ivory hand
Minting words to her, none can underſtand

But in a viſion, and ſome verſe repeat
So well inchanted, none the ſenſe can get,
Till they have conjur'd in lines ſtrange and many.
To finde what ſpirit it has, if it have any.
To ſee thy feet (though nature made them ſplay)
Screw in the toes to dance and force away
To ſome ſmooth meaſure, as might juſtly vaunt
Thou art turn'd Monſeur of an Elephant.
Thy mother ſure going to ſee ſome ſport,
Tilting, or Maſque, conceav'd thee in the Court.
But when I view thee gravely nod, and ſpit
In a grave poſture, ſhake the head, and fit
Plots to bring *Spain* to *England*, and confine
King *Philips Indies* unto *Middletons* Mine.
When I read o're thy Comments ſagely writ
On the Currantoes, and with how much wit
Thy profound *Aphoriſmes* do expound to us
The *Almanacks*, and *Gallobelgicus*;
When I conceive what news thou wilt bring o're
When thou returnſt with thy Embaſſador,
What ſlops the *Switzers* wears to hide his joynts,
How *French* and how the *Spaniard* truſſe their points,
How ropes of Onions at Saint *Omers* go,
And whether Turks be Chriſtians yea or no.
Then I believe one in deep points ſo able,
Was ſurely got under the Councell-table.
But when I hear thee of *Celarent* write
In *Ferio* and *Baralipton* fight,
Me thinks my then Prophetike ſoul durſt tell
Thou muſt be born at *Ariſtotles* Well.
But ſhall I tell thee friend how thy bleſt fate
By chance hath made thy name ſo fortunate.
The States-man thinks thou haſt too much o'th' Court

The Courtier thinks thy ſager parts do ſort
Beſt for the State; as for the Ladies they
Pos'd with the Medley of thy language, ſay
Th'art a meer Scholler, and the Scholler ſwears
Thou art of any tribe rather then theirs.
One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either,
Thou thinkſt thy ſelf th'art all, and I think neither.

On the loſſe of his Finger.

HOw much more bleſt are trees then men?
Their boughes lopt off will grow agen;
But if the ſteel our limbs diſſever,
The joynt once loſt is loſt for ever.
But fondly I dull fool complain,
Our members ſhall revive again,
And thou poor finger that art duſt
Before the other members, muſt
Return as ſoon as heavens command,
And reunited be to th' hand
As thoſe that are not aſhes yet;
Why doſt thou then ſo envious ſit,
And malice Oaks that they to fate
Are tenants of a longer date?
Their leaſes do more years include
But once expir'd, are nere renew'd.
Therefore dear finger though thou be
Cut from thoſe muſcles govern'd thee,
And had thy motion at command,
Yet ſtill as in a margent ſtand,
To point my thoughts to ſix upon

The hope of Reſurrection:
And ſince thou canſt no finger be
Be a deaths head to humble me,
Till death doth threat her ſting in vain,
And we in heaven ſhake hands again.

A paraneticon to the truly noble Gentlman
M. Endymion Porter.

GOe baſhfull Muſe, thy meſſage is to one
That drinks and fils thy *Helicon.*
Who when his quill a ſportive number ſeeks,
Plants Roſes in the Ladies cheeks.
And with a ſad note from their eyes can call
Pearl-ſhowres to dew thoſe buds withall,
Whoſe layes when I by chance am bleſt to hear
My ſoul climbs up into mine ear,
And bids your ſiſters challenge from the Moon
The Learned, as the fair *Endymion.*
Sing of his faith to the bright ſoul that's fled,
And left you all poor girls ſtruck dead
With juſt deſpair of any future men
T'employ, or to reward a Pen.
A ſoul that ſtaying would have wonders wrought,
High as himſelf, or his great thought,
And full of dayes, and honours, (with our prayers,
In ſtead of Beads ſumm'd up with tears.)
Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone,
Offer what's heart, his hand, his ſword had done,
But ſing not thou a tale of diſcontent
To him whoſe joy is to lament.
We ought to pay true tears upon the hearſe,

And

And lay ſome up in faithfull verſe,
And ſo caſt off our black; for more then thus
Troubles the ſaints for troubling us.
Say to him *Cupid* being once too kinde
Wept out his eyes and ſo grew blinde,
For dead *Adonis*, grief being paid her due
He turn'd Loves wanton god, and ſo do you.

To a painted Miſtreſſe.

THere are who know what once to day it was;
Your eyes, your Conſcience, and your morning glaſſe,
How durſt you venture that adulterate part
Belabour'd with your *Fucus*, and beſt Art
To the rude breath of every raſh ſalute?
What did your profer whiſper? expect ſuit?
You were too pliant with your ear, you wiſht
Pomatum and *Vermilion* might be kiſs'd,
That lip, that cheek by man was never known,
Thoſe favours you beſtow are not your own.
Hence forth ſuch kiſſes I le defie, like Thee,
Which druggiſts ſell to you, and you to me.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIR, or *Madam*, chooſe you whether,
Nature twiſts you both together.
And makes thy ſoul to each confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the god of Wine,

With water that is feminine.
Till the cooler Nimph abate
His wrath and ſo concorporate,
Adam till his rib was loſt
Had the ſexes thus ingroſt,
When providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*.
Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but thee
In a grave ſolemnity;
For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonicall Hermaphrodite.
Ravell thy body, and I finde
In every limbe a double kinde,
Who would not think that head a pair,
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One halfe's ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much
I would my tender limbs apparell
With *Regulus* his nailed barrell.
And the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous with all,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair to grow,
A ſtring for his inviſible Bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy orbs contain both Sun and Moon.
How many melting kiſſes skip,
Betwixt thy Male and Female lip,
Betwixt thy upper bruſh of hair,
And thy nether beards deſpair?

When thou ſpeak'ſt (I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue.)
But, in every ſimple ſound
A perfect Dialogne is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another,
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands my ears ſtruck, fancies
The nuptiall ſound, *I John take Frances.*
Feel but the difference, ſoft and rough,
This is a gauntlet, that a muffe.
Had fly *Ulliſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers-pack
And weapon too, to know *Achilles*
From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that, the Warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one
but a mixt dance although alone.
Thus every Heteroclite part
Changes gender, but the heart.
And thoſe which modeſty can meane
(And dare not ſpeak) are Epicene.
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome
That can play both *Tyb* and *Tom.*
Thus did natures Mintage vary,
Coyning thee both *Phillip* and *Mary.*

To his well Timbred Miſtreſſe.

SWeet, heard you not fames lateſt breath rehearſe
How I left hewing blocks to hack a Verſe,
Now grown the Maſter-Log, while others, be
But ſhavings and the chips of Poetry.
And thus I Saw Deal-boards of beauty forth,
To make my Love a Warehouſe of her worth.
Her leggs are heart of Oak, and columns ſtand
To bear the amorous bulk; then Muſe command
That Beech be work'd for thighes unto thoſe legs,
Turn'd round and carv'd, and joyned faſt with pegs.
Contrive her belly round, a dining roome,
When Love and Beauty will a feaſting come,
Another ſtory make from waſt to chin,
With breaſts like Pots to neſt young ſparrows in,
Then place the Garret of her head above,
Thatcht with a yellow hair to keep in Love,
Thus have I finiſht Beauties maſter prize.
Were but the Glaſier here to make her eyes.
Then Muſe her out-works ceaſe to raiſe
To work within, and wainſcot her with praiſe.

On ſix Maids bathing themſelves in a River.

WHen baſhfull Day-light now was gone.
And Night that hides a bluſh came on.
Six prety Nymphs to waſh away
The ſweating of a ſummers-day,
In *Chams* fair ſtreams ſtid gently ſwim

And

And naked bathe each curious limbe.
O who had this bleſt ſight but ſeen
Would think that they had *Clœlia's* been.
A Scholler that a walk did take
(Perchance for meditation ſake)
This better object chanc'd to finde,
Straight all things elſe were out of minde;
What fitter ſtudy in this life,
For *Practick* or *Contemplative.*
He thought poor ſoul what he had ſeen
Diana and her Nymphs had been,
And therefore thought in piteous fear
Acteons fortunes had been near.
Or that the water Nymphs they were
Together met to ſport them there.
And that to him ſuch love they bore
As unto *Hilas* once before.
What could he think but that his eye
Six Nymphs at once did there eſpie
Riſe from the waves? Or that perchance
Freſh-water *Syrens* came to dance
Upon the ſtream with tongue and look
To tempt poor Schollers from their book?
He could not think they *Graces* were
Becauſe their numbers doubled are.
Nor can he think they *Muſes* be
Becauſe (alas) there wanted three.
I ſhould have rather gueſt that there
Another brood of *Helens* were.
The maids betrai'd were in a fright
And bluſht, but 'twas not ſeen by night.
At laſt all by the bank did ſtand.
And he (kind heart) lent them his hand.

Where 'twas his bliſſe to feel all o're
Soft paps, ſmooth thighes, and ſome thing more.
But envious night hid from his eyes
The place where love and pleaſure lies.
Gueſſe lovers gueſſe, gueſſe you that dare
What then might be this Schollers prayer,
That he had been a Cat to ſpy,
Or had he now *Tiberius* eye.
Yet ſince his wiſhes were in vain
He helpt them d'on their clothes again,
Makes promiſe there ſhould none be ſhent,
So with them to the Tavern went.
How they all night did ſport and play
Pardon my *Muſe*, I dare not ſay,
Gueſſe you that have a minde to know
Whether he were a fool or no,

The Wedding Morne.

ARriſe, come forth, but never to return
To the ſame Center, 'tis thy virgin Urn,
Bury in it thoſe thoughts which did poſſeſſe
Thee from thy Cradle, 'till this happineſſe;
Which but to think upon will make thy cheek,
Fairer then is the Morn you ſo much ſeek
In beauty to outvy; and be the pride
Of all that ever had the name of bride.
Up Maids and let your nimble fingers be
True inſtruments of curioſity:
Set not a pin amiſſe, nor let a pleat
Be folded in her gown but what's in ſtate,

And

And when her Ivory-temples you would deck
Forbear your Art, for Nature gives you check.
There in the circuit of her radiant haire
See *Cupid* fetter'd in a golden ſnare.
Marke the triumphant Throne wherein the Boy
Inſtalled ſits to give the Bridegroom Joy.
But when ſhees dreſt and that her liſtning ear
Is welcom'd by the Bridegrooms being neer,
Look how ſhe ſtands and how her ſtedfaſt eye
Is fix'd on him at's firſt diſcovery
Both being met mark how their ſouls do ſtrive
To be in eithers joy contemplative.
Whoſe kiſſes raiſe betwixt them ſuch a fire
That ſhould the Phœnix ſee, he to expire
Would ſhun the ſpicy mountain, and ſo take
Himſelf between their lips a grave to make.

In praiſe of Women in Generall.

HE is a Paricide to his mothers name,
And with an impious hand murthers her fame,
That wrongs the praiſe of women, that dares write
Libels on Saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us; Better Sex command
To your defence my more religous hand
At ſword, or Pen; ours was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth,
The ſon of duſt; and though your ſin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your ſeed:
Adam in's ſleep a gainfull loſſe ſuſtain'd
That for one rib a better ſelf regain'd.
Who had he not your bleſt creation ſeen,

An Anchorite in Paradiſe had been
Why in this work did the creation reſt
But that eternall providence thought you beſt
Of all his ſix dayes labour : beaſts ſhould do
Homage to man, but man ſhould wait on you.
You are of comlier ſight, of daintier touch,
A tender fleſh, a colour bright, and ſuch
As *Parians* ſee in marble, skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
Eyes full of grace, and quickneſſe, puter roſes
Bluſh in your cheeks, a milder white compoſes
Your ſtately fronts, your breath more ſweet then his
Breaths ſpice, and Nectar drops at every kiſſe.
Your skins are ſmooth, briſles on theirs do grow
Like quills of Porcupins, rough wooll doth flow
O're all their faces, you approach more near
The form of angels ; they like beaſts appear :
If then in bodies where the ſouls do dwell
You better us, do then our ſouls excell ?
No ; we in ſouls equall perfection ſee
There can in them nor male nor female be.
Boaſt we of knowledge ? You have more then we
You were the firſt ventur'd to pluck the tree,
And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth ly
Let him diſpute againſt that dares deny
Your leaſt commands ; and not perſwaded be
With *Sampſons* ſtrength, and *Davids* pietie,
To be your willing Captives ; vertue ſure
Were blinde as fortune, ſhould ſhe chooſe the poor
Rough cottage man to live in, and deſpiſe
To dwell in you the ſtately edifice.
Thus you are prov'd the better ſex, and we
Muſt all repent that in our Pedigree,

We

We chooſe the fathers name, where ſhould we take
The mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould make
Our generation ſure, and certain be,
And I'de beleeve ſome faith in Heraldry!
Thus perfect Creatures if detraction riſe
Againſt your ſex diſpute but with your eyes,
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be ſent
So ſubtile and ſo ſtrong an argument
Will teach the Stoick his affection too,
And call the Cinick from his Tub to woo.
Thus muſtring up your beauteous troops, go on
The faireſt is the valiant *Amazon*.

To M. I. S. *on his Gratefull Servant*

I Cannot fulminate or tonitruate words
To puzzle intellects, my ninth laſſe affords
No Lycophronian buskins, nor can ſtrain
Garaganturn lines to Gigantize thy vein,
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plaies
Are terr'del fo-gos, or incognitaes,
Thy Pegaſus in his admir'd careere,
Curvets no Capreols of Nonſence here.

WOnder not friend, that I do entertain
Such language, that both think & ſpeak ſo plain.
Know, I applaud thy ſmooth and even ſtrains,
That will inform, and not confound our brains.
Thy Helicon, like a ſmooth ſtream doth flow,
While others with diſturbed channels go,
And headlong, like Niles Cataracts do fall
With a huge noyſe, and yet not heard at all.
When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit ſtage

Gives

Gives it a ſoul from the immortall rage.
I hear the Muſes birds with full delight
Sing where the birds of *Mars* were wont to fight:
Nor flatter I, thou knoweſt I do abhor it;
Let others praiſe thy Play, I'le love thee for it;
That he that knows my friend ſhall ſay, he has
A friend as Gratefull as his Servant was.

In Obitum *Franciſſi Verulamii.*

Dum moriens tantam noſtris Verulamius Heros
Triſtitiam Muſis, *luminaque uda facit:*
Credimus heu nullum fieri poſt fata beatum,
Credimus & Samium *de ſipuiſſe ſenem:*
Scilicet hic miſeris, felix nequit eſſe, Camœnis,
Nec ſe, quàm Muſas *plus amat iſte ſuas.*
At luctantem animam Clotho *imperioſa coëgit*
Ad cœlum, invitos traxit in aſtra pedes.
Ergone Phœbeias *jacuiſſe putabimus artes?*
Atque herbas Clarii *nil valuiſſe Dei?*
Phœbus *idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,*
Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putec:
At Phœbum *(ut metuit ne Rex foret iſte* Camœnis)
Rivali medicam crede negâſſe manum.
Hinc dolor eſt; quod cum Phœbo Verulamios Heros
Major erat reliquit, hac foret arte minor.
Vos tamen ô, tantùm Manes atque Umbra, Camœnæ,
Et penè inferni pallida turba Jovis,
Si ſpiratis adhuc & non luſiſtis otellos,
Sed neque poſt illum vos ſupereſſe potem:

Si

Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam:
Discite nunc gemitus, & lamentabile carmen,
Ex oculis vestris lachrima multa fluat.
En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco Camœnas,
Et lachrymas, Helicon *vix satis unus erit;*
Deucabonæis *& qui non mersus in undis*
Parnassus *(mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.*
Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, & qui
Multâ Pierias *nutriit arte* Deas.
Vidit ut hic artes nullâ radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
Crescere Pegaseas *docuit, velut hasta* Quirini
Crevit, & exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
Ergo Heliconiadas *docuit cum crescere* divas,
Diminuent hujus secula nulla decus.
Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, *tuum.*
Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem,
Dispulit & nubes alter Apollo *tuas.*

Dispulit & tenebras, sed quas obfusca vetustas,
Temporis & prisca lippi senecta tulit;
Atque alius methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque *eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.*
Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo
Tam claros oculus non habuisse liquet:
Hi velut Eoo *surgens de littore* Phœbus,
Hic velut in mediâ fulget Apollo *die:*
Hi veluti Typhis *tentarunt æquora primùm,*
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis:
Pleiadas *hic,* Hyadasque *atque omnia sydera noscat,*
Syrtes, *atque tuos, improba* Sylla, *canes;*

Scis

Scit quod vitandùm eſt, quo diriget æquore navem,
Certiùs & curſum nautica monſtrat acus:
Infantes illi Muſas, *hic gignit a dultus;*
Mortales illi, gignit at iſte Deas.
Palmam ideo reliquit Magna Inſtauratio *libris*
Abſtulit, & cedunt ſqualida turba ſophi
Et veſtita novo Pallas *modo prodit amictu,*
Anguis depoſitis ut nitet exuviis.
Sic Phœnix *cineres ſpectat modo nata paternos,*
Aeſonis *& rediit prima juventa ſenis.*
Inſtaurata ſuos & ſic Verulamia *muros*
Factat, & antiquum ſperat ab inde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni, myſtica ſacra canat?
Dum ſic naturæ leges, arcanaque Regum,
Tanquam à ſecretis eſſet utriſq; canat:
Dum canat Henricum, *qui Rex, idemq; Sacerdos,*
Connubio ſtabili junxit utramq; Roſam.

Atqui hæc ſunt noſtris longè majora Camœnis,
Non hæc infelix Granta, *ſed* Aula *ſciat.*
Sed cum Granta *labris admoverit ubera tantis,*
Fus habet in laudes (maximè Alumne*) tuas.*
Fus habet, ut mœſtos lachrymis extingueret ignes,
Poſſet ut è medio diripuiſſe rogo.
At noſtræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Muſæ,
Ipſe canis, laudet & canis inde tuas.
Nos tamen & laudes, quâ poſſumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars deſit, laus erit iſte dolor.

FINIS.

THE MUSES Looking-Glasse.

By *T. R.*

London, Printed *Anno Dom.* 1643.

THE
Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

Actus I. *Scen.* I.

Enter

Bird *a* Feather-man, *and* Mrs Flowrdew, *wife to a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares; the one having brought* Feathers *to the Play-houſe; the other* Pins *and* Looking-glaſſes; *two of the ſanctified fraternity of* Black-Fryers.

Flowrdew, See brother how the wicked throng and crowd,
To works of Vanity! not a nook, or corner
In all this houſe of ſin, this cave of filthyneſſe,
This den of ſpirituall theeves, but it is ſtufft,
Stuffed, and ſtufft full as is a cuſhion
With the lewd Reprobate.

Bird. Siſter, were there not before Innes,
Yes, I will ſay Innes, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour ſuch
A travell'd to deſtruction the broad way;

But they build more and more, more ſhops of Satan.
Flowrd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huffe, puffe, and ſtnuffe at it, yet ſtill,
Still it aboundeth. Had we ſeen a Church,
A new built Church erected North and South,
It had been ſomething worth the wondring at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Flowrd I ſay no works are good,
Good works are meerly Popiſh, and Apocryphall.
Bird. But th'bad abound, ſurround, yea and confound
No marvell now if Play-houſes increaſe,
For they are all grown ſo obſcene of late,
That one begets another.
Flowrd Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a----Tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you ſell pins.
Flowrd. Or you ſell feathers brother,
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partiall,
And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies
Will abuſe you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increaſe
By lawfull uſury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our falſe wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our ghoſts muſt walk
Upon their ſtages.
Flowrd. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghoſts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. Thats nothing Miſtris *Flowrdew*, they will

The knave, the fool, the divell, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety! O that men indued with reaſon
Should have no more grace in them?

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honeſt?
Baylies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitors,
Beadles, and Martials men, the needfull inſtruments
Of the Republique; but to make themſelves
Such Monſters? for they are monſters, th'are monſters,
Baſe, ſinfull, ſhameleſſe, ugly, vile deform'd
Pernitious monſters?

Flow. I have heard our Vicar
Call Play-houſes the Colledges of tranſgreſſion,
Wherein the ſeven deadly ſins are ſtudied.

Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An univerſity of iniquity.
We dwell by *Black-Fryers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that prophane neſt of pernitious Birds
Dare rooſt themſelves there in the midſt of us,
So many good and well diſpoſed perſons.
O Impudence?

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning Play-houſes.

Bird. For charity what is it?

Flow. That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been conſum'd? The *Phœnix* burn't to Aſhes.
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Black-Fryers*
He wonders how it ſcap'd demoliſhing
I'th' time of reformation: Laſtly he wiſh'd
The *Bull* might croſſe the *Thames* to the *Bear-Garden*,
And there be ſoundly baited?

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it ſomething pricks my conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em Pins and Looking-glaſſes.
Bird I have their cuſtome too for all their Feathers
Tis fit that we which are ſincere Profeſſors
Should gain by Infidels.

Scen. 2.

Enter Roſcius a Player.

Mr. *Roſcius* we hav'brought the things you ſpake for.
Roſc. Why tis well.
Flow. Pray Sir what ſerve they for?
Roſc We uſe them in our play.
Bird. Are you a player?
Roſc. I am Sir, what of that?
Bird. And is it lawfull?
Good ſiſter lets convert him. Will you uſe
So fond a calling?
Flow. And ſo impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Flow. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Flow. To live by ſin?
Roſc. My ſpleen is up: And live not you by ſin?
Take away vanity and you both may break.
What ſerves your lawfull trade of ſelling Pins,
But to joynt gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, ſtrips; neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other ſuch like toyes as theſe,
To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?
And you ſweet Featherman, whoſe ware though light
Oreweighs your conſcience, what ſerves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,

To deck vain-glory? spoiling the Peacocks tail
T' adorn an Idiots Coxcomb: O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,
And say we live by vice: indeed tis true
As the Physitians by diseases do,
Only to cure them: They do live we see
Like Cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an Usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: A prodigall
Is taught by us how far from liberall
His folly bears him: Boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one Play
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humours; Hence the cause doth rise
Men are not wonne by th'ears so well as eies.
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctifie our eyes, and make 'em carnall.

Rosc. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No Sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defie his Engines.

Flow. I am content.

Rosc. Then take your places here, I will come to you
And moralize the plot.

Flow That moralizing
I do approve, it may be for instruction.

Scen. 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. Roſcius, I hear you have a new Play to day.
Roſc. We want not you to play *Mephoſtopholis.*
A pretty naturall vizard!
Defor. What have you there?
Roſc. A Looking-glaſſe, or two.
Defor. What things are they?
Pray let me ſee them. Heaven, what ſights are here?
I'ave ſeen a Divell. Looking-glaſſes call you them?
There is no Baſiliske but a Looking-glaſſe.
Roſc. Tis your own face you ſaw.
Defor. My own? thou lieſt:
I'de not be ſuch a Monſter for the world.
Roſc. Look in it now with me, what ſeeſt thou now?
Defor. An Angell and a divell.
Roſc. Look on that
Thou caldſt an Angell, mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?
Defor. As were the ſame.
Roſc. Why ſo is that like thine. Doſt thou not ſee,
Tis not the glaſſe but thy deformity
That makes this ugly ſhape; if they be fair
That view the Glaſſe, ſuch the reflections are.
This ſerves the body: The ſoul ſees her face
In Comedy, and has no other glaſſe.
Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather ſee
Hell then a Looking-glaſſe or Comedy.
Exit Defor.
Roſc. And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glaſſe,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,

We

We could not finde another way to ſee
How neer our ſhapes approach Divinity.
Lad es, let they who will your glaſſe deride,
And ſay it is an inſtrument of Pride:
I will commend you for it; there you ſee
If yee be fair, how truly fair ye be:
Where finding beauteous faces, I do know
You l have the greater care to keep them ſo.
A heavenly viſion in your beauty lyes,
Which nature hath denyed to your own eyes;
Were it not pitty you alone ſhould be
Debarr'd of that others are bleſt to ſee?
Then take your glaſſes, and your ſelves enjoy
The benefit of your ſelves; it is no toy,
Though ignorance at ſlight eſteem hath ſet her,
That will preſerve us good or make us better.
A Country ſlut, (for ſuch ſhe was, though here
Ith' City may be ſome as well as there:)
Kept her hands clean, (for thoſe being alwayes ſeen
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had been)
But had her face as naſty as the ſtall
Of a fiſhmonger, or a uſurers Hall
Daub'd ore with dirt: One might have dar'd to ſay
She was a true piece of *Prometheus* clay,
Not yet inform'd: And then her unkemb'd hair
Dreſt up with cobwebs, made her hag-like ſtare.
One day within her pail (for Country Laſſes
(Fair Ladies) have no other Looking-glaſſes:)
She ſpied her uglineſſe, and fain ſhe would
Have bluſht if thorough ſo much dirt ſhe could:
Aſham'd, within that water, that I ſay
Which ſhew'd her filth, ſhe waſht her filth away.
So Comedies, as Poets do intend them,

Serve

Serve firſt to ſhew our falts, and then to mend them.
Upon our ſtage two glaſſes oft there be,
The Comick Mirrour, and the Tragedy:
The Comick glaſſe is full of merry ſtrife,
The low reflection of a County life.
Grave Tragedy void of ſuch homely ſports
Is the ſad glaſſe of Cities and of Courts.
Ile ſhew you both, *Thalia* come and bring
Thy Buskin'd ſiſter, that of Bloud doth ſing.

Scen. 4.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satyre.

Comed WHy do you ſtop? go on.
Trag. I charge him ſtay.
My robe of ſtate, Buskins, and Crown of gold
Claim a priority.
Com. Your Crown of Gold
Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of Lawrell
Is vertues Diadem: This grew green and flouriſh'd
When nature pittying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth:
Men looking up to heaven found this thats mine,
Digging to finde out hell they li't on thine.
Trag. I know you have tongue enough.
Com. Beſides, my Birthright
Gives me the firſt poſſeſſion.
Trag. How, your Birth-right?
Com. Yes ſiſter, Birth right: and a Crown beſides,
Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*
By his dear Prieſt *Phenomoe*, ſhe that firſt
Full of her, God rag'd in Heroique numbers.
Trag. How came it then the Magiſtrate decreed

A

A publique charge to furniſh out my *Chorus*,
When you were fain t' appear in raggs and tatters,
And at your own expences ?
Come. My reward
Came after, my deſerts went before yours.
Trag Deſerts ? yes ! what deſerts, when like a gypſie
You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage
From village unto village ; when I then
As a fit ceremony of Religion
In my full ſtate contended at the Tomb
Of mighty *Theſeus*.
Come. I before that time
Did chaunt out Hymnes in praiſe of great *Apollo*,
The ſheepherds Deitie, whom they reverence
Under the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
How with them once he kept *Admetus* ſheep.
And 'cauſe you urge my poverty, what were you ?
Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins
You had no ornaments, no robes of ſtate,
No rich and glorious Scene ; your firſt Benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling Prieſts of *Bacchus* :
For which a Goat gave you reward and name ?
Trag But ſiſter who were yours, I pray, but ſuch
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy ſonnets ;
In honour of the fine chaſt god *Priapus* ?
Come. Let age alone, merit muſt plead out Title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend ?
I ſtalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours
From their cloſe cabinets, and Councell Tables
Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.
Com. Inferiour perſons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitfull,)
Yeild ſubjects various enough to move

Plentifull

Plentifull laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For Poetry to aym at.

Com. Yes, Laughter is my object: 'tis a property
In man eſſentiall to his reaſon.

Trag. So;
But I move horrour; and that frights the guilty
From his dear ſins: he that ſees *Oedipus*
Inceſtuous, ſhall behold him blind withall.
Who views *Oreſtes* as a Parricide,
Shall ſee him laſh'd with *Furies* too; Th'Ambitious
Shall fear *Prometheus* Vultur; Daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the ſight of *Tantalus*:
And every family great in ſins as bloud
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* houſe.
Who will rely on Fortunes giddy ſmile
That hath ſeen *Priam* acted on the ſtage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with ſhame;
A thing more powerfull in a generous breſt.
Who ſees an eating Parаſite abus'd;
A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull
Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffl'd;
A crafty ſervant whipt; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his ſonne;
A ſpruce fantaſtique Courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous Tradeſman, an over-weening Lady,
Or corrupt Lawyer rightly perſonated,
But (if he have a bluſh) will bluſh, and ſhame
As well to act thoſe follies as to own them.

Trag. The ſubject of my Scene is in the perſons
Greater, as in the vices; Atheiſts, Tyrants,
O're-daring Favourites, Traitors, Paraſites,
The Wolves and Cats of ſtate, which in a language

High

High as the men, and lowd as are their crimes
I thunder forth with terrour and amazement
Unto the gaſtly wondring Audience.
Satyre. And as my Lady takes deſerved place
Of thy light Miſtris, ſo yeild thou to me,
Fantaſtique *Mime.*
Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?
Sat. As the attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my ſelf more worthy.
Mime. How! more worthy?
Sat. As one whoſe whip of ſteel can with a laſh
Imprint the Characters of ſhame ſo deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud ſin,
That not eternity ſhall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,
Each conſcious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill ſoul; while every guilty breſt
Stood fearfull of diſſection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand;
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of ſin
By it laid open to the publike ſcorn.
I have untruſs'd the proudeſt; greateſt tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, half dead
With expectation of the ſmarting jerk,
Whoſe wound no ſalve can cure: each blow doth leave
A laſting ſcar, that with a poyſon eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th'eternall ulcer to their memories!
What can your Apiſh-fine geſticulations
My manlike-Monky *Mime*, vie down to this?
Mime. When men through ſins were grown unlike the Gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My

My Apiſh imitation, Brother Beadle,
Does as good ſervice to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his ſerks, and jerks.
The *Spartans* when they ſtrove t'expreſſe the loath.
ſomeneſſe
Of Drunkenneſſe to their children. brought a ſlave,
Some captive *Helot*, overcharg'd with wine
Reeling in thus;---His eyes ſhot out with ſtaring,
A fire in his noſe, a burning redneſſe
Blazing in either cheek, his hair upright,
His tongue and ſenſes faltring, and his ſtomack
O'reburden'd ready to diſcharge her load
In each mans face he met. This made 'em ſee
And hate that ſin of ſwine, and not of men.
Would I expreſſe a complementall youth,
That thinks himſelf a ſpruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his ſupple hammes, kiſſing his hands,
Honouring Shooſtrings, ſcruing his writh'd face
To ſeverall poſtures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet ſuch there be that very much pleaſe themſelves
In ſuch like Antique humours. To our own ſins
We will be Moles, even to the groſſeſt of 'em:
But in anothers life we can ſpy forth
The leaſt of faults, with eyes as ſharp as Eagles,
Or the *Epidaurean* ſerpent: Now in me,
Where ſelf-love caſts not her *Egyptian* miſts,
They finde this miſ-becoming foppiſhneſſe,
And afterwards apply it to themſelves:
This (*Satyr*) is the uſe of *Munique* Elves.
Trag. Siſter let's lay this poor contention by,
And friendly live together, if one womb

Could

Could hold us both, why ſhould we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? On this ſtage
Wee'l plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which ſhall do beſt: that paſt, ſhe then that ſhall
By the moſt ſacred and impartiall judgement
Of our *Apollo*, beſt deſerve the Bayes,
Shall hold th' entire poſſeſſion of the place.

Come. I were unworthy if I ſhould
Appeal from his tribunall; Be it ſo:
I doubt not but his cenſure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's ſad and tragicall
Dare to approach his preſence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſery.

Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only ſee,
Not be the ſubject of a Tragedy!
Siſter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,
Let us joyn whips together.

Come. Tis agreed.

Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The Maſque which we intended:

Mime. Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flow. How did ſhe ſay? a Maſſe? Brother fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.

Roſci. It was a Maſque ſhe ſpake of, a rude Dance
Preſented by the ſeven deadly ſins.

Bird. Still 'tis a Maſſe, ſiſter, away, I tell you
It is a Maſſe, a Maſſe of vile Idolatry.

Roſci Tis but a ſimple Dance, brought in to ſhew
The native foulneſſe and deformity
Of our dear ſin, and what an ugly gueſt.

He

He entertains, admits him to his breſt!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how ſhall we go,
That never could a meaſure know!
How ſhall we ſing to pleaſe the Scene
That never yet could keep a mean?
Diſorder is the Maſque we bring,
And diſcords are the Tunes we ſing.
No ſound in our harſh ears can finde a place
But higheſt Trebles, or the loweſt Baſe.

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and conſciences
Had not been ſear'd, and cauterized, how could they
Affect theſe filthy harbingers of hell!
Theſe Proctors of *Belzebub*, *Lucifers* Hinch-boyes!

Roſc. I pray ye ſtirre your ſelves within a while.

Exeunt.

Roſcius Solus.

And here, unleſſe your favourable mildneſſe
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's paſt, nor that which is to come
Upon his Country, 'tis ſo weak, and impotent
It cannot ſtand a tryall; nor dares hope
The benefit of his Clergy; But if rigour
Sit Iudge, muſt of neceſſity be condemn'd
To *Vulcan* or the Spunge: All he can plead
Is a deſire of Pardon; for he brings you

No plat at all, but a meer *Olla Podrida*,
A medly of ill plac'd, and worse pen'd humours.
His desire was in single Scenes to shew
How Comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous, whose number as their Character
He borrows from the man to whom he ows
All the poor skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
Now if you can endure to hear the rest,
We're welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by some sign, and all farewell.
If you will stay resolve to pardon first;
Our Author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in justice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
May lose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus 1. *Exit.*

ACTVS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscius. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rose. REceive your places. The first that wee present are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our Conversation, call'd Comitas or Courtesie, which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the Mean. The one Colax, that to seeme over Courteous falls, into a servile flattery; the other, (as fooles fall into the contraries which they shunne) is Discolus, who hating to be a slavish Parasite, growes into peevishnesse and impertinent bastaste.

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue.

Roſc. So does Philoſophy, but the Actors enter.

Colax. Dyſcolus.

Colax. How far they ſin againſt humanity
That uſe you thus! Believe me 'tis a ſymptom
Of Barbariſme, and rudeneſſe, ſo to vex
A gentle, modeſt nature as yours is.
Dyſco. Why doſt thou vex me then?
Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know ſo vertuous, juſt, and wiſe,
So pious and religious, ſo admir'd,
So lov'd of all?
Dyſ. Wilt thou not leave me then
Eternall torture? could your cruelty finde
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all theſe Epithites?
Pious? Religious? he takes me for a fool.
Vertuous? and juſt? Sir, did I evet cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me juſt,
And vertuous? I am grown the common ſcoffe
Of all the world; the ſcoffe of all the world!
Colax. The world is grown too vile then.
Dyſc. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turn' ridiculous!
Colax. You rediculous?
But 'tis an impious Age; There was a time,
(And pitty 'tis ſo good a time had wings
To flye away,) when reverence was payd
To a gray head; 'twas held a ſacriledge
Not expiable to deny reſpect
To one, Sir, of your years and gravity.
Dyſc. My years and gravity! Why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown ſo rank

As I ſhould ſmell oth'grave: O times and manners!
Well *Colax*, well; go on: ye may abuſe me,
Poor duſt and aſhes, worms meat, years and gravity;
He takes me for a Carcaſſe! what ſee you
So crazy in me? I have halfe my teeth:
I ſee with ſpectacles, do I not? and can walk too
With th'benefit of my ſtaffe, mark if I cannot!---
But you ſir at your pleaſure with years and gravity
Think me decrepit.

Colax. How? Decrepit ſir!
I ſee young roſes bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active bloud run free and freſh
Thorough your veins.

Dyſco. I am turn'd boy again!
A very ſtripling ſchool-boy! have I not
The Itch and kibes? am I not ſcabb'd and mangy
About the wriſts and hams?

Colax. Still *Dyſcolus*?----

Dyſc. *Dyſcolus*! and why *Dyſcolus*? when were we
Grown ſo familiar? *Dyſcolus*! by my name
Sure we are *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*! are we not?
Speak good *Pylades*.

Colax. Nay worthy Sir
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. Ile finde ſome other name
To call you by---

Dyſc. What do you mean to call me?
Foole? Aſſe? or Knave? my name is not ſo bad
As that I am aſham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worſe than it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dyſco. Iealous? I ha'not cauſe for't, my wifes honeſt;
Doſt ſee my horns? Doſt? if thou doeſt,

Write Cuckold in my forehead; do, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, do. Iealous! I am jealous;
Free of the Company! wife, I am jealous.
Colax. I mean ſuſpitious.
Dyſc. How! ſuſpitious?
For what? for treaſon, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the Iuſtice: bind me over
For a ſuſpitious perſon: hang me too
For a ſuſpitious perſon! O, O, O,
Some courteous plague ceaze me, and free my ſoule
From this immortall torment! every thing
I meet with, is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.
Flow. For pitty ſake fret not the good old Gentlema
Diſc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you muſt adde to my affliction?
Eternall ſilence ceaze you!
Colax. Sir we ſtrive
To pleaſe you, but you ſtill miſconſtrue us.
Diſc. I muſt be pleaſ'd! a very babe, an infant!
I muſt be pleaſ'd! give me ſome pappe, or plums:
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horſe,
To ſtill me, do! be pleaſ'd? wouldſt have me get
A Paraſite to be flatter'd?
Col. How? a Paraſite?
A cogging, flatt'ring, ſlaviſh Paraſite?
Things I abhorre and hate. Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Soules below reaſon will not ſtoop ſo low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by anothers wheele. They have no paſſions
Free to themſelves. All their affections,

Qualitie

Qualities, humors, appetites, deſires,
Nay wiſhes, vows and prayers, diſcourſe and thoughts
Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turks Gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a Quarry: In this ſtate my minde
Is free: A flatterer has nor ſoul nor body;
What ſhall I ſay? —No I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveneſſe take diſtaſte
At ſuch whoſe ſervile nature ſtrives to pleaſe you.
Tis royall in you Sir.
Dyſc. Ha! whats that?
Colax. A feather ſtuck upon your cloak.
Dyſc. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why ſhould you hinder me from telling th'world
I do not lye on flock-beds?
Colax. Pray be pleaſ'd.
I bruſht it off for meer reſpect I bare to you.
Dyſc. Reſpect! a fine reſpect, Sir, is it not,
To make the world beleeve I nouriſh vermine?
O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object
But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
A man; I could not then be ſo rediculous:
My ears are ovirgrown, I am an Aſſe;
It is my ears they gaze at. What ſtrange *Harpy*,
Centaure or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?
What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphoſis?
If I be a beaſt, ſhe might have made me Lyon,
Or ſomething not ridiculous! O *Acteon*,
If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why looke they on me elſe? There is within

A glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it;
That shall resolve me. I will in to see
Whether or no, I man or monster be. *Exit.*

SCEN. 2.

To them *Deilus. Aphobus.*

Bird. Who be these? They look like presumption, and
Dispaire.

Rose. And such they are. That is *Aphobus, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other Deilus, that from an Atheisticall distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the extreams of Fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Flow. Why stayes this reprobate *Colax*?

Rose. Any vice
Yeilds work for flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
To me the meer relation is an ague.
Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories;
I would not for a world lye alone to night:
I shall have such strange dreams!

Apho. What can there be
That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,
Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no Goods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells
That must affright me?

Deilus. Divells! where good *Aphobus*?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;

Now it is here again! O ſtill, ſtill, ſtill,
Apho. Whats the matter?
Deilus. Still it followes me!
The thing in black, behind; ſoon as the Sun
But ſhines, it haunts me? Gentle ſpirit leave me!
Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*: what an ugly looks it has!
With eyes as big as ſawcers, noſtrils wider
Then Barbers baſons!
Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus*
But your weak phancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing--
Deil. Where is it *Aphobus*?
Apho. ---Is but your ſhadow *Deilus*.
Deil. And ſhould we not fear ſhadowes?
Apho. No! why ſhould we?
Deil. Who knows but they come learing after us
To ſteal away the ſubſtance? Watch him *Aphobus*.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great ſoul faſt as a Center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers; let ſlight cock-boats
Be ſhaken with a wave, while you ſtand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whoſe conſtant hardneſſe
Rebeats the fury of the raging ſea,
Daſhing it into froth. Baſe fear doth argue
A low degenerate ſoul.
Deil. Now I fear every thing,
Colax. Tis your diſcretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wiſedom: Tis a ſymptome
Of wary providence. His too confident raſhneſſe
Argues a ſtupid ignorance in the ſoul,
A blind and ſenſeleſſe judgement; give me fear

To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary Sentinell---
Flowrd. Now shame take thee for
A Luke-warm formalist.
Colax. ---But daring valour
Uncapable of danger sleeps securly,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That *Colax* talks of.
Apho. If they be I care not;
Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more than squibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!
The meer Epitomies of the Gun powder Treason,
Faux in a lesser volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me
As if they had been shav'd---thus, thus would I
Out beard a Meteour, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a Comet say you? Nay, I saw it,
It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends
Some certain emminent danger to th'inhabitants
Twixt those two places: I'le go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that serve? ---I fear
It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdom.
Deil. I'le to some other Country.

Cola

Colax. There's danger to croſſe the Seas.
Deil. Is there no way, good *Colax*,
To croſſe the Sea by Land? O the ſcituation!
The horrible ſcituation of an Iſland!
Colax. You ſir are far above ſuch frivolous thoughts,
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.
Col. Not ſudden death.
Apho. No more than ſudden ſleeps: Sir I dare dye.
Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible:
I will not dye.
Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?
Deil. Why, I will kill my ſelfe.
Col. A valiant courſe;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.
Your ſpirit is true Roman! —But yours greater
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,
Should heaven fall——
Apho. Why, then we ſhould have Larks.
Deil. I ſhall never eat Larks again while I breath.
Col. Or ſhould the earth yawn like a ſepulchre,
And with an open throat ſwallow you quicke?
Apho. T'would ſave me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'had rather trouble my Executors by th'halfe.
Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Pot-guns to me
Are Cannons; the report will ſtrike me dead.
Apho. A Rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin,
It is a moſt dangerous weapon; ſince I read
Of *Julius Cæſars* death, I durſt not venture
Into a Taylors ſhop for fear of bodkins.
Apho. O that the valiant Gyants ſhould again

Rebell

Rebell againſt the Gods, and beſiege Heaven,
So I might be their leader.
Col. Had *Enceladus*
Been halfe ſo valiant, *Jove* had been his priſoner.
Apho. Why ſhould we think there be ſuch things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables.
Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales.
Sea-Monſters, ſerpents, all Poeticall figments.
Nay Hell it ſelfe, and *Acheron* meer inventions,
Or were they true, as they are falſe, ſhould I be
So timerous as to fear theſe Bug bear Harpyes,
Meduſas, Centaurs, Gorgons?
Deil. O good *Aphobus*,
Leave conjuring, or take me into th'circle.
What ſhall I do good *Colax?*
Col. Sir walke in,
There is, they ſay, a Looking-glaſſe, a ſtrange one
Of admirable vertues, that will render you
Free from inchantments.
Deil. How! a Looking-glaſſe?
Doſt think I can endure it? why there lyes
A man within't in ambuſh to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he preſently
Catcht at it,
Colax. 'Twas the ſhadow Sir of your ſelfe.
Truſt me a meer reflexion.
Deil. I will truſt thee. *Exit.*
Apho. What Glaſſe is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot
Out of his wits, a Glaſſe ſo full of dread,
Rendring unto the eye ſuch horrid ſpectacles
As would amaze even you. Sir I do think

Your optick nerves would ſhrink in the beholding:
This if your eye endure, I will confeſſe you
The Prince of Eagles.
Apho. Look to it eyes, if ye refuſe this ſight,
My nayls ſhall damne you to eternall night. *Exit.*
Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCEN. 3.

Acolaſtus. Anaiſthetus.

Roſci. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleaſures, when they are preſent, and a moderate deſire of them being abſent; And theſe are the extreams of that vertue.* Acolaſtus *a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd deſire ſeeks after all pleaſures promiſcuouſly, without reſpect of honeſt or lawfull. The other* Anaiſthetus *a meer* Anchorite *that delights in nothing, not in thoſe legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*
Acolaſt. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wiſh'd but a Cranes ſhort neck;
Give me one, nature, long as is a Caqle,
Or ſounding-line, and all the way a palate
To taſte my meat the longer. I would have
My ſenſes feaſt together; Nature envied us
In giving ſingle pleaſures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, noſe, and touch, at once
Injoy their happineſſe; lay me in a bed
Made of a ſummers cloud; to my embraces
Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fifteen,
Freſh, plump, and active; ſhe that *Mars* enjoy'd
Is grown too ſtale: And then at the ſame inſtant

My

My touch is pleaſ'd, I would delight my ſight
With pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,
Naked, and bathing, drawn by ſome *Apelles*;
By them ſome of our faireſt Virgins ſtand;
That I may ſee whether 'tis Art or Nature
Which heightens moſt my bloud and appetite.
Noe ceaſe I here. Give me the ſeven Orbs
To charm my ears with their cœleſtiall lutes,
To which the Angels that do move thoſe ſphears
Shall ſing ſome amorous ditty; nor yet here
Fix I my bounds; The ſun himſelfe ſhall fire
The Phœnix neſt to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the Bird, and eternally
Quaffe of eternall Nectar. Theſe ſingle, are
But torments, but together, O together!
Each is a Paradice. Having got ſuch objects
To pleaſe the ſenſes, give me ſenſes too
Fit to receive thoſe objects: Give me therefore
An Eagls eye, a bloud-hounds curious ſmell,
A Stagges quick hearing, let my feeling be
As ſubtile as the ſpiders, and my taſte
Sharp as a Squirrils: Then I'le read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promiſes in future
I'le practiſe in the preſent.
Bird. Heatheniſh Glutton!
Flow. Baſe belly-God, licentious Libertine!
Anai. And I do think there is no pleaſure at all
But in contemning pleaſures; Happy *Niobe*
And bleſſed *Daphne*, and all ſuch as are
Turn'd ſtocks and ſtones: would I were Lawrell too,
Or marble, I, or any thing inſenſible.
It is a toyle for me to eat or drink,
Only for natures ſatisfaction;

Would I could live without it. To my ear
Muſick is but a mandrake. To my ſmell
Nard ſents of rue, and wormwood; And I taſte
Nectar with as much loathing, and diſtaſte
As gall, or alloes, or my Doctors potion.
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.
Acola. Come brother Stoique be not ſo melancholy.
Anai. Be not ſo fooliſh brother *Epicure.*
Aco. Come wee'l go and ſee a Comedy, that will raiſe
Thy heavy ſpirits up.
Anai. A Comedy?
Sure I delight much in thoſe toyes; I can
With as much patience hear the Marriners
Chide in a ſtorme.
Aco. Then lets go drink a while.
Anai. 'Tis too much labour; Happy *Tantalus*
That never drinks.
Aco. A little Venery
Shall recreate thy ſoule.
Ana. Yes like an itch,
For 'tis no better: I could wiſh an heire,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.
Aco. Why, marry, if your conſcience be ſo tender,
As not to do it otherwiſe; Then 'tis lawfull.
Ana. True Matrimony's nothing elſe indeed
But fornication licenſ'd, lawfull Adultery.
O heavens! how all my ſenſes are wide ſluces
To let in diſcontent and miſeries!
How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
How bleſt the Adders that have no ears!
They never ſee nor hear ought that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no ſence at all;
That neither ſee, nor hear, taſte, ſmell, nor feel.

Any

Any thing to torment them: ſouls were given
To torture bodies, man has reaſon too
To adde unto the heap of his diſtractions.
I can ſee nothing without ſenſe, and motion,
But I do wiſh my ſelfe transform'd into it.
Col. Sir I commend this temperance; your arm'd ſoul
Is able to contemne theſe petty baits,
Theſe ſlight temptations, which we tittle pleaſures;
That are indeed but names; Heaven it ſelfe knows
No ſuch like thing; the ſtars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
Thoſe glorious bodies, by which noble abſtinence
You gain the names of moderate, chaſte, and ſober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous tearms
Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;
Pleaſures, that are not mans, as man is man,
But as his nature ſympathies with beaſts.
You ſhall be the third *Cato*. This grave look
And rigid eye-brow will become a Cenſor.
But I will fit you with an object Sir,
My noble *Anaiſthetus*, that will pleaſe you.
It is a Looking-glaſſe, wherein at once
You may ſee all the diſmall groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deſerts,
With what in hell it ſelfe can diſmall be.
Anaiſ. That is indeed a proſpect fit for me. *Exit.*
Acol. He cannot ſee a ſtock or ſtone, but preſently
He wiſhes to be turn'd to one of thoſe.
I have another humor, I cannot ſee
A fat voluptuous ſow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wiſh my ſelfe
Transform'd into that bleſſed Epicure.
Or when I view the hot ſalacious ſparrow

Renet

Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish my selfe that little bird of Love.
Colax. It shews you a man of a soft moving clay,
Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a dyet at a feast.
When nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the ayr
With winged creatures, not contented yet,
She made the water fruitfull to delight us.
Nay I believe the other Element too
Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food;
If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander:
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different Odors
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cry'd not---stop your noses: would she give us
So sweet a quire of wing'd Musitians
To have us deafe? or when she plac'd us here,
Here in a Paradice, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? when she bestow'd
So powerfull faces, such commanding beauties
On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make nature
Guilty of that she ne're was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.
Acol. A Learned Lecture!
Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
Have their reward---here---halfe of my estate
T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,

That

That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.
Col. Within Sir is a Glaſſe, that by reflexion
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That ever yet were acted, more variety
Than *Aretines* pictures.
Aco. Ile ſee the Iewel;
For though to doe moſt moves my appetite,
I love to ſee, as well as act delight. *Exit.*
Bird. Theſe are the things indeed the ſtage doth teach
Dear heart, what a foule ſink of ſins run here!
Flow. In ſooth it is the common ſhore of lewdneſſe.

SCEN. 4.

Aſotus. Aneleutherus.

Roſc. *Theſe are* Aneleutherus *an illiberall Niggardly*
ſurer, that will ſell heaven to purchaſe earth. That his ſon
Aſotus, *a profuſe Prodigall, that will ſell earth to*
Hell. The extreams of liberality which preſcribes a mean
erity in the getting and ſpending of Riches.
Aneleu. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go.
Aſot. I was in hope you would have ſayd a Bawdy
houſe.
Anel. Thence to th'Exchange,
Aſot. No, to the Tavern Father.
Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counſell.
Aſot. Your counſell? No dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow-- ſhall we go and roare?
S'lid Father I ſhall never live to ſpend.
That you have got already---Pox of Atturneys,
Merchants, and Scriveners, I would hear you talke
Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel. Prodigall child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.
Asot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it;
To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves!
Anel. *Asotus*, my deare sonne, talk not to me
Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.
No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan
Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire
With all his lands melted into a morgage.
The Gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such fatting, thriving diet.
Asot. Trust me Sir,
I am asham'd la---to call you Father,
Ne're trust me now I'm come to be a Gentleman;
One of your havings, and thus cark and care?
Come, I will send for a whole Coach or two
Of *Bank-side* Ladies, and we will be Joviall!
Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well doe your pleasure, keepe me short of monies,
When you are dead, as dye I hope you must,
Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least
Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better helpe away with some of it?
But you will starve your selfe, that when y'are rotten,
One--Have at all of mine may set it flying.
And I will have your bones cut into Dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it:
Or I will get a very handsome bowle
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, sit and brood
On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.

That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.
Col. Within Sir is a Glaſſe, that by reflexion
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That ever yet were acted, more variety
Than *Arretines* pictures.
Aco. Ile ſee the Iewel;
For though to doe moſt moves my appetite,
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Aneleu. Come boy, go with me to the Scriveners, go.
Aſot. I was in hope you would have ſayd a Bawdy houſe.
Anel. Thence to th'Exchange.
Aſot. No, to the Tavern Father.
Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counſell.
Aſot. Your counſell? No dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow-- ſhall we go and roare?
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One of your havings, and thus cark and care?
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Well doe your pleaſure, keepe me ſhort of monies,
When you are dead, as dye I hope you muſt,
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Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better helpe away with ſome of it?
But you will ſtarve your ſelfe, that when y'are rotten,
One--Have at all of mine may ſet it flying.
And I will have your bones cut into Dice,
And make you guilty of the ſpending of it:
Or I will get a very handſome bowle
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No, ſit and brood
On thy eſtate, as yet it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.

Aſot. Marry I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chicken, capons, hens,
Larks, thruſhes, quailes, wood-cocks, ſnites, & pheſants,
The beſt that can be got for love or mony.
There is no life to drinking!
Anel. O yes, yes;
Exaction, uſury, and oppreſſion.
Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar.
And wilt thou, waſtful lad, ſpend in a ſupper
What I with ſweat and labour, care and induſtry
Have been an age a ſcraping up together,
No, no *Aſotus*, truſt gray-head experience;
As I have been an Oxe, a painfull Oxe,
A diligent, toyling, and laborious Oxe
To plow up Gold for thee; ſo I would have thee--
Aſot. Be a fine ſilly Aſſe to keep it.
Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preſerve it.
Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wiſe inſtructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counſel!.
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown.
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
The weight of need, that want is vertu's clog;
Of what neceſſity, reſpect and value
Wealth is, how baſe and how contemptible.
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In ſome circumſtances may be allow'd;
As when it ha's no end but honeſty,
With a reſpect of perſon, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuſe,
Vaine, injudicious ſpending ſpeaks him ſdiot:
And yet the beſt of liberality
Is to be liberall to our ſelves; and thus
Your wiſdome is moſt liberall, and knowes

How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the losse of their estate
The name of one poore vertue, liberalitie,
And that too only from the mouth of beggers!
One of your judgement would not, *I* am sure,
Buy all the vertues at so deare a rate.
Nor are you, Sir, *I* dare presume, so fond
As for to weigh your gaines by the strict scale
Of equity, and justice, names invented
To keepe us beggers: *I* would counsell now
Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where Plenty dwels;
And shee shall give him honour.
Anst. Your tongue is pow'rfull:
Pray read this Lecture to my son; *I* goe
To find my Scriv'ner who is gon, *I* heare,
To a strange Glasse wherein all things appeare. *Exit.*
Aest. To see if it can shew him his lost eares.
Now to your Lecture.
Col. And to such a one
As you will be a willing Pupill to.
Think you *I* meant all that *I* told your Father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Hunncks.
I love a man like you that can make much
Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity!
That open hand becomes thee; Let thy Father
Scrape like the Dunghill cock the Dirt, and mire,
To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken
Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder
How such a generous branch as you, could spring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widdowes house the father swallowes,

The ſonne ſhould ſpew a Taverne. How are we
Richer then others? not in having much,
But in beſtowing;
And that ſhines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes
Impriſon'd in his truſty cheſt methinks
I heare groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to ſee the light again. Thou canſt not
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to ſup it; nor canſt ſuffer
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taſte the fruit. 'T is generous this.
Aſot. Gramercy thou ſhalt be Doctor o' th' Chaire.
Here---'tis too litle, but t'is all my ſtore,
I'le in to pumpe my Dad, and fetch thee more. Exi
Colax. How like you now my art? is 't not a ſubtle on
Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of ſin, and ſhame, that ſoweſt cuſhions
Unto the elbowes of iniquity.
Colax. I doe commend this zeale; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cauſe ſo full of goodneſſe.
There is a generall froſt hath ceas'd devotion.
And without ſuch like ardent flames as theſe
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,
That I doe glorifie, and eſteem rev'rend,
As the moſt ſanctified, pure, and holy Sect
Of all Profeſſours, is by the prophane
Us'd for a name of infamie, a by word, a ſlander.
That I ſooth Vice I doe but flatter them,
As we give children plums to learn their prayers,
T'entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes
Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope heele become a brother, and make

A Separatiſt!
Flow. You ſhall have the devotions
Of all the Elders. But this ſoppiſhneſſe
Is wariſome; I could at our Saint *Antlins*,
Sleeping and all, ſit twentie times as long.
Roſc. Goe in with me to recreat your ſpirits,
(As Muſique theirs) with ſome refreſhing ſong,
Whoſe patience our rude Scene hath held too long.
Finis Actus 2. *Exeunt*

ACTUS 3. SCEN. 1.

Roſcius, Bird, Flowrdew.

Bird. I will nó more of this abomination.
Roſc. The end crowns every action, ſtay till that
Juſt Iudge will not Be prejudicate,
Flow. Pray Sir continue ſtill the moralizing.
Roſc. *The next we preſent are the extreames of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Liberality in the leſſer: One is* Banauſus, *out of a meere oſtentation vain-gloriouſly expenſive; the other* Microprepes, *one inglorious works extreamly baſe and penurious.*

Banauſus. Microprepes.

Ban. Being borne not for our ſelves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We doe expreſſe the Majeſty of our ſoules
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.
Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles
Promiſe themſelves a name from building Churches,
Or anything that tends to the Re-publique,
'Tis the Re-private that I ſtudy for.
Banau. Firſt therefore for the fame of my Re-publique,
I'le imitate a brave Ægyptian King,
And plant ſuch ſtore of onions, and of garlike,
As ſhall maintaine ſo many thouſand workmen,

To th' building of a Pyramid at Saint *Albons*,
Upon whose top *I*'le set a hand of brasse,
With a scrowle in't to shew the way to *London*
For th' benefit of Travellers.
Colax. Excellent,
'Tis charity to direct the wandering Pilgrim.
Micro. *I* am Church-warden, and we are this yeare
To build our steeple up, now to save charges
I'le get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale shall serve as well as *Bow*.
Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a carefull steward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part, at least.
No necessary.
Bird. Verily 'tis true
They are but wicked Synagogues where those instruments
Of Superstition and *I*dolatry ring
Warning to sinne, and chime all into the Divell.
Banau. And 'cause there be such swarmes of Heresies rising:
I'le have an Artist frame two wonderous weathercocks
Of Gold, to set on *Pauls*, and *Grantam* Steeple,
To shew to all the Kingdome what fashion next
The Wind of Humour hither meanes to blow.
Micro. A Wicker Chaire will fit them for a Pulpit.
Colax. It is the Doctrine, Sir, that you respect.
Flow. Insooth *I* have heard as wholsome instructions
From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're *I* did
From the carv'd *I*doll of wainscot.
Banau. Next, J intend to found an Hospitall
For the decay'd Professors of the Suburbs,

with

With a Colledge of Phyſitians too at *Chelſy*
Only to ſtudy the cure of the French Pox;
That ſo the ſinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.
Colax. You have a care Sir of your countries, health.
Micro. Then J well ſell the lead to thatch the Chancell.
Ban. J have a rare device to ſet Dutch windmills
Upon *New-market Heath*, and *Saliſbury* Plaine,
To draine the Fens.
Colax. The Fens Sir are not there.
Ban. But who knowes but they may be?
Col. Very right:
You aime at the prevention of a danger.
Micr. A Porters frock ſhall ſerve me for a ſurplice.
Flow. Jndeed a *Frock* is not ſo Ceremonious.
Ban. But the great work in which J mean to glory,
Js in the raiſing a Cathedrall Church:
Jt ſhall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a paire
Of ſtately Organs; more then pity 'twere
The Pigs ſhould loſe their skill for want of practice.
Bvd. Organs fye on them for *Babylonian* Bag-pipes,
Micro. Then for the painting, J bethinke my ſelfe
That J have ſeen in Mother Red-caps Hall
Jn painted cloath the ſtory of the Prodigall.
Col. And that will be for very good uſe and morall.
Sir, yon are wiſe; what ſerve *Ægyptian* Pyramids,
Epheſian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,
Carian Coloſſes. Traians water-works,
Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine coſt
Of ignorance and prodigalitie?
Rome flouriſh'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in Cottages;
Since *Parian* marble and *Corynthian* braſſe

Enter'd her gaudie Temple, soone she fell,
To superstition, and from thence to ruine,
You see that in our Churches glorious Statues,
Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state
Draw wandring eyes from their devotion.
Unto a wanton gazing, and that other
Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toyes
Doe more proclaime our Countries wealth then safety,
And serve but like so many gilded baits
T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invasion.
Goe in, there is a Glasse will shew you, Sir,
What sweet simplicitie our Grandsires us'd,
How in the age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit Micn.

Banau. O I have thought on't, I will straight way build
A Free-schoole here in *London*, a free-Schoole
For th' education of young Gentlemen
To studie how to drinke, and take Tobacco,
To sweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell:
Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realme,
The *Frontisterium* of great Britany:
And for their better studie, I will furnish them
With a large Library of Drapers books.
Col. 'Twill put downe *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.
Royall *Banausus!* how many Spheares flye you
Above the earthly dull *Microprepes!*
I hope to live to see you build a Stewes
Shall out-brave *Venice*, to repaire old Tiburne
And make it Cedar. This magnificent course
Doth purchase you an immortalitie.
In them you build your honour to remaine
The example and the wonder of posteritie,
While other hide-bound Churles doe grutch themselves

The

The Charges of a Tombe.
Ban. But Ile have one
In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Myrrhe* and *Cassia*,
And richer unguents then th' *Ægytian* Kings.
And all that this my pretious Tombe may furnish
The Land with Mummie.
Colax. Yonder is a Glasse
Will shew you plots and modells of all monuments
Form'd the 'old way, you may invent a new,
'Twill make for your more glory.
Ban. *Colax*, true.
Rosc. *These are the extreames of magnanimity.* Caunus, *a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other* Micropsychus, *a base and low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his owne qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities; that otherwise his merits are capable of.*

SCEN. 2.

Caunus. Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I heare no newes from Court.
Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.
Caun. The honourable *Caunus*? 'Tis decreed
I am a privie Councellour; our new honours
Cannot so alter us as that we can
Forget our Friends; walk with us our familiar.
Mic. It puzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.
Colax. Sir, I doe know and see, and so do all
That have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill
Of wisdome, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state vertues sit within this brest,
As if it were their Parliament; but as yet
I am not, Sir, the happy Messenger

That

That tels you, you are cal'd unto the Helm;
Or that the Rudder of great Britany
Is put into your hands, that you may ſteere
Our floating *Delos* till ſhe be arriv'd
At the the bleſt Port of happineſſe, and ſurnam'd
The *Fortunate Iſle* from you that are the fortunate.
Cau. 'Tis ſtrange that I the beſt experienc'd
The skilfulleſt and the rareſt of all Carpenters,
Should not be yet a Privie Councell our!
Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunk *Opium*
And ſleeps, but when it wakes it cannot chuſe
But meet the glorious beames of my deſerts
Bright as the riſing Sun, and ſay to *England*,
England behold thy light!
Micro. Make me a Conſtable!
Make me that am the ſimpleſt of my Neighbours
So great a Magiſtrate! ſo powerfull an Officer!
I bluſh at my unworthineſſe: a Conſtable!
The very Prince o'th' pariſh! you are one Sir
Of an abilitie to diſcharge it better,
Let me reſigne to you
Cau. How? I a Conſtable?
What might I be in your opinion Sir?
Micro. A Carpenter of worſhip.
Cau. Very well;
And yet you would make me a Conſtable.
I'le evidently demonſtrate that of all men
Your Carpenters are beſt States-men; of all Carpenters
I being the beſt, am beſt of Stateſmen too:
Imagine, Sir, the Common-wealth a Logge,
Or a rude block of wood, your Stateſman comes,
(For by that word I mean a Carpenter)
And with the ſaw of Policie divides it

Into

Into ſo many boards or ſeverall orders,
Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other
Inferiour boards call'd Vulgar fit for nothing
but to make ſtiles, or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on: This adds unto the Log
Call'd Common-wealth at leaſt ſome ſmall perfection;
But afterwards he plaines them, and ſo makes
The Common-wealth, that was before a board,
A pretty Wainſcot; ſome he carves with Titles
Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; ſome ſtand plaine,
And ſerve us more for uſe then Ornament,
We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of faſhion.)
And leſt the diproportion breake the frame,
He with the pegs of amity and concord,
As with the glew-pot of good Government
Ioynts 'e m together, makes an abſolute edifice
Of the Re-publique: State-skill'd *Machiavell*
Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke
A Conſtable a Gyant-Dignitie.
Micro. Pray Heaven that *Icarus* like I doe not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sun
I fall not headlong downe with *Phaeton*,
I have aſpir'd ſo high: make me a Conſtable
That have not yet attain'd to the *Greeke* tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His Majeſties peace: I am not fit to keep
His Majeſties Hogs, much leſſe his Peace, the beſt
of all his Jewells: How dare I preſume
to charge a man in the Kings Name! I faint
Under the burthen of ſo great a place,
Whoſe weight might preſſe down *Atlas*: Magiſtrates
Are only Sumpter-Horſes, Nay they threaten me

To

To make me warden of the Church.
Am I a Patriot? or have I abilitie
To preſent Knights-Recuſant, Clergy reelers,
Or Gentlemen Fornicators?
Col. You have worth
Richly enamel'd with a modeſty;
And though your lofty merit might ſit crown'd
On *Caucaſus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountaines,
You chooſe the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below; then dare the Windes,
And be a Cedar; Sir you know there is not
Halfe ſo much honour in the Pilots place
As danger in the ſtorme. Poore windy Titles
Of Dignitie, and Offices that puffe up
The bubble pride till it ſwell big and burſt,
What are they but brave nothings? Toys call'd Honours
Make them on whom they are beſtow'd no better
Then glorious ſlaves, the ſervants of the Vulgar:
Men ſweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare.
There is a Glaſſe within ſhall ſhew you, Sir,
The vanitie of theſe Silk-wormes, that doe thinke
They toile not, 'cauſe they ſpin ſo fine a thread.
Micro. I'le ſee it. Honour is a babies rattle,
And let blind *Fortune* where ſhe will, beſtow her;
Lay me on earth, and I ſhall fall no lower. *Exit.*
Cau. Colax, what newes?
Col. The *Perſian* Emperour
Is deſperately ſicke.
Cau. Heaven take his ſoule!
When I am the grand *Sophie*, (as 'tis likely
I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.
Col. The *Turke* they ſay prepares again for *Poland*.
Cau. And I no *Baſhaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col.

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in diſtraction.
Cau. And can that State be ſo ſupinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chooſe their Duke?
Col. Our Merchants doe report th' inhabitants there
Are now in conſultation for the ſetling
The Crowne upon a more deſerving head
Then his that beares it.
Cau. Then my fortunes riſe
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certaine.
Colax. be bold, thou ſeeſt the *Preſter-John.*
Well *England*, of all Countries in the world
Moſt blind to thy own good. Other Nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and preſents; had I liv'd in *Rome*
who durſt with *Caknus* ſtand a candidate?
I might have choice of *Ædile*, *Conſul*, *Tribune*,
Or the perpetuall *Dictators* place.
I could diſcharge 'em all, I know my merits
Are large, and boundleſſe: A *Cæſar* might be hewed
Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman
But undertooke it.
Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.
Let Birds of night and ſhame, with their Owles eyes
Not dare to gaze upon the Sun of Honour;
They are no Preſidents for Eagles: Bats,
Like dull *Micropſychus*; things of earth, and lead,
May love a private ſafety; men in whom
Promotheus has ſpent much of his ſtolne fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour
Hedg'd in with thouſand dangers! Whats a man
Without deſert? and what's deſert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his houſe ſome buried Cheſts

Of

Of Gold, or Pearle, and knows not where to look them?
What was the Load-ſtone, till the uſe was found,
But a foule dotard on a Fouler Miſtreſſe?
I praiſe your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beames forwards, but reflect and turne
Back on themſelves, and finde an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation:
You are at home no ſtranger, but are grown
Acquainted with you vertues, and can tell
What uſe the Pearle is of, which Dunghill cocke's
Scrape into dirt againe. This ſearching judgement
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you. *I* ſhall live to ſee
A Diadem crown that head. There is within
A glaſſe that will acquaint you with all places
Of Dignity, Authority and renown,
The State, and carriage of them: Chooſe the beſt,
Such as deſerve you, and refuſe the reſt.
Cau. *I* go, that want no worth to merit honour;
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me,
Fortune, thou arbitreſſe of humane things
Thy credit is at ſtake: if *I* but riſe,
The worlds opinion will conceive th'haſt eyes.

Exit.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Roſc. *Theſe are the extreames of meekneſſe.* Orgylus *an angry quarrelſome man mov'd with the leaſt ſhadow, or appearance of injury. The other in deſect,* Aorgus, *a fellow ſo patient, or rather inſenſible of wrong, that he is not capable of the groſſeſt abuſe.*

Org. Perſwade me not, he has awak'd a furie
That carries ſteele about him. Dags, and Piſtolls!

To

To bite his thumbe at me ?
Aor. Why ſhould not any man
Bite his own thumb ?
Org. At me ? weare *I* a ſword
To ſee men bite their thumbs !--Rapiers and Daggers--
He is the ſonne of a whore.
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been ſome pretence
T'have mov'd this anger ; he may bite his own
And eat it too.
Org. Muskets, and Cannons !--eat it ?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He ſhall eat ſomething elſe too that rides here ;
Ile try his Eſtridge ſtomack.
Aor. Sir, be patient
Org. You lye in your throat, and *I* will not.
Aor. To what purpoſe is this impertinent madneſſe ?
Pray be milder.
Org. Your Mother was a whore, and *I* will not put it up.
Aor. Why ſhould ſo ſlight a toy thus trouble you ?
Org. Your Father was hang'd, and *I* will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reaſon doth in equall balance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lyes heavie, vvhen that other vvould not turne
An even ſcale ; and yet it moves not me ;
My anger is not up.
Org. But *I* vvill raiſe it ;
You are a foole !
Aor. *I* know it, and ſhall *I*
Be angry for a truth ?
Org. You are beſides
An arrant Knave !
Aor. So are my betters, Sir.

Org.

Org. I cannot move him--O my ſpleen--it riſes,
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me:
Org. You are a horned beaſt, a very Cuckold,
Aor. 'Tis my Wives fault, not mine, I have no reaſon
Then to be angry for anothers ſin.
Org. And I did graft your hornes, you might have co
And found us glewd together like two Goats,
And ſtood a witneſſe to your transformation.
Aor. Why if I had, I am ſo far from anger
I would have e'ne falne downe upon my knees,
And deſir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.
Org. Your children are all Baſtards, not one of th
Upon my Knowledge, of your owne begetting.
Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them
That they will call me father; it was luſt
Perchance, that did beget them, but I am ſure
'Tis charity to keep the Infants.
Org. Not yet ſtirre'd?
'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to expreſſe his ſcorne of me.
'Tis above patience this, inſufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard you will be angery, will you not;
Aor. To ſee how ſtrange a courſe fond wrath doth
You will be angry 'cauſe I am not ſo.
Org. I can endure no longer, if your ſpleen
Lye in your breech, thus I will kickt it up---
Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epſilon. Zeta. Eta.
ta. Iota. Kappa. Lambda, Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi. Ro. Si
Tau. Vpſilon. Phi. Chi. Pſi. Omega.
Org. How? What contempt is this;
Aor. An antidote

Ag

Againſt the poyſon, Anger: 'twas prescrib'd
A Roman Emperour, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and Practiſe.
Org. Not yet angry?
Still will you vex me? I will practiſe too, (*Kicks againe*)
Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.
Org. What new Alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I uſe
A ſecond remedy.
Org. O my Torment ſtill?
Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'le try your Phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z.
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now ſir? why now?
Now have you done.
Org. O 'tis a meer plot this,
To jeer my tameneſſe: will no ſence of wrong
Waken the Lethargy of a cowards ſoule?
Will not this rowſe her from her dead ſleep, nor this?
Aor. Why ſhould I Sir be angry if I ſuffer
An injury? it is not guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterneſſe o'reflows me; my eyes flame,

My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of ſoule and body move in a diſorder,
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: Sirrah villain
I will diſſect thee with my rapiers point:
Rip up each vein, and ſinew of my ſtorque,
Anatomize him, ſearching every entraile,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this aſſe,
This ſuffering aſſe, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,
Let him not glory in ſo brave a death,
As by your hand, it ſtands not with your honour
To ſtain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lesbian* Lions in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or mate the Unicorne;
But trouble not the painted butterfly,
Ants crawle ſecurely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intolerable!
Would thou were worth the killing.
Colax. A good wiſh,
Savouring as well diſcretion, as bold valour:
Thinke not of ſuch a baſſl'd aſſe as this,
More ſtone, then man: *Meeduſa*'s head has turn'd him
There is in ants a choler, every flye
Carries a ſpleen: poore worms being trampled on
Turn bayle, as bidding battayle to the feet
Of their oppreſſors. A dead palſy ſure
Hath ſtruck a deſperate numnaeſſe though his ſoule,
Till it be grown inſenſible: Meer ſtupidity
Hath ſeiz'd him: Your more manly ſoule I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the ſtrikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetſtone, anger;

Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering
One injury invites a second that,
Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martiall Brow, A glasse within
Will shew you sir when your great spleen doth rise
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learn anger sir against you meet me next,
Never was man like me with patience vext. *Exit.*
Aor. I am so farre from anger in my selfe,
That 'tis my griefe I can make others so.
Colax. It proves a sweetnesse in your disposition,
A gentle winning carriage--deare *Aorgus*,
O give me leave to open wide my breast,
And let so rare a friend unto my soule;
Enter, and take possession; such a man
As has no gall, no bitternesse, no exceptions;
Whom nature meant a Dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent; and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors;
But he's a better, takes no notice of them.
How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soule of *Orgylus*?
The proneness of this passion is the Nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruines states,
Depopulares Cities, layes great Kingdomes waste;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle, give it reins it runs
A desperate course, and draggs down reason with it.
It is the whirlewind of the soule, the storm

And tempeſt of the mind, that raiſes up
The billowes of diſturbed paſſions
To ſhipwrak Iudgement, O--a ſoule like yours
Conſtant in patience! Let the Northern wind meet
The South at Sea, and *Zephyrus* breath oppoſite
To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty ſonnes
Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
The Ocean, and diſpeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calme; it is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a Glaſſe within
Will let you ſee your ſelfe, and tell you now
How ſweet a tameneſſe dwells upon your brow.
Aor. Colax, I muſt believe, and therefore goe;
Who is diſtruſtfull will be angry too.

SCEN. 4.

Alazon. Eiron.

Roſc. *The next are the extreames of Truth*, Alazon *that arrogates that to himſelfe which is not his*; *and* Eiron *one that out of an itch to be thought modeſt diſſembles his qualities*; *the one erring in defending a falſhood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you 're wondrous valiant?
Eir. I! alas
Who told you I was valiant'
Alaz. The world ſpeaks it.
Eir. She is deceiv'd, but does ſhe ſpeak truly?
Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;
But ſhee calls you *Achilles*.
Eir. I *Achilles*!

No, I am not *Achilles*: I confeſſe
I am no coward.--That the world ſhould think
That I am an *Achilles*! yet the world may
Call me what ſhe pleaſe.
Alaz. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a ſecond)
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my ſhare;
But the laſt valour ſhew'd in Chriſtendome
Was in *Lepanto*. (him not;
Alazon. He might be thought ſo ſir, by them that knew
But I have found him a poore baffl'd ſnake:
Sir I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every poſt i'th' City.
Eiron. Who?
Alaz. *Lepanto*,
The valour ſir that you ſo much renown.
Eir. *Lepanto* was no man ſir, but the place
Made famous by the ſo much mention'd battaile
Betwixt the Turks and Chriſtians.
Alaz. Cry you mercy!
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it ſeems,
Was but *Lepanto*'s name-ſake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in hiſtory.
Eir. Not a whit; A novice, I! I could perchance
Diſcourſe from *Adam* downward, but what's that
To Hiſtory? All that I know is only
Th'originall, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Iunius*, *Paterculus*,
With *Florus*, *Iuſtine*, *Saluſt*, and ſome few
More of the Latine: For the modern, I

Have all without book *Gallo-Belgicus*,
Philip De-Comine, *Machiavele*, *Guicciardine*,
The Turkiſh and Ægyptian Hiſtories,
With thoſe of *Spaine*, *France*, and the Netherlands,
For *England*, *Polydore Virgill*, *Cambden*, *Speed*,
And a matter of forty more; nothing
Alas to one that's read in Hiſtories.
In the Greek *I* have a ſmack or ſo, at
Xenophon, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and
Stowes Chronicle.
Alaz. Believe me ſir, and that
Stowes Chronicle is very good Greek; you little
Think who writ it! Doe you not ſee him? are
You blind? I am the man.
Eir. Then *I* muſt number
You with my beſt Authors in my Library.
Alaz. Sir the reſt too are mine, but that *I* venture 'em
With other names, to ſhunne the opinion
Of arrogance; ſo the ſubtle Cardinall
Calls one book *Bellarmine*, 'nother *Toſtatus*,
Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbering;
You cannot choſe but heare how lowd fame ſpeaks
Of my experience in Arithmetique:
She ſayes you too grow neare perfection.
Eir. Farre from it *I*; ſome in-ſight, but no more.
I count the Starres, can give the Totall ſumme,
How many ſands there bei'th' ſea, but theſe
Are trifles to the expert, that have ſtudied
Pen keth-mans preſident. Sir, J have no skill
In any thing, if J have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet in ſooth I ſpeak
Only my mother Tongue; J have not gain'd
The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriack*, or *Arabick*;

No

Nor know the *Greek* with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and *Tom Choriate* both excell me.
I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*,
Turkiſh, *Ægyptian*, *China*, *Perſian* Tongues.
Indeed the *Latine I* was whipt into;
But *Ruſcian*, *Sclavonian*, and *Dalmatian*
With *Saxon*, *Daniſh*, and *Albanian* ſpeech,
That of the *Coſſacies*, and *Hungarian* too,
With *Biſcays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welch*, and *Iriſh* are too hard for me
To be familiar in: and yet ſome thinke
(But thought is free) that I doe ſpeake all theſe
As I were borne in each; but they may erre
That think ſo; 'Tis not every Judgment ſits
In the infallible chaire. To confeſſe truth
All *Europ*, *Aſia*, and *Africa* too;
But in *America*, and the new found world
I very much feare there be ſome languages
That would goe neer to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely.
You have a prety pittance in the Tongues,
But *Eiron*, I am now more generall;
I can ſpeak all alike, there is no ſtronger
Of ſo remote a nation heares me talk
But confidently calls me Country-man.
The witty world giving my worth her due
Surnames me the Confuſion: I but want
An Oratour like you to ſpeake my prayſe.
Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon*? no;
Though it hath pleas'd the wiſer few to ſay
Demoſthenes was not ſo eloquent;
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all Hyperboles: ſomething ſir

 perchance

Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Eſpecially *Alazon* in your preſence
Alaz. Your modeſty *Eiron* ſpeaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter theſe, they'le do't themſelves,
And croſſe the Proverb that was wont to ſay.
One Mule doth ſcrub another, here each Aſſe
Hath learn'd to claw himſelfe.
Alaz. I doe ſurpaſſe
All Oratours. How like you my Orations?
Thoſe againſt *Catiline*, I account them beſt,
Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me
Above the three great Oratours of *Rome*.
Eir. What three, *Alazon*?
Ala. Marcus, Tullius,
And *Cicero*, the beſt of all the three.
Eir. Why thoſe three names are all the ſelfe-ſame man
Alaz. Then all is one. Were thoſe three names three men,
I ſhould excell them all. And then for Poetry
Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.
Alaz. A laſſe 'twas writ ith' nonage of my Muſes.
You underſtand th' Italian?
Eir. A little, ſir,
I have read *Taſſo*.
Ala. And *Torquato* too?
Eir. They're ſtill the ſame.
Ala. I find you very skilfull
Eiron, I erre only to ſound your judgement.
You are a Poet too?
Eir. The world may thinke ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for't.
But I will tell you ſir ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.
Ala. Pray do my eyes the favour, ſir, to let me learne 'um.
Eir. *Strange ſights there late were ſeene, that did affright*
The multitude; the Moone was ſeene by night,
And Sun appear'd by day---is it not good?
Ala. Excellent good! proceed.
Eir. *without remorſe*
Each ſtarre and planet kept their wonted courſe.
What here could fright them? (mark the anſwer now)
O ſir aske not that;
The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.
But in their humours too inconſtant be,
Nothing ſeemes ſtrange to them but conſtancy:
Has not my friend approv'd himſelfe a Poet?
Alaz. The verſes ſir are excellent, but your friend
Approves himſelfe a thiefe.
Eir. Why good *Alazon*?
Alaz. A Plagiary, I mean, the verſes ſir
Were ſtolne.
Eir. From whom?
Alaz. From me, believ't I made 'um.
Eir. They are alaſſe unworthy ſir your owning,
Such trifles as my muſe had ſtumbled on
This morning.
Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you come neare me ſir. Yours they may bee.
Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*,
Your friend muſt ſteale them, if hee have them.
Col. What pretty Gulls are theſe? Ile take 'um off.
Alazon, You are learned.
Alaz. I know that.
Col. And vertuous.

Alaz.

Alaz. Tis confeſs'd.
Col. A good Hiſtorian.
Alaz. Who dares deny it?
Col. A rare Arithmetician.
Alaz. I' have heard it often.
Col. I commend your care
That know your vertues, why ſhould modeſty (neighbour
Stop good mens mouths from their own praiſe? our
Are envious, and will rather blaſt our memories
With infamy, then immortalize our names;
When fame hath taken cold, and loſt her voice,
We muſt be our owne trumpets; carefull men
Will have an Inventorie of their goods,
And why not of their vertues? ſhould you ſay
You were not wiſe, it were a ſinne to truth.
Let *Eirons* modeſty tell baſhfull lies,
To cloake and masque his parts; he's a foole for't.
Twas heavenly counſell bid us *know our ſelves.*
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
Ring out a Panegyrique to your ſelfe;
And your ſelfe write the learned Commentary
Of your own actions.
Ala. So I have.
Co. VVhere is it?
Ala. Tis ſtolne
Co. I know the thiefe, they call him *Cæſar.*
Goe in good ſir, there is within a Glaſſe
That will preſent you with the Felons face. *Exit Alaz.*
Eiron, You heare the newes?
Eir. Not I, what is it?
Co. That you are held the only man of Art.
Eir. Is't currant *Colax?*
Col. Currant as the ayre

Even

Every man breathes it for certaintie.
Eir. This is the firſt time I heard on't in truth,
Can it be certaine? ſo much charity left
In mens opinion?
Co. You call it charity
Which is their dutie: Vertue ſir, like yours
Commands mens praiſes. Emptineſſe and folly,
Such as *Alazon* is, uſe their own Tongues,
While reall worth hears her own praiſe, not ſpeaks it.
Other mens mouthes become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth
From Eaſt to Weſt, till either pole admire you.
Selfe praiſe is bragging, and begets the envie
Of them that heare it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: You are wiſely ſilent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a ſin
For others to be ſo: The fiſh would loſe
Their being mute, ere ſuch a modeſt worth
Should want a ſpeaker: yet ſir *I* would have you
Know your owne vertues, be acquainted with them.
Eir. Why good ſir bring me but acquainted with them.
Col. There is a glaſſe within ſhewes you your ſelfe
By a reflection; goe and ſpeake 'em there.
Eir. *I* ſhould be glad to ſee 'em any where. *Exit. Eir.*
Roſc. Retire your ſelves againe, for theſe are ſights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.
Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Flowrdew, Bird, Roſcius:

Bird. My indignation boyleth like a pot,
An over heated pot, ſtill, ſtill it boyleth;

It boyleth, and it bubleth with diſdaine.
Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I ſay
Fumeth, and ſteemeth up, and runneth ore
With holy wrath, at theſe delights of fleſh.
Roſc. The Actors begge your ſilence---*The next vertue whoſe extreames we would preſent, wants a name both in the Greeke and Latine.*
Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchriſtian vertue.
Roſc. *But they deſcribe it ſuch a modeſtie as directs us in the purſuite, and refuſall of the meaner honours, and ſo anſwers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humour of the perſons, being already foreſtall'd, and no pride now ſo much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparell, let mee preſent you* Philotimia, *an over-curious Lady, too neat in her attire; and for* Aphilotimus, Luparius *a naſty ſordid ſloven.*
Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia. Luparus. Colax.

Phil. What mole dreſt me to day? O patience! (maids
Who would be troubled with theſe mop-ey'd Chamber-
Ther's a whole haire on this ſide more then t'other,
I am no Lady elſe! come on you ſloven.
Was ever Chriſtian Madam ſo tormented
To wed a ſwine as I am? make you ready.
Lupa. I would the Taylor had bin hang'd for mee
That firſt invented cloathes---O nature, nature!
More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And Oxen have no breeches to put off.
The Lamb is borne with her Freez-coat about her:
Hogs goe to bed in reſt, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hoſe and ſhoos 'ith morning
With gartring, girdling, truſſing, buttoning,

And

And a thouſand torments that afflict humanitie.
Phi. To ſee her negligence! ſhe hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The naturall redneſſe of my noſe, ſhe knowes not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If ſhe has not ſet me in the ſelfe-ſame teeeh
That I wore yeſterday, I am a Jew.
Does ſhe think that I can eat twice with the ſame,
Or that my mouth ſtands as the Vulgar does?
What? are you ſnoring there, youle riſe you ſluggard,
And make you ready?
Lupa. Riſe, and make you ready?
Two works of that, your happy birds make one;
They when they riſe are ready. Bleſſed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! ſleep in their own clothes,
And riſe with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedneſſe were come again in faſhion;
I had ſome hope then when the breſts went bare
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.
Phi. Beſhrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
Youl goe and waſh--you are a pretty husband!
Lupa. Our Sow ne're waſhes 'yet ſhe has a face
Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
If you durſt weare you owne.
Co. Madam *Superbia*,
You're ſtudying the Ladies Library,
The Looking-glaſſe; 'tis well! ſo great a beautie
Muſt have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The Peacocks taile with ſtars; 'tis ſhe attires
The Bird of Paradiſe in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowres; 'tis ſhe
Spangled the Heavens with all thoſe glorious lights;
She ſpotted th' Ermin's ſkin; and arm'd the fiſh

In

In ſilver male. But man ſhe ſent forth naked
Not that he ſhould remain ſo, but that he
Induced with reaſon ſhould adorn himſelfe
With every one of theſe. The ſilke worm is
Only mans ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted Butterfly
Above her maſter-peece. You are the Image
Of that bright godeſſe, therefore weare the Jewels
Of all the Eaſt; let the red ſea be ranſack'd
To make you glitter, look on *Luparius*
Your husband there, and ſee how in a ſloven
All the beſt characters of Divinitie,
Not yet worne out in man, are loſt and buried.
Philo. I ſee it to my griefe, pray counſell him.
Col. This vanitie in your nice Ladies humors
Of being ſo curious in her toyes, and dreſſes,
Makes me ſuſpitious of her honeſtie.
Theſe Cobweb-lawnes catch Spiders Sir, believe it;
You know that clothes doe not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age preferre
A cloake of Pluſh, before a brain of art.
You underſtand what miſery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the Draper for;
No doubt you ſpend the time your Lady loſes
In tricking up her body, to cloth the ſoule.
Lup. To cloth the ſoule? muſt the ſoule too be cloth'd?
I proteſt ſir, *I* had rather have no ſoule
Then be tormented with the clothing of it.
Roſc. *To theſe enter the extreames of modeſty, a neere kinſwoman of the vertues,* Anaiskyntia *or* Impudence, *a bawd, and* Kataplectus *an over-baſhfull Scholler: where our Author hopes the women will pardon him, if of 4. & 20 vices, he preſents but two* (pride and impudence) *of their ſexe.*

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Anaiskyntia. Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskyntia* too;--O fates!
Acolastus, and *Afotus* have ſent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O ſweet mother,
Are the Gentlemen there already?
Anaiſ. Come away,
Are you not aſham'd to be ſo baſhfull? well
If *I* had thought of this in time, I would
As ſoone have ſeene you fairly hang'd as ſent you
To 'th' Univerſitie.
Phil. What gentleman is that?
Anaiſ. A ſhamefaſt Scholar, Madam: looke upon her,
Speake to her, or you loſe your exhibition:
--Youle ſpeake I hope, weare not away your buttons,
Kata. What ſhould I ſay?
Anaiſ. Why tell her you are glad
To ſee her Ladiſhip in health, nay out with it.
Katap.--Gaudeo te bene valere--
Phil. A pretty Proficient!
What ſtanding is he of i'th' Univerſitie?
Anaiſ. He dares not anſwer to that queſtion, Madam--
Philo. How long have you bin in the Academy?
Katap. *Profecto D--Domina ſum Bac--Bac--Bacchalaureus Artium.*
Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!
Anaiſ. Nay all my coſt I ſee is ſpent in vaine;
I having as your Ladiſhip knowes full well,
Good practiſe in the Suburbs; and by reaſon
That our Mortality there is very ſubject
To an infection of the French Diſeaſe,
I brought my Nephew up i'th' Univerſitie,

Hoping

Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a Phyſitian;
But all in vaine: he is ſo baſhfull, Madam,
He dares not looke upon a womans water.
Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in baſhfulneſſe,
'Tis vertues beſt preſerver---
Kata. *Rectè dicis, ſic inquit Ariſtoteles.*
Col. That being gone,
The reſt ſoone follow, and a ſwarme of vice
Enter the ſoule; no colour but a bluſh
Becomes a young mans cheek: pure ſhamefaſtneſſe
Is porter to the lips, and eares, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modeſt: Nature ſtrives to hide
The parts of ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides,
Katap. *Natura dux optima.*
Colax. Teach us to doe ſo too in our diſcourſe.
Katap. *Gratias tibi ago.*
Philo. Inure him to ſpeake bawdy.
Anaiſ: A very good way; *Kataplectus* here's a Lad
Would heare you ſpeake obſcenely.
Katap. *Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam agi non opo*
Anaiſ. Off goes your Velvet cap! did I maintaine y
To have you diſobedient? you'l be perſwaded?
Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*
Anaiſ. What's that in engliſh?
Katap. To doe an endeavour for children.
Anaiſ. Some more of this, it may be ſomething one
Katap. *Communis eſt omnium animantium conjunti*
appetitus procreandi causâ.
Phil. Conſtrue me that.
Katap. All creatures have a naturall deſire, or appeti
be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrim

that they may have sons and daughters:
Anais. Your Landresse has bestow'd her time but ill:
Why could not this have been in proper tearmes?
If you should catechize my head, and say,
What is your name, would it not say, a head?
So would my skin confesse it selfe a skin;
Nor any part about me be asham'd
Of his owne name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd
Col. Our Stoique, the gravest of Philosophers,
Is just of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obscene, the filthinesse
Is either grounded in the things themselves,
Or in the words that signifie those things;
Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chast, and honest; if not in the things,
How in the words, the shadowes of those things?
To manure grounds, is a chast honest terme;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawfull: every man endures to heare,
He got a child; speak plainer and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The Stoique thus disputes,
That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
As they doe upward.
Anais. I commend him Madam,
Into your Ladyships service, he may mend
With counsell; let him be your Gentleman-usher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrowne with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Phil. So he will prove a Stoique;

Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a Phyſitian ;
But all in vaine : he is ſo baſhfull, Madam,
He dares not looke upon a womans water.
Colax. Sweet Gentleman proceed in baſhfulneſſe,
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Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modeſt : Nature ſtrives to hide
The parts of ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides,
Katap. Natura dux optima.
Colax. Teach us to doe ſo too in our diſcourſe.
Katap. Gratias tibi ago.
Philo. Inure him to ſpeake bawdy.
Anaiſ: A very good way ; *Kataplectus* here's a Lady,
Would heare you ſpeake obſcenely.
Katap. Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam agi non oportu
Anaiſ. Off goes your Velvet cap ! did I maintaine you
To have you diſobedient ? you'l be perſwaded ?
Katap. Liberis operam dare.
Anaiſ. What's that in engliſh ?
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Katap. Communis eſt omnium animantium conjunctio
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that they may have ſons and daughters:
Anaiſ. Your Landreſſe has beſtow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper tearmes?
If you ſhould catechize my head, and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay, a head?
So would my skin confeſſe it ſelfe a skin;
Nor any part about me be aſham'd
Of his owne name, although I catechiz'd
All over. Come good Nephew, let not me
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Is juſt of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſſe
Is either grounded in the things themſelves,
Or in the words that ſignifie thoſe things;
Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaſt, and honeſt; if not in the things,
How in the words, the ſhadowes of thoſe things?
To manure grounds, is a chaſt honeſt terme;
Another word that ſignifies the ſame,
Unlawfull; every man endures to heare,
He got a child; ſpeak plainer and he bluſhes,
Yet means the ſame. The Stoique thus diſputes,
That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
As they doe upward.
Anaiſ. I commend him Madam,
Unto your Ladyſhips ſervice, he may mend
With counſell; let him be your Gentleman-uſher;
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the juſt ſize, now overgrowne with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Phile. So he will prove a Stoique;

I long to have a Stoique ſtrut before me:
Here kiſſe my hand. Come what is that in Latin?
Katap. *Deoſculor manum.*
Philo. My lip;--nay ſir you muſt if I command you.
Katap. *Oſculor te, vel oſculor a te.*
Philo. His breath ſmells ſtrong.
Anaiſ. 'Tis but of *Logick*, Madam.
Philo. He will come to it one day--you ſhall go with me
To ſee an exquiſite glaſſe to dreſſe me by.
Nay goe! you muſt goe firſt; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, ſo--on-- *Exeunt*
Colax. Slow *Luparus* riſe, or you'l be metamorphos'd
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Lup. Where's my wife?
Colax. Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old bawd
Lup. Then I am cuckolded; If I be, my comfort is
She has put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off, yet Madam Ile prevent you. *Exit*
Roſc. *The next are the extreames of juſtice.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Iuſtice Nimis *Juſtice* Nihil.
Plus *and* Minus *their Clarks.*

Nim. *Plus!*
Plus. What ſayes your worſhip?
Nim. Have my tenants
That hold their leaſe of luſt here in the ſuburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their Lord in chiefe,
paid their rent-charge?
Plus. They have, and't pleaſe your worſhip;
I, Receiver generall gave 'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir I reſigne my Pen, and, ink-horn to you;
I ſhall forget my hand, if I ſtay here.
I have not made a *Mitimus* ſince I ſerv'd you.

Were I a reverend Justice as you are,
I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench,
But doe as Justice *Nimis* does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*
Instead of your *Totums*: People shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off, it do's me good
To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pittiful
I wake the better for it.
Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire mannor of *Clerken-well*, is pounds
So many--besides New-years capons, the Lordship
Of *Turnball* so--which with my *Pick hatch* grange
And *Shoreditch* farm, and other premises
Adjoyning--very good, a pretty maintenance
To keep a Iustice of Peace, and *Coram* too;
Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriots of all such as due, *quatenus* whores,
And ruin'd bawds, with all Amercements due
To such as hunt in Purly, this is something,
With mine own Game reserv'd
Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worships Bayly.
Parum. Wil't please your worship sir, to heare the Catalogue
Of such offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me, Sir, to heare of any
That doe offend; I would the world were innocent.
Yet to expresse my mercy you may read them.
Par. First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse.
Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Discharge him *Parum.*
Parum. Here's another brought
For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.
Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too; 'Tis the first time.
Nimis. *Plus*, say, what hopes of gain brings this dayes sinne?
Plus. *Anaistyntia* Sir was at doore
Brought by the Constable.
Nimis. Set the Constable by the heels.
he's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the bawd.
Nim. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence.*
Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not she
Plus
One of my last Compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Cis*, your worship's sinnes.
Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free 'em all.
Parum. Sir, here's a known offender: one that has
Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,
Has suffer'd Bridewell often; not a Jayle
But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder; both his eares cut off,
With his nose slit, what shall I doe with him?
Nihil. So often punish'd nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn; e'en let him run his course.
Plus Here's Mistresse *Frailty* too, the waiting-wom
Nim. For what offence?
Plus. A sinne of weakness too
Nim. Let her be strongly whipt.

Plus. An't please your worship
She has a noble mans letter.
Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must
Have the Kings Picture too.
Plus. Besides
Sh'has promis'd me I should examine her
Above i'th garret.
Nim. What's all that to me?
Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept-
Nim. Nay, if she can *intreat in English*, *Plus*,
Say she is injur'd.
Par. Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor.
Charg'd with a riot.
Nihil, *Parum*, let him goe,
He is our Neighbour.
Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A stranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, *Parum*.
Plus. Sir here's a Gentlewoman of S. *Ioanes* is
Charg'd with dishonesty.
Nim. With dishonesty?
Severity will amend per, and yet *Plus*
Aske her a question, if she will be honest?
Plus And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold.
Nim. Tell her of cooking-stooles, tel her there be
Oyster queanes, with Orange women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noyse,
Yet if she can *speak English*,
We may suppose her silent,
Par. Her's a Batchelour
And a Citizens wife for flat Adultery,
What will you doe with them?

Nih. A Citizens wife!
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Par. Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.
Nih. No enquire
First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;
And Justice counts it veniall.
Plus. Her's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophron*, that doe mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony!
Nim. Of the two which is the richer?
Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.
Nim. Then *Sophron* is the thiefe.
Plus. Here is withall
Panourgus come with one call'd *Prodotes*
Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nim. Hees the Traytour then.
Plus. How Sir? the richer?
Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus*;
We must doe some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.
Nim. Send *Eutrapeles* to th' Jaile.
Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complains Sir.
Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
will must be law: wert not for *Summum Ius*,
How could the land subsist?
Colax. I, or the Iustices
Maintaine themselves--goe on--The Land wants such

As

As dare with rigor execute her Lawes:
Her festred members must be lanc't and tented
He's a bad Surgeon, that for pitty spares
The part corrupted, 'til the Grangrene spread
And all the body perish; he that's mercifull
Unto the bad, is cruell to the good.
The Pillory must cure the eares disease;
The stocks the foots offences; let the back
Beare her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:
And yet the secret, & purse-punishment
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the vertuous & corrects the vitious
Let not the sword of Iustice sleep, and rust
Within her Velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting, Use must whet her
Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,
Till *Hydra*-like she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the Serpents brains,
All you can find--for some have lurking holes
Where they lye hid. But there's within a glasse
Will shew you every close offenders face,
Nim. Come *Plus* let 's goe in to find out these concealements;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus--
I meane to be a *Baron of Summum Jus. Exit. Ni. Plus.*
Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murther.
Nihil. How!
Par. He kill'd a man last night.
Nih. How cam't to passe?

Par. Upon a falling out.
Nib. They shall be friends, I'le reconcile 'em, *Parum.*
Par. One of them is dead.
Nib. is he not buried yet?
Par. No Sir.
Nib. Why then I say they shall shake hands.
Col. As you have done
With Clemency, most Reverend *Iustice Nihil*;
A gentle mildnesse thrones it selfe within you,
Your worship would have justice use her ballance
More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she weares, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poore offenders: How many men hath rigour
By her too hasty, and severe proceedings
Prevented from amendment, that perchance
Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good Christians?
Should Iove not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himselfe want arms,
And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.
You imitate the Gods: and he sins lesse
Strikes not at all, then he strikes once amisse.
I would not have justice too falcon-eyed;
Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her;
As when upon the bench she sleeps and winks
At the transgressions of Mortality:
In which most mercifull posture I have seen
Your pitifull Worship snorting out pardons
To the despairing sinner, there's within
A mirrour sir like you! goe see your face
How like *Astreas* 'tis in her own Glasse

Par.

Par. And I'le petition Juſtice *Nimi's* Clerke
To admit me for his under Officer. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. 4.

Agroicus.

Roſc. *This is* Agroicus, *a ruſtique clowniſh fellow, whoſe diſcourſe is all Country; an extreame of urbanity, whereby you may obſerve there is a vertue in jeſting.*

Agro. They talke of wittie diſcourſe and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle, would make a Cat piſſe to heare 'em. Cannot they be content with their Grandams Engliſh? They think they talke learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled curre howle, or Sow grunt. They muſt bee breaking of jeſts with a murrain, when I had as live heare 'em breake wind Sir reverence. My zonne *Dick* is a pretty bookiſh Schollar of his age, God bleſſe him; hee can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations God ſave all. But by'r Lady, if I wotted it would make him ſuch a Jackſawce, as to have more wit then his vore-vathers, hee ſhould have learn'd nothing for old *Agroicus*, but to keepe a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em--Boets, a new name for beggars I thinke, ſince the ſtatute againſt Gypſies. *I* would not have my zonne *Dick* one of thoſe Boets for the beſt Pig in my ſtye by the mackins: Boets? Heav'n ſhield him, and zend him to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hat, gee, ho, it is better *I* trow then bring a Boet. Boets? *I* had rather zee him remitted to the Jayle, and have his twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemn him to the Gallowes, and there ſee him vairely perſecuted. There is a *Bomolchus* one of the Boets, now a bots ake all the red-noſe tribe of 'em for *Agroicus*! he does

ſo

ſo abuſe his betters ! well 'twas a good world, when I virſt held the plow !

Col. They car'd not then ſo much for ſpeaking well
As to mean honeſt ; and in you ſtill lives
The good ſimplicity of the former times :
When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke.
The tongue-diſeaſe of Court ſpreads her infections
Through the whole Kingdome ; flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts
Are borne betweene our lips: The heart is made
A ſtranger to the tongue ; as if it us'd
A language that ſhe never underſtood.
What is it to be witty in theſe dayes,
But to be bawdy, or prophane ? at leaſt
A buſie ? Wit is grown a petulant waſpe,
And ſtings ſhe knowes not whom, not where, nor why;
Spues Vinegar, and gall on all ſhe meets
Without diſtinction, buyes laughter with the loſſe
Of reputation, Father, Kinſman, Friend ;
Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver
The idle Timpanies of a windy brain ;
That beates and throbs above the paine of child-bed,
Till every care ſhe meetes be made a Midwife
To her light Baſtard iſſue ; how many times
Bomolochus ſides, and ſhoulders ake, and groan !
He's ſo witty---here he comes--away--

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not ſtay. *Exit.*

SCEN. 5.

Bomolochus.

Roſc. *This is the other extreame of urbanity*; Bomolochus *a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it bee nothing but the baſe dregs of ſcandall, and a lump of moſt vile and loathſome ſcurrility.* *Exit.*

Bird. *I*, this is he we lookt for all the while!
Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,
Here lyes her heathenish dominion,
In this most impious cell of corruption;
For 'tis a Purgatory, a meer *Lymbo*,
Where the black Devill and his dam Scurrility
Doe rule the rost, foule Princes of the aire!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth scandals,
Soweth, and throweth scandalls, as 'twere durt
Even in the Face of holinesse, and devotion.
His presence is contagious, like a dragon
He belches poyson forth, poyson of the pit,
Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poyson;
I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeal.
Can hurry me--the roose will fall and brain me,
If *I* endure to heare his blasphemies,
His graceless blasphemies.
Rosc. He shall vent none here;
But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him,
Flow. Stay brother, I doe find the spirit grow strong.
Col. Haile sacred wit!--Earth breeds not Bayes enough
To crown thy spatious merit.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. *Cratinus*, *Eupolis*, *Aristophanes*,
Or whatsoever other wit did give
Old *Comedies* the reins, and let her loose
To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander
Of people, Prince, Nobility--All must yeeld
To this triumphant brain.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. They say you'l lose a friend before a jest,
Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
That is the true *Minerva* of this brain,

But

But is of greater value then a world
Of friends, were every payre of men we meet
A *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. Some ſay you will abuſe your Father too,
Rather than loſe the opinion of your wit;
Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours?
'Twere better twentie Parents were expoſ'd
To ſcorn and laughter, then the ſimpleſt thought
Or leaſt conceit of yours, ſhould dye abortive,
Or periſh a brain-Embrio.
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. How's this? that tongue growne ſilent that Syrens
Stood ſtill to admire?
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh-- charmony,
Col. Twere better that the ſpheares ſhould loſe their
And all the Choriſters of the wood grow hoarſe:
What Wolfe hath ſpied you firſt!
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh--
Col. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has ſtruck you dumb!
Malitious deity!
Bomo. Oh--Oh--Oh-
Cola. Goe in ſir, there's a Glaſſe that will reſtore
That tongue, whoſe ſweetneſſe Angels might adore.
Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--
Roſc. Thus Sir you ſee how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of baſe ſcurrility;
He ſhall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here,
T' infect the place with peſtilentiall breath;
We'le keep him tongue-tide; you, and all, I promiſe
By *Phœbus* and his daughters, whoſe chaſt zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied;

Our language ſhall flow chaſte, nothing ſounds here
That can give juſt offence to a ſtrict eare.
Bird. This gagg hath wrought my good opinion of you.
Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull re creations.
Colax. Now there's none left here, wh reon to practiſe,
I'le flatter my deare ſelfe---O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiſſe it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other halfe!
Selfe-love, *Narciſſus*, had not beene a fault,
Hadſt thou, inſtead of ſuch a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
And praiſe it into Alchymie, till it goe
For perfect gold, and cozen almoſt the touchſtone;
I can perſwade a toad into an Oxe,
Till I well'd too big with my *Hyperboles*
She burſt aſunder, and 'tis vertues name
Lends me a maske to ſcandalize her ſelfe.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe:
That art is great makes vertue guilty too.
I have ſuch ſtrange varieties of colours,
Such ſhifts of ſhapes, blew *Proteus* ſure begot me
On a Cameleon, and I change ſo quick
That I ſuſpect my mother did conceive me,
As they ſay Mares doe, on ſome wind or other.
I'le peep to ſee how many fooles *I* made
With a report of a miraculous glaſſe.
--Heaven bleſſe me, I am ruin'd! O my brain
Witty to my undoing! I have jeſted
My ſelfe to an eternall miſery.
I ſee lean hunger with her meager face

Ride

Ride Poſt to overtake me, I doe propheſie
A Lent immortall; *Phœbus* I could curſe
Thee and thy brittle gifts; *Pandora's* box
Compar'd with this might be eſteem'd a bleſſing.
The Glaſſe which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,
The two extreames of every vertue there
Beholding how they either did exceed,
Or want of juſt proportion, joynd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect Mean:
As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Phyſitian
Does take too different poyſons, one thats cold,
The other in the ſame degree of heate,
And blends them both to make an Antidote;
Or as the Lutaniſt takes Flats and ſharps,
And out of thoſe ſo diſſonant notes, does ſtrike
A raviſhing Harmony. Now there is no vice
Tis a hard world for *Colax*: what ſhift now?
Dyſcolus doth expect me--ſince this age
Is growne too wiſe to entertaine a Paraſite,
Ile to the Glaſſe, and there turn vertuous too,
Still ſtrive to pleaſe, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is good uſe indeed-la to be made
From their Converſion.
Flow. Very good inſooth--la
And edifying.
Roſc. Give your eyes ſome reſpite.
You know already what our Vices be,
In the next Act you ſhall our vertues ſee.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

Roſcius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. Now verily I find the devout Bee
May ſuck the hony of good Doctrine thence,

And

And beare it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious ſpider
Gathers her impious Venome! I have pick'd
Out of the Garden of this play a good
And wholeſome ſalad of inſtruction!
What doe you next preſent?
Roſc. The ſeverall vertues.
Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!
Roſc. There be not.
Bird. Then I'le ſtay, I hate a vertue
That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall*-vertues,
Next to *Pope*-vertues are moſt impious.
Biſhop-vertues are unwarrantable
I hate a vertue in a Morris dance.
I will allow of none but Deacon-vertues,
Or Elder-vertues.
Roſc. Theſe are Morall-vertues.
Bird. Are they lay-vertues?
Roſc. Yes!
Bird. Then they are lawfull,
Vertues in Orders are unſanctified.
Roſc. We doe preſent them royall, as they are
In all their ſtate, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton Jig I hope, no dance is lawfull
But *Prinkum Prankum*!
Flow. Will vertues dance?
O vile, abſurd, Maypole--Maid-Marrian vertue!
Roſc. Dancing is lawfull, &c.

Flouriſh.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?
Roſc. It is the Mother of vertues.

Flow.

Flow. Mother of Pearle I think ſhe is ſo gawdy,
Roſe. It is the golden Mediocritie.
Flow. She looketh like the Idoll of *Cheap-ſide.*

Mediocritie.

Med. I am that even courſe that muſt be kept
To ſhun two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract
'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the ſmall *Iſthmus*
That ſuffers not th' *Ægean* tide to meet
The violent rage of the *Jonian* wave.
I am a bridge o're an impetuous ſea;
Free, and ſafe paſſage to the waty ſtep:
But he whoſe wantonneſſe, or folly dares
Decline to either ſide, falls deſperate
Into a certaine ruine,--Dwell with me,
Whoſe manſion is not plac'd ſo neere the Sun,
As to complaine of's neighbourhood, and be ſcorch'd
With his direcfter beames: nor ſo remote
From his bright rayes as to be ſituate
Under the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am ſhe,
I am the golden Mediocritie:
The labour of whoſe wombe are all the vertues,
And every paſſion too commendable:
Siſters ſo like themſelves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to diſtinguiſh them
But a reſpect they beare to ſeverall objects:
Elſe had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven faire Virgins of a bloud,
All Siſters, and alike grown ripe of yeares,
Match into ſeverall houſes, from each family,
Each makes a name diſtinct, and all are different;
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a ſweet mixture of the fleſh and bleud.

As if both roſes were confounded there.
Their ſtature neither Dwarfe nor Gyantiſh,
But in a comely well diſpos'd proportion;
And all ſo like th. ir Mother, that indeed
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midſt of dangers I ſtand up
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,
Not ſo ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearfull of heaven's juſt anger when ſhe ſpeaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my Religion, ſhake to ſee my Country
Threatned with fire and ſword, by a ſtark coward
To anything may blaſt my reputation:
But I can ſcorne the worſt of poverty,
Sickneſſe, Captivity, Baniſhment, Grim death,
If ſhe dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my countries cauſe upon my ſword
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civill blood, or cuſtomary danger;
Nor the fooles whetſtone, in experience;
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleaſures,
And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths juſt ſteward,
And call me *Liberality*; with one hand
I'le gather riches home, and with the other
Rightly diſtibute e'm, and there obſerve
The perſons, quantity, quality, time & place:
And if in great expences I be ſet
Chiefe Arbitreſſe, I can in glorious works,
As raiſing Temples, Statues, Altars, Shrines,
Veſtures, and ornaments to Religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.

And to my country the like meane obſerve,
In building Ships, and Bulwarks, Caſtles, wals,
Conduits, Theaters, and what elſe may ſerve her
For uſe or ornament: and at home be royall
In buildings, Gardens, coſtly furniture,
In entertainments free and hoſpitable,
With a reſpect to my eſtate, and meanes,
And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence;*
As *Magnanimity*, when I wiſely aime
At greateſt honours, if I may deſerve'm,
Not for ambition, but for my countries good,
And in that vertue all the reſt doe dwell.
In leſſer dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up ſuch groſſe wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that obſerve
What cauſe hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
Look that it be not ſuddaine, nor too thirſty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Then the offence, know my time when, where
I muſt be angry, and how long remain ſo;
Then, then you may ſirname me *Manſuetude.*
When in my carriage and diſcourſe I keep
The meane that neither flatters nor offends,
I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
Gives name and ſhould doe being--*Courteſy.*
Twixt ſly diſſembling and proud arrogance
I am the Vertue Time calls daughter, *Truth.*
Give me my ſword and ballance rightly ſwayd,
And *Iuſtice* is the Title I deſerve.
When on this ſtage I come with innocent wit,
And jeſts that have more of the ſalt then gall.
That move the laughter and delight of all,

With

Without the griefe of one; free, chaste conceits,
Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberall,
Or contumelious slandyrs, *I* am then
The vertue they have term'd, *Vrbanity:*
To whom if your least countenance may appeare
She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.-

The Song.

SCEN. 2.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Mediac. You have seen all my daughters, Gentlemen.
Chuse you wives hence; you that are Batchelours
Can find no better; and the maried too
May wed'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the same wife, and the same man
May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamie;
He that weds most is chastest; These are all
The daughters of my wombe; *I* have five more,
The happy issue of my intellect
And thence syrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues
They now attend not on their Mothers traine,
We hope they Act in each spectators braine.
I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one
My daughters deare companion--lovely Friendship
A Royall nymph; her we present not too,
It is a vertue we expect from you.

Exit cum Choro cantantium.

SCEN. 3.

Ard. O Sister what a glorious traine they be
Flow. They seem to me the Family of love,
But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius?*
Rosc. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo
Who in the worlds bright eye and every day
Sett in this Car of light, survaies the earth

From East to West: who finding every place
Fruitfull in nothing but fantastique follies,
And most ridiculous humours, as he is
The God of Physick, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
And now grown Epidemicall: many Receits
He thought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
In every Garden--But none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the *Muses* spring,
And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
Into a Christall--That being done, he makes,
A Mirrour with it: and instills this vertue,
That it should by reflection shew each man
All his deformities both of soule and body,
And cure 'em both---
Flow. Good Brother lets goe see it!
Saints may want something of perfection.
Rosc. The Glasse is but of one daies continuance
For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,
His Kingdome would grow empty (for ti's sin
That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing
As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer then the Beasts of *Hyppanis*
That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
But *Phœbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
Will, when the Glasse is broke, transfuse her vertue
To live in Comœdie--If you meane to see it,
Make haste---
Flow. We will goe post to reformation. *Exeunt*
Rosc. Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare

this poore labour--our diſtruſtfull Author
hinks the ſame Sun that roſe upon her cradle
ill hardly ſet before her funerall:
our gratious and kind acceptance may
eepe her alive from death, or when ſhee's dead,
aiſe her again, and ſpin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4.

Enter Flowredew and Bird.

low. This ignorance even makes Religion ſin,
ets zeale upon the rack, and ſtretches her
eyond her length--Moſt bleſſed Looking-glaſſe
hat didſt inſtruct my blinded eyes to day,
ight have gone to hell the Narrow way!
d. Hereafter I will viſit Comœdies,
nd ſee them oft, they are good exerciſes!--
e teach devotion now a milder temper,
ot that it ſhall loſe any of her heat
r Purity; but henceforth ſhall be ſuch (*Exeunt.*
s ſhall burn bright, although not blaze ſo much.

EPILOGVS.

Roſcius ſolus.

Have ſeen The Muſes Looking-Glaſſe, *Ladies faire,*
And Gentle youths; and others too who ere
ave fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
ur ſelves unto your ſelves ſtill to preſent.

A ſouldier ſhall himſelfe in Hector *ſee,*
Grave Councellours, Neſtor, *view themſelves in thee,*
when Lucrece *Part ſhall on our Stage appeare,*
Every chaſt Ladie ſees her ſhadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glaſſes
will ſhew both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: But we need not feare,
we doe not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire ſoule and a Beauteous face,
will viſit oft the Muſes Looking-Glaſſe.

FINIS.

AMYNTAS.

OR THE IMPOSSIBLE DOWRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED
before the King and Queene
At *WHITE-HALL.*

By T. R.

Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere Carmen.

OXFORD

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1640.

Drammatis personæ

Pilumnus. The high Priest of *Ceres*: Father to *Da*
and *Vrania.*

Medorus. Father to *Laurinda.*

Claius. A wild Sylvan, father to *Amynta* a
Amaryllis

Corymbus An under-Priest.

Damon. } Two Rivalls in *Laurinda's* Love.
Alexis. }

Amyntas. A mand Shepheard.

Laurinda. A wavering Nymph.

Vrania A sad Nymph; enamoured on *Amynta.*

Amaryllis. A distressed sheapheardesse, in love w
Damon.

Thestylis. An old Nymph, sister to *Claius.*

Iocastus. A fantastique sheapheard and a fairy Kn

Bromius. His man, a blunt Clown.

Mopsus. A foolish Augur enamoured on *Thestylis.*

Dorylas. A knavish boy.

Echo.

Chorus of { *Priests.* *Shepheards.* *Nymphs.*

Quorum sit mentio,
Philæbus
Lalage.
Mycon.

The Scene Sicilie, *in the holy vale.*

The time an Astrological day from Noone to Noone.

Pro

PROLOGVS.

Nymph. Shepheard.

Nymph. I'Le ſpeake the Prologue.

Shep. Then you doe me wrong.

Nymp. Why, dare your Sexe compare
with ours for tongue?

Shep. A Female *Prologue*!

Nym. Yes, as well as Male.

Shep. That's a new trick;

Nym. And t'other is as ſtale.

Shep. Men are more eloquent then women made.

Nym. But women are more powerfull to perſwade.

Shep. It ſeemes ſo; for I dare no more contend.

Nymph. Then beſt give ore the ſtrife, and make an end.

Shep. I will not yeeld.

Nymph. Shall we divide it then?

Shep. You to the women ſpeake.

Nymph. You to the Men.

Shep. Gentlemen, look not from us Rurall Swaines
For poliſh'd ſpeech, high lines, or Courtly ſtraines:
Expect not we ſhould bring a labour'd Scene,
Or complements; we ken not what they meane.

Nym. And Ladies, we poore Country Girles doe come
With ſuch behaviour as we learn'd at home.
How ſhall we talke to Nymphs ſo trim and gay,
That nere ſaw Lady yet, but at a *May*?

Shep. His muſe is very baſhfull, ſhould you throw
A Snake into her Cradle, I doe know
She is no *Hercules* to outlive your Ire.

Nym.

Nym. One Hisse would make the fearefull foole expire,
Without a sting.
Sh. Gentlemen do but you
Like this, no matter what the women doe.
Nym. It was a lawcy Swain thus to conclude!
Ladies, the Gentlemen are not so rude,
If they were ever school'd by powerfull love,
As to dislike the things you shall approve.
If you but like him 'twill be greater praise
Then if each Muse of Nine had fetch'd him Bayes.

AMYNTAS.

ACTVS. I. SCENA I.

Laurinda. Dorylas

Dor. TIs newes *Laurinda* that will ravish you!
L. How, ravish me? if't be such desperate newes
I pray conceale it.
Dor. So *I* will.
Laur. Nay *Dorylas*,
Pray tell it though.
Dor. Tis desperate news, I dare not,
Laur. But prethee doe.
Dor. I must conceale it.
Laur. Doe not.
Dor. Mistresse you have prevail'd: I will relate it.
Laur: No matter though whether you doe or no.

Dor.

Dor. No ? then I will not tell you.
Laur. Yet I care not
Much if I heare it.
Dor. And I care not much
Whether I tel't or no.
Laur. What is it ?
Dor. Nothing
Laur. Sweet *Dorylas* let me know.
Dor. What pretty weather-Cocks
Theſe women are ? I ſerve a Miſtreſſe here
Fit to have made a Planet : ſheele waxe and wane
Twice in a minute.
Laur. But good *Dorylas*
Your newes.
Dor. Why excellent newes !
Laur. But what ?
Dor. Rare newes !
Newes ſir,--
Laur. For what ?
Dor. To be conceal'd : why Miſtreſſe,
The Rivalls, thoſe on whom this powerfull face
Doth play the Tyrant.---
Laur. Dorylas, what of them ?
Dor. Now, now ſhe wanes : O for a dainty husband
To make her a full Moone ! The amorous couple,
Your brace of ſweet hearts, *Damon* and *Alexis*
Deſire your audience.
Laur. Is this all your newes ?
You may conceale it.
Dor. Now you have heard it told
I may conceale it ! well, I thank thee nature
Thou didſt create me man, for I want wit
Enough to make up woman : but good Miſtris

What

What doe you think of *Damon* ?
Laur. As a Man
Worthy the beſt of Nymphs.
Dor. What of *Alexis* ?
Laur. As one that may deſerve the faireſt Virgin
In *Sicily*.
Dor. What Virgin ?
Lau. Proſerpine,
Were ſhe yet *Ceres* daughter
Dor. And what *Damon* ?
Lau. He ? *Ceres* ſelfe, were ſhe not yet a mother.
Dor. Creet, Creet ! There is no Labyrinth but a woman !
Laurinda, gentle Miſtreſſe tell me which
Of theſe you love ?
Lau. Why *Damon* beſt of any.
Dor. Why ſo, that's well and plaine.
Lau. Except *Alexis*--
Dor. Why then you love *Alexis* beſt ?
Lau. Of any.
Dor. I am glad on't.
Lau. But my *Damon*.
Dor. Be this true
And Ile be ſworn *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler ;
Preſto ! You love *Alexis* beſt but *Damon*,
And *Damon* but *Alexis* ! love you *Damon* ?
Lau. I doe.
Dor. And not *Alexis* ?
Lau. And *Alexis*.
Dor. She would ha' both *I* thinke.
Lau. Not *I* by *Ceres*.
Dor. Then you love neither ?
Lau. Yes, *I* doe love either.
Dor. Either, and yet not both, both beſt, yet neither ;

Why

Why doe you torture thoſe with equall Racks,
That both vow ſervice to you? If your love
Have prefer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it;
Or if *Alexis*, let poore *Damon* know it,
That he which is refus'd, ſmothering his flame,
May make another choice, now doubtfull hope
Kindles deſire in both.
Lau. Ah *Dorilas*,
Thy yeares are yet uncapable of love!
Thou haſt not learn'd the myſteries of *Cupid*!
Doſt thou not ſee through all *Sicilia*,
From gentleſt ſhepheards to the meaneſt Swaines,
What inauſpicious torches *Hymen* lights
At every wedding? what unfortunate hands
Link in the wedding ring? Nothing but feares
Jarres, diſcontents, ſuſpitions, Jealouſies,
Theſe many yeares meet in the bridall ſheets.
Or if all theſe be miſſing, yet a barrenneſſe,
A curſe as cruell, or Abortive births
Are all the bleſſings crowne the Geniall bed
Till the ſucceſſe prove happier, and I find
A bleſſed change, *Ile* temper my affection,
Conceale my flames, diſſemble all my fires,
And ſpend thoſe yeares I owe to love and beauty
Only in chooſing on whoſe love to fixe
My love and beauty.
Dor. Rare Feminine wiſdome!
Will you admit 'em?
Lau. Yes, goe call them hither.
Yet doe not, now I think on't; yet you may too;
And yet come back again.
Dor. Nay I will goe.
Lau. Why *Dorylas*,

Dor.

Dor. What newes?
Lau. Come back I say.
Dor. Yes, to be sent againe.
Lau. You'l stay *I* hope.
Dor. Not I by *Ceres.*
Lau. Dorylas.
Dor. No good Mistresse
Farewell, for I at length have learn'd to know
You call me back only to bid me goe, *Exit.*
Lau. Tis no great matter sirrah :--when they come
Ile beare my selfe so equall unto both,
As both shall thinke I love him best, this why
I keep both fires alive, that when I please
I may take which *I* please.--But who comes here?

SCEN. 2.

Laurinda. Thestylis.

O *Thestylis* y'are welcome!
Thest. If *Laurinda,*
My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely
As to disturbe your private meditations,
I begge your pardon.
Lau. How now *Thestylis?*
Grown Orator of late? has learned *Mopsus*
Read Rhetorique unto you, that you come
To see me with *Exordiums?*
Thest. No *Laurinda*;
But if there be a charm call'd Rhetorique;
An art, that woods and forrests cannot skill;
That with perswasive magique could command
A pitty in your soule, I would my tongue
Had learn'd that powerfull art!
Lau. Why *Thestylis,*
Thou know'st the brests I suck'd were neither Wolves

Nor

Nor Tygers, and *I* have a heart of waxe,
Soft and ſoone melting; try this amorous heart, 'tis not
Of flint or marble.
The. If it were, *Laurinda*,
The teares of her, whoſe Orator I come
Have power to ſoften it. Beauteous *Amaryllis*,
She that in this unfortunate age of love,
This hapleſſe time of *Cupids* Tyranny
Plac'd her affection on a ſcornfull ſheapheard,
One that diſdaines her love.
Lau. Diſdaines her love!
I tell thee *Theſtylis* in my poore judgement,
(And women if no envie blind their eyes,
Beſt Judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis*
May make a bride worthy the proudeſt Sheapheard
In all *Sicilia*: but wherein can *I*
Pitty this injur'd Nymph?
The. Thus ſhe deſires you,
As you deſire to thrive in him you love;
As you do love him whom you moſt deſire,
Not to love *Damon*: *Damon* alas repaies
Her love with ſcorn; tis a requeſt ſhe ſaies
She knowes you cannot grant, but if you doe not
She will not live to aske again.
Lau. Poore Nymph!
My *Amaryllis* knowes my fidelity.
How often have we ſported on the Lawns,
And danc'd a roundelay to *Jocaſtus* pipe?
If *I* can doe her ſervice *Theſtylis*,
Be ſure *I* will: Good wench, *I* dare not ſtay
Leſt *I* diſpleaſe my Father; who in this age
Of hapleſſe lovers watches me as cloſe
As did the Dragon the *Heſperian* fruit.

Fare-

Farewell. *Exit. Laur.*

Thest. Farewell *Laurinda* ! Thus poore foole
I toyle for others like the painfull Bee,
From every flower cull hony drops of love
To bring to others hives : *Cupid* does this
Cause *I* am *Claius* sister. Other Nymphs
Have their variety of loves, for every gown,
Nay every petticote ; *I* have only one,
The poore foole *Mopsus* ! yet no matter wench,
Fooles never were in more request then now ;
Ile make much of him, for that woman lyes
In weary sheets, whose Husband is too wise.

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Jocastus.

Mop. *Jocastus*, *I* love *Thestylis* abominably,
The mouth of my affection waters at her.
Io. Be wary *Mopsus*, learne of me to scorn
The mortalls ; choose a better match : go love
Some *Fairy* Lady ! Princely *Oberon*
Shall stand thy friend : and beauteous *Mab* his Queen
Give thee a *Maid of Honour.*
Mop. How *Jocastus* ?
Marry a Puppet ? Wed a mote ith'Sunne ?
Go looke a wife in nutshels ? wooe a gnat
That's nothing but a voice ? No, no, *Jocastus*,
I must have flesh and bloud, and will have *Thestylis.*
A fig for *Fairies* !
The.---Tis my sweet-heart *Mopsus*,
And his wise brother : O the twins of folly !
These doe I entertaine only to season
The poore *Amyntas* madnesse.
Mop. Sacred red and white,

How

How fares thy reverend beauty?
Theſt. Very ill
Since you were abſent, *Mopſus*! where have you
Been all this live-long houre?
Mop. I have been
Diſcourſing with the birds.
Theſt. Why, can birds ſpeak?
Mo. In Fairy land they can: I have heard 'em chirp
Very good Greek and Latin.
Mop. And our Birds
Talk better farre than they: a new-laid egge
Of *Sicily* ſhall out-talk the braveſt Parrot
In *Oberons Vtopia.*
Theſt. But what languages
Doe they ſpeak, ſervant?
Mop. Severall languages,
As *Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation.*
Whiſtleation, Crowation, Cackleation,
Shreekation, Hiſſation.
Theſt. And Foolation?
Mop. No, that's our language, we our ſelves ſpeak that,
That are the learned Auguis.
Theſt. What ſucceſſe
Does your Art promiſe?
Mop. Very good.
Theſt. What Birds
Met you then firſt?
Mop. A Wood-cock and a Gooſe.
Theſt. Well met.
Mop. I told 'm ſo.
Theſt. And what might this portend? (and Cock.
Mop. Why thus——and firſt the Wood-cock——Wood
Are very good ſignes. For firſt the wood doth ſignify

The fire of our love ſhall never goe out,
Becauſe it has more fuell: wood doth ſignifie
More fuell,
Theſt. What the Cock?
Mop. Better then t'other:
That I ſhall crow o're thoſe that are my rivals,
And rooſt my ſelfe with thee.
Theſt. But now the Gooſe?
Mop. I, I, the Gooſe that likes me beſt of all,
Th'aſt heard our gray-beard ſheapheards talke of Rome
And what the Geeſe did there: The Gooſe doth ſignifie
That I ſhall keep thy *Capitoll.*
Theſt. Good Gander!
Jo.---It cannot chooſe but ſtrangely pleaſe his highneſſe
Theſt. What are you ſtudying of *Iocaſtus*, ha?
Jo. A rare device, a Maſque to entertaine
His grace of *Fairy* with.
Theſt. A Maſque? what i'ſt?
Jo. An anti-Maſque of fleas, which I have taught
To dance Curranto's on a ſpiders thread.
Mop. An anti-maſque of fleas? brother me thinks
A Maſque of Birds were better, that could dance
The morice in the ayre, Wrens and Robbin-redbreſts,
Linnets, and Titmice.
Jo. So! and why not rather
Your Geeſe and wood-cocks? Mortall hold thy tongue,
Thou doſt not know the myſtery.
Theſt. Tis true.
He tells you *Mopſus*, leave your Augury,
Follow his counſell, and be wiſe.
Mop. Be wiſe?
I ſkorn the motion! follow his counſell and be wiſe?
That's a fine trick i'faith! is this an age

For to be wiſe in ?
The. Then you mean *I* ſee,
T' expound the Oracle,
Mop. I doe mean to be
Th' interpreter.
Jo.--And then a Jig of Piſmire
Is excellent.
Mop. What to interpret Oracles ?
A foole muſt be th'interpreter.
The. Then no doubt
But you will have honour.
Mop. Nay I hope
I am as faire for't as another man.
If I ſhould now grow wiſe againſt my will,
And catch this wiſdome !
The. Never feare it *Mopſus.*
Mop. Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I think on't too
Pray Heaven this ayre be wholeſome ! is there not
An Antidote againſt it ? what doe you think
Of Garlick every morning ?
The. Fye upon't,
'Twill ſpoyle our kiſſing ! and beſides I tell you
Garlicks a dangerous diſh, eating of garlick
May breed the ſickneſſe, for as I remember
Tis the Philoſophers diet.
Mop. Certainly
I am infected, now the fit's upon me !
Tis ſome thing like an ague, ſure I caught it
With talking with a Schollar next my heart.
The. How ſad a life live I
Betwixt their folly and *Amyntas* madneſſe !
For *Mopſus* Ile preſcribe you ſuch a diet
As ſhall ſecure you.

Mop. Excellent ſhe Doctor!
Your women are the beſt Phyſitians,
And have the better practice.
The. Firſt my *Mopſus*,
Take heed of faſting, for your hungry meales
Nurſe wiſdome.
Mop. True! O what a ſtomack have I
To be her patient!
The. Beſides, take ſpeciall care
You weare not thred-bare clothes: 'twill breed at leaſt
Suſpition you are wiſe.
Jo. I marry will it.
The. And walk not much alone; or if you walk
With company, be ſure you walke with fooles,
None of the wiſe.
Mop. No, on, I warrant you,
Ile walk with no body but my brother here,
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.
The. By all meanes
Take heed of Travell, your beyond-ſea wit
Is to be fear'd.
Mop. If ere *I* travell hang me.
Jo. Not to the *Fairy* land?
The. Thither he may.
But above all things weare no beard, long beards
Are ſignes the brains are full; becauſe the excrements
Come out ſo plentifully.
Jo. Rather emptie;
Becauſe they have ſent ſo much out, as if
Their brains were ſunk into their beards: King *Oberon*
Has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am ſure
He might have beene a Gyant. Who comes here?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter
Of fowles and Oracles!
Mop. Thankes good *Dorylas.*
Dor. How fares the winged cattell? are the wood-cocks,
The Jayes, the Dawes, the Cuckoes, and the Owles
In health?
Mop. I thanke the gratious ſtarres they are.
Dor. Like health unto the preſident of the jigs,
I hope King *Oberon* and his Royall *Mab*
Are well.
Jo. They are, *I* never ſaw their Graces
Eate ſuch a meale before.
Dor. E'ne much good do't'em!
Jo. They're rid a hunting.
Dor. Hare, or Deere my Lord?
Jo. Neither, a brace of ſnailes of the firſt head.
Theſt. But *Dorylas*, ther's a mighty quarrell here,
and you are choſen umpire.
Dor. About what?
Theſt. The expoſition of the Oracle.
Which of theſe two you think the verier foole.
Dor. It is a difficult cauſe, firſt let me poſe'em.
You *Mopſus*, cauſe you are a learned Augur,
How many are the ſeven liberall Sciences?
Mop. Why, much about a dozen.
Dor. You *Jocaſtus*,
When *Oberon* ſhav'd himſelfe, who was his Barber?
Jo. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Perriwinckle.*
Dor. *Theſtilis*,
A weighty cauſe and askes a longer time.
The. Wee'l in the while to comfort ſad *Amyntas.*

Exeunt The. Mop. Jo.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas. Laurinda.

Lau. I wonder much that *Dorlyas* ſtayes ſo long,
Fain would I heare whether they'l come or no.
Do. Ha? would you ſo?
Lau. I ſee in your Meſſages
You can goe faſt enough.
Dor. Indeed forſooth,
I loyter'd by the way.
Lau. VVhat will they come?
Dor. Which of them?
Lau. *Damon.*
Dor. No.
Lau. *Alexis* will?
Dor. Nor he.
Lau. How, neither? am I then neglected?
Dor. *Damon* will come.
Lau. And not *Alexis* too?
Dor. Only *Alexis* comes.
Lau. Let him not come.
I wonder who ſent for him; unleſſe both,
Ile ſpeake with none.
Dor. Why, both will viſit you.
Lau. Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you ſawcy raſcall you,
How doe you ſtrive to croſſe me?
Dor. And ſweet miſtreſſe,
Still I will croſſe you, 'tis the only way
Truly to pleaſe you.

SCEN. 5.

Enter Medorus.

Medo. So, you'l all pleaſe her,
I wonder who'l pleaſe me? you all for her

Can

Can runne on errants, carry love-ſicke letters,
And amorous Eglogues from her howling ſuiters
To her, and back again, be *Cupids* Heraulds,
And point out meetings for her.
Dor. Truly Sir,
Not I, pray aske my Miſtreſſe:
Your ſweet-hearts, ſpeak, ſpeak, nay ſpeak if you can;
Doe *I*?
Lau. Why no.
Dor. Nay ſay your worſt, I care not,
Did I goe ever?
Lau. Never.
Dor. La you now!
We were deviſing nothing but a ſnare
To catch the Pole-cat,
Med. Sirrah get you in;
Take heed I doe not find your haunts.
Dor. What haunts?
Med. You'l in?
Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy,
To skimme the milk-bowles like a lickoriſh *Fairy*.
Exit. Dor.
Med. Hee that's a womans keeper, ſhould have eyes
A hundred more than *Argus*, and his eares
Double the number. Now the newes, what letters?
What poſie, ring or bracelet wooes to day?
What grove to night is conſcious of your whiſpers?
Come tell me for *I* feare your truſty ſquire,
Your little cloſet blabbes into your eare
Some ſecret, let me know it.
Lau. Then you feare,
Leſt I ſhould be in love.
Med. Indeed I doe,

Cupid's a dangerous boy, and often wounds
The wanton roving eye.
Lau. Were *I* in love,
Not that I am (for yet by *Diana's* bow
I have not made my choice,) and yet suppose,
Suppose I say I were in love, what then?
Me. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girle,
Till loves prove happier, till the wretched *Claius*
Hath satisfied the gods.
Lau. Why *Claius*, Father?
Me. Hast thou not heard it?
Lau. Never. *Me.* Tis impossible.
Lau. How should *I* sir? you know that my discourse
Is all with walls and pictures, *I* nere meet
The Virgins on the downs.
Me. Why I will tell thee,
Thou knowest *Pilumnus*?
Lau. The high Priest of *Ceres*?
Me. Yes: This *Pilumnus* had a son *Philæbus*,
Who was, while yet he was, the only joy
The staffe and comfort of his fathers age,
And might have still been so, had not fond love
Undone him.
Lau. How did love undoe *Philæbus*?
Me. VVhy thus; one *Lalage*, a beauteous Nymph
As ever eye admired, *Alphestus* daughter,
VVas by her father promis'd him in marriage.
Lau. VVhy hitherto his love had good successe.
Me. But only promis'd: for the sheapheard *Claius*,
(A man accursed in *Sicilian* fields!)
Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage*
From sweet *Philæbus*: he sad heart being rob'd,
Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty

VVhich

Which gave him life and motion; seeing *Claius*
Injoy those lips whose cherries were the food
That nurs'd his soule, spent all his time in sorrow,
In melancholy sighes and discontents;
Look'd like a witherd tree o' regrown with mosse,
His eyes were ever dropping Iceakles.
Disdain and sorrow made *Pilumuus* rage,
And in this rage, he makes his moan to *Ceres*
(*Ceres* most sacred of *Sicilian* powers;)
And in those moanes, he prosecutes revenge,
And that revenge to fall on *Lalage*.
Lau. Would *Ceres* heare his prayers?
Me. Silly maid!
His passions were not causeless; and with what justice
Could she deny *Pilumnus*? how oft hath he sprinkled,
The finest flower of wheat, and sweetest myrrhe.
Upon her Altars? *Lalage* ru'd the time
Shee flouted brave *Philæbus*. Now she was great
With two sweet twins, the faire chaste *Amaryllis*,
And mad *Amyntas*; (an unlucky payre!)
These she brought forth, but never liv'd to see them:
Lucina caus'd her sorrowes stop her breath;
Leaving this matchlesse payre of beauteous infants,
In whom till now she lives.
Lau. After her death,
How far'd the sorrowfull *Philæbus*?
Me. Worse
Then ever: She being dead whose life was his,
Whose looks did hold his eyes from shutting up,
He pin'd away in sorrowes, griefe it was
To see she was not his, but greater farre
That she was not at all. Her Exequies being past,
He casts him down upon that turfe of earth,

Under

Under whoſe roofe his *Lalage* was hous'd,
And parlied with her aſhes, till his owne lamp
Was quite extinguiſh'd with a fatall damp
Here ended th' noble ſheapheard.
Lau. Unhappy lover!
Tis pitty but the Virgins once a yeare,
Should waſh his tomb with maiden teares! but now
Both *Lalage* being dead, and her *Philæbus*,
How comes it other loves ſhould prove unfortunate?
Med. Pilumnus having loſt his hopefull Sonne,
Though he had two more Children, faire *Prania*
And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*
Suffic'd not his revenge, but he a new implores (me thus
His goddeſſe wrath 'gainſt *Claius*--Doth *Ceres* prize
Shall *Claius* tread upon the the flowry Plain,
And walke upon the aſhes of my body?
Will I be *Archy-flamen* where the gods
Are ſo remiſſe? let wolves approach their ſhrines?
Their howlings are as powerfull as the Prayers
Of ſad *Pilumnus*!---Such diſgueſts at laſt
A waken'd *Ceres*: with hollow murmuring noiſe
Her *Ompha* like a thunder 'gins to roare.
(The *Ompha* if it menace ſpeaks at large
In copious language, but perplexed terms.)
And laid this curſe on all *Trinacria*.

Sicilian ſwains, ill luck ſhall long betide
To every bridegroome, and to every bride
No ſacrifice, no vow ſhall ſtill mine Ire,
Til Claius *blood both quench & kindle fire*
The wiſe ſhall miſconceive me, and the wit
Scornd, and neglected ſhall my meaning hit.

Lau. Angry and Intricate! Alas for love!
What then became of *Claius*?

Me. Why, the *Ompha*
Having denounc'd againſt him, and he knowing
The hate of old *Pilumnus* fled away:
I think he's ſayl'd to the *Antipodes*,
No tidings can be brought what ground receives him,
Unleſſe *Corymbus* make a happy voyage;
Corymbus that will ſearch both Eaſt and Occident
And when he finds him, ſpill his captive blood.
Which *Ceres* grant he may! tender *Laurinda*.
Now doſt thou ſee the reaſon of my care,
And why my watchfull eyes ſo cloſe obſerve
Thy ſteps and actions.
Lau. And I promiſe, father,
To temper my affections, 'till the Goddeſſe
Doe mitigate her anger.
Me. Doe ſo then:
For now you ſee with what unfortunate choice
Pilumnus daughter, delicate *Vrania* loves
The mad *Amyntas*: for the angry Goddeſſe,
Though ſhe repaid the wrong done to *Philæbus*,
Yet not approving the revengefull mind
Of great *Pilumnus*, ſcourg'd him with his own asking,
By threatning an unhappy marriage
To his *Vrania*, unleſſe he that wooes her
Pay an impoſible Dowry; for as others
Give Portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Prieſts
Uſe to receive for theirs. The words are theſe,
That which thou haſt not, maiſt not, canſt not have
Amyntas, *is the Dowry that I crave.*
Reſt hopeleſſe in thy love, or elſe divine
To give Urania *this, and ſhe is thine.*
Which while the poore *Amyntas* would Interpret,
He loſt his wits; take heed of love, *Laurinda*,

You

You see th' unhappinesse of it in others;
Let not experience in thy selfe instruct thee
Be wise my Girle: so come and follow me.
Lau. I'le make a Garland for my kid and follow you.
What a sad tale was here! how full of sorrow!
Happy that heart that never felt the shaft
Of angry *Cupid*!

SCEN. 6.

Damon. Alexis.

Damon and *Alexis*?
Their presence quickly puts these cogitations
Out of my minde: Poore soules, I fain would pity thee
And yet I cannot, for to pitie one
Were not to pity t'other, and to pity
Both were to pity neither. Mine old temper
Is all the shift I have; some dew of comfort
To either of th'm. How now bold intruders,
How dare you venture on my privacy?
If you must needs have this walk, be it so!
I'le seek another: What? you 'll let me goe,
Da. Cruell *Laurinda* (if a word so foule
Can have so faire a dwelling,) seale not up
Thy eares, but let a pity enter there
And find a passage to thy heart,
Alex. Laurinda,
(The name which but to speak I would not wish
For life or breath. Let not thy powerfull beauty
Torment us longer: Tell us which of us
You value most.
Da. And t'other, for old friendship
Strangling his bitter Corrosive in his heart,
Hath promis'd to desist from further suit.
Alex. Or if he cannot so, as sure he cannot;

et he will rather chuſe to die then live
nce to oppoſe your liking.
au. Since you are
rowne ſo importunat, and will not be anſwer'd
ith modeſt ſilence; Know, I wiſh you well.
lex. How, me *Laurinda*?
aur. Why I wiſh *Alexis*
were thy wife.
. Then moſt unhappy me!
lex. That word doth reliſh immortalitie.
au. And I doe wiſh thou wer't my husband, *Damon*.
lex. Still more perplexed. what do you think I am?
au. My head, *Alexis*.
. And what I?
au. My heart.
. Which hand am I?
au. *Damon*, my right.
lex. Which I?
au. My left, *Alexis*.
lex. Thus you ſcorne my love.
au. Not I, *Alexis*; th'art my only hope.
. Then I am all deſpaire, no hope for me.
au. Why ſo my *Damon*? thou art my deſire.
lexis is my flame; *Damon* my fire.
lexis doth deſerve my nuptiall Bed,
nd *Damon*'s worthy of my Maidenhead!

Exit Lau.

lex. *Damon*, deſiſt thy ſuit or loſe thy life.
u heard'ſt *Laurinda* wiſh ſhe were my wife.
. Thy wife, *Alexis*? But how can it be
ithout a Husband? and I muſt be he.
ex. I am her head: that word doth ſeem t'impart
e meanes my marriage.

Da.

Da. How without her heart?
For that am I: besides you heard her say
I was the right hand you the left, away,
Desist *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.
Alex. But *Damon*, *I* next to her heart doe stand,
I am her hope, in that you plainly see,
The end of her intents doth aime at me,
Da. But *I* am her desire, *in* that 'tis shown
Her only wish is to make me her own.
Alex. I am her flame.
Da. 'Tis true but *I* her fire.
Alex. The flame's the hotter, therefore her desire
Most aimes at me.
Da. Yet when the flame *is* spent,
The fire continues; Therefore me she meant;
Al. She promis'd now *I* should injoy her Bed.
Da. *Alexis* doe, so *I* her Maiden-head.
Al. *I* see she still conceales it, and with speeches
Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.
Da. Let's have another meeting, since her words
Delude us thus; wee'le have a pregnant signe
To shew her mind.
Alex. I goe that way a hunting,
And will call for her.
Da. I'le the while retire
Into the Temple, if I linger here
I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*,
Who with unwelcome love sollicites me.
Alex. And would she might prevaile!
Da. Till then farewell.
Alex. All happinesse to *Damon* be
Except *Laurinda*
Da. All but her to thee.

Alex

Alex. Thus we in love and Curteſie contend.
Dor. The name of Rivall ſhould not loſe the Friend.

Finis actus 1. *Exeunt*

ACTUS SCENA 1.

Pilumnus. Vrania.

Vra. FAther perſwade me not! The power of Heaven
Can never force me from *Amyntas* love;
'Tis rooted here ſo deep within my heart
That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once
That and my ſoule together.
Pil. Fond *Vrania!*
Can ignorant love make thee affect the ſeed,
The hatefull ſeed of curſed *Lalage?*
Did *I* for this beget thee;
Vra. Father, you know
Divinity is powerfull, *Cupids* will
Muſt not be queſtion'd, When love meanes to ſport
(I' have heard your ſelfe relate it) he can make
The Wolfe and Lamb kiſſe friendly; force the Lyon
T'forget his Majeſty, and in amorous dalliance
Sport with the friſking Kid; When *Venus* rides,
She'le linke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan
To the ſame chariot, and will yoake together
The necks of Doves and Eagles; when as ſhe
Commands, all things loſe their Antipathie,
Even contrarieties; can *I* alone
Reſiſt her will? *I* cannot, my *Amyntas*,
Shall witneſſe that!
Pil. I blam thee not ſo much
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas*,
But being mad and having loſt himſelfe,
Why ſhouldſt not thou loſe thy affection too?
Vra. *I* love him now the rather; he hath loſt

Himſelfe

Himſelfe for me: and ſhould he loſe me too?
It were a ſinne he ſhould!
Pil. What canſt thou love
In his diſtemper'd wildeneſſe?
Vra. Only that,
His wildneſſe; 'tis the comfort I have left
To make my teares keepe time to his diſtractions;
To think as wildly as he talkes; to marry
Our griefes together, ſince our ſelves we cannot.
The Oracle doth aske ſo ſtrange a Dowry,
That now his company is the only bliſſe
My love can aime at: but I ſtay too long
I'le in to comfort him.
Pil. Doe not *Vrania*
Vra. Doe not.
I muſt and will; nature commands me no,
But love more powerfull ſaies it ſhall be ſo. *Exit*
Pil. The Gods did well to make their Deſtnies
Of women, that their wills might ſtand for law
Fixt and unchang'd, who's this *Corymbus*,

SCEN. 2.

Pilumnus. Corymbus.

Pil. *Corymbus*---welcome
Cor. Sacred *Pilumnus*--hayle
And fruitfull *Sicilie* I kiſſe thy duſt.--
Pil. What newes *Corymbus?* is our Countries Miſchiefe
Fetter'd in chaines?
Cor. Thrice the ſun hath paſt
Through the twelve Inns of heaven, ſince my diligence
Has been imploi'd in queſt of him, whoſe death
Muſt give poore lovers life, the hatefull *Claius*;
Yet could I ne're heare of him:--The meane while
How fare the poore *Sicilians?* Does awfull *Ceres*

Still

Still bend her angry brow? Find the ſad Lovers
No reſt, no quiet yet?
Pil. Corymbus none!
The goddeſſe has not yet deign'd to accept
One ſacrifice, no favourable *Echo*
Reſounded from her *Ompha*; all her anſwers
Are full, and doubtfull.
Cor. The true ſigne, *Pilumnus*,
Her wrath is not appeas'd.
Pil. Appeas'd ſay you?
Rather againe incens'd ſo far, *Corymbus*,
As that my ſelfe am plagu'd; My poore *Urania*
Dotes on *Amyntas*.
Cor. Firſt ſhall our hives ſwarme in the venomous yew,
And Goats ſhall browze upon our myrtle wands!
—One of our bloud, *Pilumnus*, (is it poſſible)
Love *Lalage* and *Claius* brood?
Pil. The chaine of fate
Will have it ſo! And he lov'd her as much
Cor. That makes it ſomething better.
Pil. Ah, thou knoweſt not
What ſting this waſpiſh fortune pricks me with!
Seeing their loves ſo conſtant, ſo inflexible,
Chid with dame *Ceres* 'cauſe ſhe us'd me thus.
My words were inconſiderate, and the heavens
Baniſh'd my rough expoſtulations;
Being *Archi-flamen* of *Trinacria*
I did demand a Dowry of that Shepheard
That askes my daughters---Set the price ſaid I,
You goddeſſe, that doſt cauſe ſuch hatefull loves;
Be that *Amyntas* be thy darling ſwaine,
Be thou, and ſet a Dowry for *Urania*:
With that the Altar groan'd, my haire grew ſtiffe,

Amyntas look'd aga∫t ; *Vriana* quiver'd,
And the *Ompha* an∫wer'd.
Cor. With an *Echo ?*
Pil. No.
Cor. Then I pre∫age ſome ill!
Pil. This darke demand.
That which thou haſt not, maiſt not, canſt not
Amyntas, *is the dowry that I crave :*
Reſt hopeleſſe in thy love, or elſe divine
To give Urania *this and ſhe is thine.*
And ſo he did, but the perplexed ſenſe
Troubled his braines ſo far, he loſt his wits :
Yet ſtill he loves, and ſhe,--my grieſe *Corymbus*
Will not permit me to relate the reſt.
I'le in into the Temple, and expreſſe
What's yet behind in teares. *Exit.*
Cor. Sad, ſad *Pilumnus!*
And moſt diſtreſs'd *Sicilians!* other Nations
Are happie in their loves; you only are unfortunate:
In all my travells ne're a ſpring but had
Her paire of lovers, ſinging to the muſique
The gentle bubling of her waters made.
Never a walk unſtor'd with amorous couples
Twind with ſo cloſe imbraces, as if both
Meant to grow one together! every ſhade
Sheltred ſome happy loves, that couning dazies
Scor'd up the ſummes on one anothers lips,
That met ſo oft and cloſe, as if they had
Chang'd ſoules at every kiſſe. The married ſort
As ſweet and kind as they: at every evening
The loving husband and full breſted wife
Walkt on the Downes ſo friendly, as if that
Had bin their wedding day. The boyes of five

And girles of foure, e're that their liſping tongues
Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love,
Court one another, and in wanton dalliance
Returne ſuch innocent kiſſes, you'd have thought
You had ſeene Turtles billing.

SCEN. 3.

Mopſus. Corymbus.

Mop. What aire is that? *The voice of--Turtles billing?*
Of Turtles! a good Omen! ſhe is chaſte--
And *billing, billing,* O delicious *billing!*
That word preſages kiſſing---
Co. VVho is this?
Mopſus, my learned Augur?
Mop. Stand aſide,
--The other ſide; I will not talke to thee
Unleſſe *I* have the winde.
Co. Why, what's the matter *Mopſus?*
Mop. Th' art infected.
Co. What with the Plague?
Mop. Worſe than the Plague, the wiſdome!
You have been in travell, and that's dangerous
For getting wiſdom.
Co. Then ne're feare it, *Mopſus,*
For *I* come home a foole juſt as I went.
Mop. By *Ceres?*
Co. Yes.
Mop. By *Ceres* welcome then,
Co. But *Mopſus,* why do you walk here alone?
That's--dangerous too.
Mop. I: but I come to meet
The Citizens of the aire; you have heard my skill
In Augury?
Co. Why I have heard your name

Not mention'd any where in all my travells.
Mop. How? not mention'd?
Co. Y'are too hasty *Mopsus*,
Not--without admiration.
Mop. I know that.
Co. How should you know it?
Mop. Why some birds or other
Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me.
Co. But how dare you converse with birds that travell?
Mop. With an antidote *I* may, but my *Corymbus*
What strange birds have you seen beyond seas?
Cor. Brave ones:
Ladies with fans and feathers! dainty Fowles!
There were brave taking augury.
Mop. But *Corymbus*,?
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things?
Co. As tame as Sparrowes, and as sweet as Nightingales.
Mop. Is the Cocklady-bird, or the Henlady-bird
The better?
Cor. All are hens.
Mop. O admirable!
Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan?
Cor. A fan's a--wing of one side.
Mop. Delicate!
And what's their Feather?
Cor. Like the copple crowne
The Lap-wing has.
Mop. The Lap-wing? then they 'l---ly.
Co. With men they will.
Mop. Delicious Lady-birds!
But have they such brave traines, such curious tailes
As our birds have?
Co. Like Peacocks, there's the head

Of

Of all their pride.
Mop. Nay, 'tis the tayle, *Corymbus*,
Surely theſe things you call the Lady-birds
Are the true birds of Paradice!
Enter Corymbu's Carriages.
Cor. Very right---
Mopſus, *I* cannot ſtay, I muſt attend
My carriage to the Temple: gentle *Mopſus*
Farewell. *Exit.*
Mop. Farewell *Corymbus*! By my troth
I never long'd for any thing in my life
So much as Lady-birds; dainty Lady-birds!
I would fetch one of them; but I dare not travell
For feare I catch the wiſdome. O ſweet Lady-birds!
With copple crownes, and wings but on one ſide!
And tailes like Peacocks! curious Lady-Birds!

SCEN. 4.

Amyntas. Urania. Amaryllis. manet Mopſus.
Amyn. *That which I have not, may not, cannot have!*---
It is the moone! *Urania*, thou ſhalt weare
The horned goddeſſe at thy beauteous eare.
--Come hither *Pegaſus*, *I* will mount thy back,
And ſpurr thee to her orbe.
Mop. Oh good *Amyntas!*
Amyntas--Why, art thou foundered *Pegaſus?* *Amaryllis*,
Fetch him a peck of provender.
Ura. Sweet *Amyntas!*
Amyntas What ſayes my *Cytherea?* wouldſt thou eat
A golden Apple? if thou wilt, by *Venus*
I'le rob th' *Heſperian Orchard.*
Mop. Ha, ha, he!
Amyn. Ha? doſt thou laugh old *Charon*? ſirrah ſculler,
Prepare

Prepare thy boat!
Amar. For what? deare brother ſpeak!
Amyn. Art thou my ſiſter *Helen?* were we hatch'd
In the ſame eg-ſhell?--Is your Cock-boat ready?
Mop. It is, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Amynt. Very well!
Row me to hell!--no faſter? I will have thee
Chain'd unto *Pluto's* Gallies.
Vra. Why to hell,
My deare *Amyntas?*
Amynt. Why? to borrow mony!
Amar. Borrow there?
Amyn. I there! they ſay there be more Uſurers there
Then all the world beſides---ſee how the winds
Riſe! Puffe--puffe *Boreas*--what a cloud comes yonder!
Take heed of that wave *Charon!* ha? give me
The Oares!--ſo ſo: the boat is overthrowne,
Now *Charons* drownd: but I will ſwim to ſhore--
Vra. O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes
Look on ſo ſad an object, and not melt
Them and thy heart to pitty?
Ama. How this griefe
Racks my tormented ſoule! but the neglect
Of *Damon* more afflicts me: the whole Senate
Of Heaven decrees my ruine.
Vra. And mine too.
Come *Amaryllis* lets weep both together,
Contending in our ſorrowes!
Amar. Would to *Ceres*
That I were dead!
Vra. And I had nere been born!
Am. Then had not I bin wretched!
Vra. Then *Amyntas*

Might

Might have beene happy.
Mop. Nay if you begin
Once to talke wisely, 'Tis above high time,
That I were gone: farewell *Bellerophon.*
I must goe seeke my *Th'stylis*; she's not here. *Exit.*
Amy. My armes are weary, ---now I sink *I* sink!
Farewell *Urania.*
Ama. Alas what strange distractions,
Tosse his dist imperd braine!
Vra. Yet still his love to me
Lives constant.
Amy. Styx. I thank thee! That curld wave
Hath toss'd me on the shore--come *Sysiphus,*
I'le rowle thy stone a while: me thinks this labour
Doth look like love! does it not, *Tysiphone?*
Ama. Mine is that restlesse toyle.
Amy. I'st so, *Erynnis?*
You are an idle huswife, goe and spin
At poore *Ixions* wheele!
Vra. *Amyntas.*
Amynt. Ha?
Am I knowne here?
Vra. *Amyntas,* deere *Amyntas*--
Amyn. Who calls *Amyntas?* beauteous *Proserpine?*
Tis she.--Faire Empresse of th' *Elysian* shades,
Cere, bright daughter intercede for me
To thy incensed mother: prethee bid her
Leave talking riddles, wilt thou?
Vra. How shall I
Apply my selfe to his wild passions?
Ama. Seeme to be
What he conceives you.
Amy. Queen of darkenesse,

Thou

Thou ſupreme Lady of eternall night.
Grant my petitions! wilt thou beg of *Ceres*
That I may have *Vrania* ?
Vra. Tis my prayer,
And ſhall be ever, I will promiſe thee
She ſhall have none but him.
Amyn. Thanks *Proſerpine* !
Vra. Come ſweet *Amyntas*, reſt thy troubled head
Here in my lap :--Now here I hold at once
My ſorrow and my comfort : Nay lye ſtill.
Amyn. I will, but *Proſerpine*---
Vra. Nay, good *Amyntas*.---
Amyntas. Should *Pluto* chance to ſpie me, would not he
Be Jealous of me ?
Vran. No.
Amynt. *Tyſiphone*,
Tell not *Vrania* of it, leſt ſhe feare
I am in love with *Proſerpina:* do not fury !
Amynt. I will not.
Vra. Pray lye ſtill !
Amynt. You *Proſerpine*,
There is in *Sicilie* the faireſt Virgin
That ever bleſt the land, that ever breath'd
Sweeter than *Zephyrus* ! didſt thou never hear
Of one *Vrania* ?
Vra. Yes.
Amyntas This poore *Vrania* (*ſiphone*,
Loves an unfortunate Shepheard, one that's mad, *Ty-*
Canſt thou believe it ? Elegant *Vrania*
(I cannot ſpeak it without teares) ſtill loves
Amyntas, the diſtracted man mad *Amyntas*.
I'ſt not a conſtant Nymph ?---But I will goe
And carry all *Elyſium* on my back,

And that ſhall be her joynture.
Vra. Good *Amyntas*,
Reſt here a while---
Amyn. Why weep you *Proſerpine*?
Vr. Becauſe *Vrania* weeps to ſee *Amyntas*
So reſtleſſe and unquiet,
Amyn. Does ſhe ſo?
Then will I lie as calme as doth the Sea,
When all the winds are lockt in *Æolus* jayle:
I will not move a haire, nor let a nerve
Or Pulſe to beat: leſt I diſturb her. Huſh--
She ſleepes!
Vra. And ſo doe you
Amy. You talk too loud,
You'l waken my *Vrania*.
Vra. If *Amyntas*,
Her deere *Amyntas* would but take his reſt,
Vrania could not want it.
Amy. Not ſo loud!
Ama. What a ſad paire are we?
Vra. How miſerable!
He that I love is not!
Ama. And he that I
Doe love, loves not; or, if he love, not me!
Vra. I have undone *Amyntas*!
Ama. And my *Damon*
Has undone me.
Vr. My kindneſſe ruin'd him.
Ama. But his unkindneſſe, me; unhappy me!
Vra. More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reaſon,
And he may love.
Ama. But does not thy *Amyntas*
Returne thee mutuall love?

Vra

Vra. True *Amaryllis*
But he has loſt his reaſon; mine has love,
No reaſon.
Ama. Mine has reaſon, but no love.
O me!
Vra. My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefes
Meet full with mine to make the trueſt ſtory
Of perfect ſorrow that ere eye bedew'd
With teares of Pity!
Ama. Come *Vrania*:
Let's ſit together like two marble monuments
Of ever weeping miſery--

Da. Minds in love,
Doe count their daies by minutes, meaſure houres
By every ſand that drops through the ſlow glaſſe;
And for each vicaterre.
Ama. If ſo my *Damon*,
How many times hath thy unkindneſſe ruin'd
Sad *Amaryllis*? every frowne is mortall.
Dam. Ill luck, to ſeek my love and finde my hate!
Ama. Be not ſo cruell to me! Gentle *Damon*,
-- Accept this witneſſe of my love, it is
The ſtory of poore *Echo*, that for love
Of her *Narciſſus* pin'd into a voyce.
Da. Doe thou ſo too!
Ama. *Damon*, ſuppoſe I ſhould,
And then the Gods for thy contempt of me
Should plague thee like *Narciſſus*.
Da. *Amaryllis*,
They cannot doe it: I have fixt my love
So firme on my *Laurinda*, that for her
I e're ſhall hate my ſelfe.

Ama. --- Prethee love accept it,
'Twas wrought by mine own hand.
Da. For that I hate it!
Vra. Fy Brother can you be of the same stock,
Issue, and bloud with me, and yet so cruell?
Da. Nor can I, sister, dote like you on any
That is the cursed brat of *Lalage.*
Amy. Saist thou so *Centaure*?---
Vra. Good *Amyntas* hold,
This is the sacred valley: here 'tis death,
For to shed human blood.
Da. Still idly you complain
To crosse me, *Amaryllis*, but in vain! *Exit.*
Ama. O, I am sick to death!
Amy. What a brave show
The monsters braines would make!

SCEN. 5.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Amyntas.
Amaryllis. Vrania.

Ama. My griefe o'reweighs me!
The. How fares my *Amaryllis*?
Ama. Like a Taper
Almost burnt out: sometimes all a darknesse,
And now and then a flash or two of comfort,
But soone blown out again. Ah *Thestylis*,
I cannot long subsist; for the vaine labour
Away! I hate the cause my *Damon* does,
And for that reason too I hate my selfe,
And every thing but him!
Vra. Come my sad partner,
Poore rivall of my sorrowes: Goe with me
Into the Temple, I'le intreat my Brother
To use thee kindly: if in me it lye,

I'le

I'le helpe thee
Ama. Doe *Vrania*, or I dye. *Exeunt Vrania*, Amaryllis
Amyntas. Theſtylis. Mopſus.
The. What a ſtrange thing is Love!
Amy. It is a madneſſe:
See how it ſtares--Have at thee thou blind Archer!
---O *I* have miſt him!---Now I'le ſtand thee *Cupid*!
Look how the raſcall winks a one eye, *Theſtylis*!
Nay draw your arrow home, boy, juſt i'th heart!
--O *I* am ſlain!
Theſt. Amyntas!
Amy. Doſt not ſee?
My blood runs round about me, I lye ſoaking
In a red Sea, take heed! ſee *Theſtyllis*,
What a fine Crimſon 'tis?
Mop. Where?
Amy. Here you Puppet!
Doſt thou not ſee it?
Mop. Yes I ſee it plain,
But I ſpy nothing.
Amy. Then thou art a mole.
Mop. Now I look better on't, I ſee it plain;
Does it not hurt you?
Amy. Strangely, Have at thee-
How think you now?
The. Be quiet good *Amyntas*.
Mop. You'l fright away the birds elſe, and clean ſpoil
My augury.
Amy. Goe about it, *I* am quiet.
Mop. Now for ſome happy Omen! a *Cuckoe* cries
Amy. Ha, ha, he!
Mop. Why laughs the madman?
Amy. Who can chooſe but laugh?

The

The bird cried Horns,
The. VVhat happineſſe portends it,
Sweet *Mopſus?*
Mop. Conſtancy in Love, my *Theſtyllis,*
This bird is alwayes in a note,
The. Moſt excellent!
Mop. Bird of the ſpring I thank thee! *Mopſus* thanks thee.
Amy. This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus,*
Appollo, Reverend Phœbus, Don of Delphos.
Mop. VVhat a brave man am *I?*
Amy. Thou canſt reſolve
By thy great Art all queſtions: VVhat is that,
That which I have not, may not, cannot have?
Mop. That which you have not, may not, cannot have?
It is my skill, you cannot have my skill.
Amy. VVhere lies that skill
Mop. 'Lyes here within this noddle.
Amy. Fetch me my woodknife *I* will cut it off,
And ſend it to *Vrania* for a dowry.
Mop. No, no, *I* am deceiv'd, it is not that.
Amy you dolt, you aſſe, you cuckot.
Mop. Good *Amyntas.*

SCEN. 6.

Dorylas. Mopſus. Iocaſtus. Theſtylis. Amyntas.

Jo. Jſt not a brave ſight *Dorylas?* can the mortalls
Caper ſo nimbly?
Dor. Verily they cannot!
Jo. Does not King *Oberon* beare a ſtately preſence?
Mab is a beauteous Empreſſe.
Do. Yet you kiſſ'd her
VVith admirable courtſhip.
Jo. *I* doe think
There will be of *Iocaſtus* brood in *Fairy.*

Mop.

Mop. You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*
You lye with *Mab* his wife.
Jo. Doe not good brother,
And J'le wooe *Theſtylis* for thee.
Mop. Doe ſo then.
Jo. Canſt thou love *Mop(us*, mortall?
The. Why ſuppoſe
J can ſir, what of that?
Jo. Why then be wiſe,
And love him quickly.
Mop. Wiſe? then I'le have none of her, that's the way
To get wiſe children, 'troth and I had rather
They ſhould be baſtards.
Amy. No, the children may
Be like the Father.
Jo. True diſtracted Mortall:
Theſtylis, J ſay love him, he's a fool.
Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.
The. But what eſtate ſhall he aſſure upon me?
Jo. A royall joynture all in *Fairy* land.
Amy. Such will J make *Urania*.
Jo. *Dorylas* knowes it,
A curious Parke.
Do. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.
Jo. Beſides a houſe made all of mother of Pearle;
An Ivory Teniſcourt.
Dor. A nut-meg Parlour.
Jo. A Saphyre dairy-roome
Dor. A Ginger hall.
Jo. Chambers of agate.
Dor. Kitchins all of Criſtall.
Amy. O admirable! This is it for certain!

Jo. The jacks are gold.
Dor. The ſpits are Spaniſh needles.
Jo. Then there be walks.
Dor. Of Amber.
Jo. Curious Orchards.
Do. That beare as well in winter as in ſummer.
Jo. 'Bove all the fiſh-ponds every pond is full,
Do. Of Nectar, will this pleaſe you? every grove
Stor'd with delightfull birds.
Mop. But be there any
Lady birds there?
Jo. Abundance.
Mop. and Cuckoes too
To preſage conſtancy?
Do. Yes.
The. Nay then lets in
To ſeale the writings,
Amy. There boy, ſo, ho, ho, ho. *Exeunt.*
Do. What pretty things are theſe both to be born
To Lands and Livings! we poore witty knaves,
Have no inheritance but Brains:--who's this?

Enter Alexis.

--One of my Miſterſſe beagles:
Ale. *Dorylas*,
I have had the braveſt ſport,
Do. In what *Alexis*?
Ale. In hunting, *Dorylas*: a brace of Grey-hounds
cours'd a ſtag
With equall ſwiftneſſe till the wearied deere,
Stood bay at both alike: the fearfull doggs
Durſt neither faſten
Do. So, and did not you
Compare the ſtag to my faire miſtreſſe? ha!

Purſued

Purſued by you and *Damon*, caught by neither?
Ale. By *Cupid* th' art i'th right.
Do. Alas poore whelps,
In troth I pitty you, Why ſuch a hunting
Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter,
Mopſus and wiſe *Jocaſtus* hunting folly
With a full mouth.
Alex. I much wonder, *Dorylas.*
Amyntas can be ſad, having ſuch follies
To provoke mirth.
Do. And to that end his ſiſter
Keeps them about him; but in vaine, his Melancholy
Has took ſuch deepe impreſſion.

Enter Damon.

Da. My *Alexis!*
Well met, I'ave been at your cottage to ſeek you.
Alex. But I am nè're at home; Thou and I *Damon*,
Are abſent from our ſelves.
Do. Excellent application!
To ſee the wit of love!
Da. Let us goe ſeek her,
To have a finall judgment.
Alex. That may end
One of our miſeries, and the others life!
Da. O lamentable! who would be in love?
Da. Content.

SCEN. 7.

Lavinda, Dorylas. Alexis. Damon.

Da. Here comes my joy or death.
Do. O pitifull!
Al. My ſweet affliction.
Do. Pittifully ſweet!
Ne're feare your father, Miſtreſſe, kiſſe ſecurely,

I'le

I'le be your *Mercury*, and charm a ſleep
Old *Argus*.
Lau. Doe.
Do. But if he chance to ſpy
You and your ſweet-hearts here, I know not of it.
Lau. You doe not!
Do. Nay, you know if I had ſeen them,
I ſhould have told him.
Lau. Y'are a truſty ſervant-
Do. poore *Dorylas* is blind, he ſees not here.
Damon No nor *Alexis*.
Lau. No not he!
Do. Alack I am innocent: if the belly ſwell
I did not fetch the poyſon.
Lau. No, be gone. *Exit. Dorylas.*
Da. *Laurinda* now for mercy ſake give period
To our long miſerie's.
Alex. Now you are like cruell
To both, and play the tyrant equally
On him you hate as much as him you love.
Da. Depriving one the comfort of his joy.
Alex. The other the ſure remedy of his death.
Lau. *Damon* you have a love, faire *Amaryllis*,
Content your ſelfe with her.
Da. I'le rather kiſſe
An *Ethiops* criſped lip: imbrace a Viper.
Deformity it ſelfe to her is faire.
Al. *Damon*, thou haſt thy anſwer.
Lau. And *Alexis*,
There be in *Sicily* many Virgins more
Worthy your choice: why did you plac't on me?
Goe ſeeke ſome other.
Alex. O thoſe words to me

Are poyſon.
Da. But to me an antidote.
Al. Thus ſhe gave life to me to tak't away.
Da. And me ſhe ſlew to raiſe me up again:
You ſhall not ſlight us thus, what do you think
Of me?
Lau. Thou art the glory of the woods.
Alc. And what am I?
Lau. The pride of all the Plaines.
Alc. Theſe your ambiguous terms have now too oft
Deluded us.
Da. Shew by ſome ſigne which of us
You have deſign'd for happineſſe.
Lau. So I will.

She takes Damon's Garland and weares it on her own head: and puts her own on Alexis.

Damon, as *I* affect thee, ſo *I* vow
To weare this Garland that adorns thy brow:
This wreath of flowers, *Alexis*, which was mine
Becauſe thou lov'ſt me truly, ſhall be thine.
This is plaine dealing; let not *Cupid's* warres
Drive your affections to uncivill jarres! *Exit.*
Da. Now happy *Damon*, ſhe thy Garland weares
That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden haires.
Alex. Moſt bleſſed I! this Garland once did twine
About her head that now embraces mine.
Dam. Deſiſt *Alexis*, for ſhe deſignes to have
The Garland that was mine.
Alex. But me ſhe gave
That which was hers
Da. Tis more to take than give.
Alex. I think 'tis greater kindneſſe to receive,
Da. By this your ſhare's the leſſe, you but receive.

Alex. And by your argument, yours you did but give.
Love is the Garland.
Da. Then ſhe did approve
Of my affection beſt, ſhe took my love.
Alex. Fond *Damon*, ſhe accepted love from thee,
But what is more ſhe gave her love to me;
In giving that to me, ſhe proves my right.
Da. Why tooke ſhe mine, but meaning to requite?
Alex. I will diſpute no more.
Da. Then let our ſpeares
Plead for us,
Alex. And determine of our feares.
Come *Damon*, by this argument let us prove,
Which 'tis of us *Laurinda* beſt doth love.
Da. Yet 'tis, *Alexis*, clean againſt our oath.
Alex. True *Damon*, and perchance may ruin both!
Da. So neither ſhall enjoy her.
Ale. Cruell breath!
Beſides this is the *Sacred Vale*, 'tis death
To ſtain the hallowed graſſe but with one drop
Of humane bloud.
Da. So both ſhould loſe their hope.
Ale. And which is more, 'tis againſt her commands.
Da. Whoſe every breath has power to ſtay our hands.
Ale. Wee'l have her anſwer make a certain end,
Da. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.
Alex. Come *Damon*, lets together ſeeke reliefe.
Da. 'Tis fit, being Rivals both in love and griefe.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Damon. Alexis. Laurinda.

Dam. LAurinda, by thy ſelfe, the ſweeteſt oath
That can be ſworn,---

Al. By thoſe faire eyes, whoſe light
Comforts my ſoule
Dam. Whoſe heat inflameth mine,
Al. Unleſſe you deigne a length to end our ſtrife,
Da. We both have vow'd to ſacrifice our life,
Al. On one anothers ſpeare.
Lau. What ſhall *I* doe?
I find an equall war within my ſoule,
My ſelfe divided; now I would ſay *Damon*,
Another time *Alexis*, then again
Damon, and then *Alexis*: like a ſheapheard
That ſees on either hand a ravenous wolf,
One ſnatching from his ewe a tender lamb,
The other wa ching for a gentle Kid,
Knowes not poore ſoule which hand to turn to firſt.
Now he would ſave his Lamb; but ſeeing his Kid
Halfe in the jaw of death, turns back in haſt
To reſcue that, where viewing then his Lamb
In greater danger, runs to that again;
As doubtfull which to ſave as which to loſe:
So fares it now with me. But love inſtruct me!
Da. Reſolve.
Al. Or wee'l reſolve,
Lau. No trick left yet?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. If ever one was peppe'rd look on mee!
Lau. Why whats the matter?
Do. You talke of Love and *Cupid*,
I have been plagu'd with a whole ſwarm of *Cupids*.
Al. What ſhould this mean?
Do *I* know not, but I am ſure
I have a thouſand naturall rapiers
Stick in my fleſh.

Da. The meaning of the Riddle?
Al. The morall?
Do. In plain terms *I* have been driving
One of your ſwarms of Bees, gentle *Laurinda*;
Lau. The pureſt wax give *Damon:* and, good ſwain,
The hony to *Alexis*: this is plain. (th'eares.
Do. Now wil the hony and the wax fall together by
Da. *Alexis*, this plain ſigne confirms her grant,
She gave me wax to ſeale the covenant.
Do. Well argu'd for the wax; now for the hony.
Ale. To me ſhe gave the hony, that muſt be
The ſweeteſt, and the ſweeteſt ſweet is ſhe.
Do. The hony is the ſweeter argument.
Da. But by the wax ſhe ſayes that ſhe from none
But me will take true loves impreſſion.
Do. The wax is very forward to the bargain;
He would be ſealing of her.
Ale. But plain the hony ſpeaks, no other gueſt
But I, ſhall taſt in her a lovers feaſt.
Do. Delicious reaſon! my mouth waters at it.
Dam. The wax muſt make the Taper that muſt light
The wedded paire to bed on *Hymen's* night.
Beſides 'tis Virgins wax, by that you ſee
To me ſhe deſtines her virginity.
Do. Two excellent twin-arguments born at birth.
Al. And hony ſhewes a wedding; that muſt knead
A Cake for *Hymen* ere we goe to bed.
Take you the wax, the hony is for me;
There is no hony in the world but ſhe.
Dor. His diſputation ſtill has ſome good reliſh in't,
Da. I ſee *Alexis*, all *Laurinda's* bees
Serve but to ſting us both.
Do. Now, what's the matter?

The morall?

Lau. See what 'tis to live a maid!
Now two at once doe ſerve us and adore,
Shee that weds one, ſerves him ſerv'd her before.

Da. *Alexis* come!

Ale. Come *Damon!*

Da. Cure my feare.

Alex. There's no help left but in a *Pelian* ſpeare.

Lau. O ſtay your hands, for by my maiden-head—

Dor. Happie the man ſhall quit her of that oath.

Alex. Moſt happy *Dorylas!*

Do. I knew that before!

Lau. I have proteſted never to diſcloſe
Which 'tis that beſt I love: but the firſt Nymph,
As ſoone as *Titan* guilds the Eaſtern hills,
And chirping birds, the Saints-bell of the day,
Ring in our eares a warning to devotion,
That lucky damſell what ſo e're ſhe be
Shall be the goddeſſe to appoint my love,
To ſay, *Laurinda* this ſhal be your choice:
And both ſhall ſweare to ſtand on her award.

Both. By faire *Laurinda's* hand we ſweare.

Lau. Till then
Be friends, and for this night it is my pleaſure
You ſleep like friendly Rivalls arme in arme.

Both. Thankes to the faire *Laurinda.*

Alex. Come *Damon*, you this night with me ſhall reſt.

Da. Wert thou but my *Lauvinda* I were bleſt.

Exeunt Damon. Alexis.

Do. Miſtreſſe, if they ſhould dreame now.---

Lau. And they ſhould?

SCEN

SCEN. 2.

Amaryllis. Urania. Dorylas. Laurinda.

Ura. Sweet *Amaryllis!*

Ama. Stay me not *Urania.*

Do. More *Cupids*, more bees, more ſtinging yet!

Ama. Diſhevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head
I'le teare you from my crown! what doſt thou here?
Weak chains! my pride preſum'd you had a power
To fetter *Heroes*! and in amorous Gives
Lead any Sheapheard captive!

Ura. Amaryllis.

Ama. But *Damon* breakes thee like a ſpiders loome!
And thou poore face that wer't ſo oft beli'de
For faire and beauteous, by my flattering glaſſe;
I'le teare thoſe crimſon Roſes from my cheeks,
That but my ſelfe ne're yet inchanted any.
My will is fixt!

Lau. Where goe you, *Amaryllis?*

Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life, I'le goe and ſee
If *I* can pleaſe him in my death: if hee'le but deigne
To kiſſe me, and accept my lateſt breath,
I ſhall ſalute the gods a happy ſoule.
—This dart I'le give him; and upon my knees
Beg till *I* have obtain'd to by him:
Death from that hand is welcome.

Lau. I will ſhew you
A way moſt probable to redeem his love.

Ama. I ſhall wrong you, *Laurinda.* No, enjoy him,
The treaſure of the Earth: my lateſt words
Shall be prayers for you: mild *Urania*,
Siſter in bloud to *Damon*, not in affection,
Nymph take this whiſtle, 'twas a *Tritons* once;
With which *I* call my Lamb-kins when they ſtray;

'Tis *Amarylis* laſt bequeathment to you.
Vra. Live happy ſheapheardeſſe and weare it ſtill
Ama. Laurinda, my great Legacy is yours,
Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.
Lau. I re-bequeath him to my *Amaryllis*:
Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by me;
This night wee'l ſleep together.
Do. And ſhee too
Should dream of *Damon*---
Lau. Dorylas goe to *Theſtylis*
T'excuſe her this nights abſence. *Amaryllis*
Wenches are nere ſo witty as a bed,
And two together make a ſtateſman head.
-----begon to *Theſtylis*.
Do. So I am ſure
Still *Cupids* factor: well ere long I ſee
There will be many an heire the more for me.
Vra. My *Bellamore* y'are under good protection,
The Temple gates will cloſe unleſſe *I* haſt.
Lau. Vrania, a happy night unto you
Vra. The like to her that pities the diſtreſſed *Amaryllis*.
Exeunt Lau. Ama. Vrania.
Dor. So ſo, this hony with the very thought
Has made my mouth ſo liquoriſh that I muſt
Have ſomething to appeaſe the appetite.
Have at *Iocaſtus* Orchard! dainty Apples, (hearts
How lovely they look! Why theſe are *Dorylas* ſweet-
Now muſt I be the Princely *Oberon*,
And in a royall humour with the reſt
Of royall *Fairies* attendant goe in ſtate
To rob an Orchard: I have hid my robes
On purpoſe in a hollow tree. Heaven bleſſe me!
Clajus, Dorylas.
What Puck, what Goblins this? *Cl*

Cla. Thrice Sacred Valley,
I kisse thy hallowed Earth!
Do. another lover,
Enamour'd of the Ground.
Cla. Faine would I speake
And aske for *Amaryllis*: but my feare
Will not permit me.
Do. S'lid; I think he takes me
For *Oberon* already.
Cl. Youth'can you tell me
How I may speak to night with *Amaryllis*?
Da. Age by no means to night: this night she lodges
With faire *Laurinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.
Cl. Can you instruct me then how I may meet
Amyntas?
Do. Who, the mad-man? Every evening
He walks abroad into the valley here
With *Thestylis*. Farewell old walking Iviebush,
Exit Dor.

Claius Solus.

Cl. I see the smoake steame from the Cottage tops,
The fearfull huswife rakes the embers up.
All hush to bed. Sure no man will disturbe me.
O blessed vally! I the wretched *Claius*
Salute thy happy soyle, I that have liv'd
Pelted with angry curses in a place
As horrid as my griefs, the Lylibean mountaines,
These sixteen frozen winters, there have I
Been with rude out-lawes, living by such sinnes (wishes
As runne o'th'score with justice 'gainst my prayers and
And when I would have tumbled down a rock,
Some secret power restrain'd me. There I lately heard
By a disconsolate Pilgrim that sought death,

That

That my *Amyntas* wits (ha me!) were marr'd!
'Twas not a time to think to save my selfe,
When my poore boy was lost. Lost said *I*?--O *Phœbus*
If there be soveraigne power in juice of hearbs,
And that the teeming earth yield medicinall flowers
To cure all maladies, I have sought the skill,
No leaf, no root hath scap'd me: I may boast it,
I have been natures diligent Apothecary.
Be lucky my emplaister! I have temper'd
The surest Recipe the worlds garden yields;
'Twould put *Orestes* in his wits again.
I know I step upon my death: the Oracle
Desires my blood for sacrifice, and *Pilumnus*
For his old hate still seeks it: make long stay
I dare not, only I desire t'apply
My medicine and be gone. Who's this *I* spy?

SCEN. 3

Thestylis. Amyntas. Mopsus.

----I doe remember now that countenance;
It is my sister *Thestylis*, Ile stand close
T'observe their actions.
The. Would to *Ceres*
She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pitty poore *Amyntas*!
Cl. So pray I.
Amyn. I have the bravest spanniell in the world,
Of a sharpe sent and quick. so ho ho! so ho ho ho.
Ringwood, Iowler, whitefoot, so ho ho! so ho ho!
Mop. I shall be a whole kennell of dogs anon.
Amyn. Iuno, Vulcan Venus! so ho ho! so ho ho!
Mop. Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me now?
Amyn. There *Lady*, there!
Mop. Ha? be there Lady-dogs as wel as Lady-birds too?

Amyn.

Amy. *Beauty, Beauty.*
Mop. S'lid I was never call'd that name before.
Thestylis, Amyntas calls me *Beauty*,
I prethee come kisse me.
The. Thus I spend my life
Laughing amidst my teares.
Amyn. Now *Vertue Vertue!*
Mop. Is that a dogs name too? would I were hang'd
If Ile have any of it for that trick.
Amy. Dost thou not sent it yet? Close, close you rogue!
By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.
Mop. Oh good master! Bow wow, bow wow wow--
Amyn. So now he has't again.
What at a fault you mungrell? will you never
Start me this Oracle?
Mop. Start an Oracle?
As if an Oracle were a hare?
Amy. So 'tis,
And skuds away so swift we cannot take it.
Start me this Oracle.
Mop. Start it who's will for me;
For I'le not start it.
Amy. Then unkennell it.
Mop. Unkennell it?
Amy. I, 'tis a Foxe, a Fox.
A cunning crafty rogue: no body knowes
Which way to find him. Ha? what sent is this?
Dost thou not smell?
Mop. What?
Amy. The meaning of the Oracle.
Unkennell it, or I will lashe thee.
Mop. Good sir,
I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,

But

But if you'le have me ſpring an Oracle----
Amy. And wilt thou doe it? ſpring men then this Oracle
Mop. I that I will my skill lies all in birds,
Whoſe flight I feare I have obſerv'd ſo long
That I am metamorphos'd to a ſpaniell.
Amy. Loes how my Hawke of underſtandimg ſoares
About the Partridge Oracle!-- ill luck!
'Tis a retreat again.
Mop. O ſhall I never
Rid me of this misfortune! (thanks good omen)
Cras, cras ſhe ſaies, to morrow 'twill be better. A crow
Black bird I thank thee! *Clatus to them.* cawes
The. Litle thinks the wretched *Clatus* now
How ſad a life his poore *Amyntas* lives!
Cl. Too well unto his griefe--I'le goe unto him
And follow him in his humor:-- You have got
A dainty ſpaniel, ſir.
Amy. I think the world
Cannot afford his equall.
Cl. What breed is he?
Amy. True *Spartan* I'le aſſure you.
Cl. Was the ſire
Of the ſame Country?
Amy. No, as I remember
He was an Iriſh Grey-hound, but the damme
Came of *Acteons* brood.
Cl. As how I pray?
Amy. Why thus; *Melampus* was the ſire of *Lelaps*;
Lelaps to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichnobates*,
Ichnobates to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus*
To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was ſire
To *Oreſitrophus*, *Oreſitrophus*
To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*

To

To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*
To the quick nos'd *Aellus*, he to *Dromas*,
Dromas to *Tigris*, *Tigris* to *Orybasus*,
Orybasus to *Peterelas*, he to *Nape*,
The damme of *Mopsus*.
Mop. So then *Orybasus*
Was my great grand father. Though I be a Dog,
I come of a good house My *Ancestors*
Were all of Noble names past understanding.
What a brave man's my Master! where learn'd he
All this? Ne're stirre now *I* could find in my heart
To leave my Augury and study Heraldry;
A man I think may learn't as well as t'other,
Yet never feare of growing too wise upon't.
And then will *I* record the pedigree
Of all the dogs i'th 'world. O that *I* had
The armes of all our house by th'Mothers side!
Cl. Sir *I* have brave things in a Basket for you.
Give me your Dog, and you shall have'm all.
Amy. Take him.
Mop. O heaven *I* and shall *I* change my Master,
One mad man for another?
Amy. Curre be quiet,
I have said it, and my will shall be a law.
Mop. O good sir, for *Melampus* sake, and *Dorceus*
Lelaps, *Ichnobates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,
Labros, *Nebrophonos*, *Oresitrophus*,
Tigris, *Orybatus*, *Theridamas*,
Aellus, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and the rest
Of all my Noble Ancestors deceas'd
Be merciful unto me! Pitty pity
The only hope of all our family.
Cl. Sir can he fetch and carry?

Amy.

Amy. You ſhall ſee him .
Fetch ſirrah:---there:-- the curre is run away ;
Helpe me to catch my dog: you'lbring you mungrell?
Mop. Yes much! the birds will not adviſe me to it . *Exit.*
The Sylvan, why gaze you on us? would you frolike
With poore *Amynta's* madneſſe ? 'twould ill beſeem you
To make our griefe your paſtime .
Cl. Not *I* by heaven!
My joyes are counterfeit, my ſorrowes reall:
(*I* cannot hold from weeping) ah you know not
What griefe lyes here within, (teares you'l betray me!)
Give me my eye full of this noble ſheapheard!
Who hath not heard how he hath chac'd the boare?
And how his ſpeare hath torne the panch of wolves,
On the barke of every tree his name's ingraven .
Now Planet ſtruck, and all that vertue vaniſh'd .
The. Thy looks are fierce, thy words beſpeak thee gentle.
Amy. Why wept he *Theſtylis*?
The. *I* did not mark him ,
Amy. It was a mote in's eyes: ile kiſſe it out;
Ile curle thy ſhackled looks, and criſpe thy haire
Like the ſtreight-growing Cypreſſe, come lets put
Our heads together. Thou art more then mortall,
And ſhalt expound to *Ceres* what ſhe aſkes .
It is a gallant *Sylvan*, *Theſtylis* .
Cl. I am not skild in riddles, no interpreter
Of Divinations, but dare contend
With any Emperick to doe a cure,
Wihether the body or the minde be ſick,
That is my ſtudy, I but crave the leave
To try the power of art upon this ſheapheard,
If *Æſclapius* be propitious. to him,
After the dew of one nights ſofter ſlumbers.

I dare be bold to ſay he ſhall recover.
Amyn. My dog again? doſt read it in the ſtars?
What a ſtrange man is this?
Cl. Thy wits *Amyntas*,
I meane; O caſt thy armes in my embraces;
Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus diſtracted?
Amy. I doe you mean? with a very-very-very madtrick.
By making verſes.
Cl. Reſt reſt deluded fancy
The. There was a time (alas that e're it was!)
When my poore ſheapheard fell in love.
Cl. With whom? (*Vrania.*
The. The ſtarre of beauty, *Pilumnus* much admir'd
Cl. O the croſſe darts of fate!
The. She ſweet Nymph inlodged
The caſket of his love in her owne boſome;
But *Ceres* ſet a Dowry. Out alaſſe!
Would ſhe had aſk'd our flocks, our Kids, our groves.
Would ſhe had bid us quench the flames of *Ætna*
In *Arethuſa's* ſtreames, it had been eaſy.
We fight with words and cannot conquer them;
This her imperious *Ompha* aſk'd, and Thundered
That which thou haſt not, maiſt not, canſt not have
Amyntas, *is the Dowry that I crave.*
To find out her commands, he loſt himſelfe.
Cl. Your ſtories pitifull. 'Tis my profeſſion
To wander through the Earth, and in my travell,
I am inquiſitive after the ſick to heale 'em;
Their cure and kind acceptance is my pay.
You will not feare to lodge me for a night?
The. We have but homely hoſpitality.
Amy. Ile feaſt thee with ſome Veniſon, brave *Montano*.
Cl. Thy reſtitution is my feaſt *Amyntas*,

Your

Your curds and cheſtnuts and your country fare
Is bounteous for ſo mean a gueſt as *I*:
But ſend for that *Vrania* her ſwet voyce
Muſt ſinga Lullaby to drown his ſenſes,
And charm ſoft ſleep upon his troubled phancy.
And 'fore the gray-eyd morn doe peep, be confident
I'le put the muſique of his braines in tune.
Col. You'l call *Vrania*.
The. Doubt not ſir, I will.
Or ſend my ſervant *Mycon* by the *Vale*.
Amy. Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs do bark I'le brain 'em;
Wee'l ſleep to night together, and to morrow,
Cl. Will end *I* hope thy madneſſe, not my ſorrow.
Amy. Wee'l goe a hunting, ſo ho ho! ſo ho ho! *Exeunt.*

Mopſus from the Orchard.

Mop. Art the mad dogs gone yet?
A little more would have perſwaded me
Into a ſpaniell, and *I* may be one,
For any thing *I* know, yet ſure *I* am not
Becauſe methinks *I* ſpeak; but an this ſpeaking
Should be but barking now? if *I* be a dog
Heaven ſend me a better Maſter then the former.
Ceres defend me, what ſtrange *Elves* are there!

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas with a Bevy of Fayries.

Dor. How like you may my Grace? is not my countenance
Royall and full of Majeſty? Walk I not
Like the young Prince of *Pigmies*? Ha? my knaves,
Wee'l fill our pockets. Look look yonder, *Elves*,
Would not you Apples tempt a better conſcience
Then any we have to rob an Orchard? ha!
Fairies, like Nymphs with child, muſt have the thing
They long for. You ſing here a *Fairy* catch

that ſtrange tongue I taught you: while your ſelfe
oe climbe the Trees. Thus Princely *Oberon*
aſcends his throne of State.

Nos Beata Fauni Proles,
bes *Quibus non eſt magna moles,*
Quamvis Lunam incolamus,
Hortos ſæpe frequentamus.
Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto Dulcior Puella.
Furto omnia decora.
Cum poma dulciora.
Cum mortales lecto jacent,
Nobis poma noctu placent,
Illa tamen ſunt ingrata,
Niſi furto ſint parata.

Jocaſtus. Bromius.

. What divine noyſe fraught with immortall harmony
lutes mine eare?

. Why this immortall harmony
ther ſalutes your Orchard: theſe young Raſcalls,
eſe peſcod-ſhelers do ſo cheat my maſter:
e cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
t ſtreight ſome *Fairy* longs for't: well if I
ight have my will, a whip again ſhould Jerk'h'em,
o their old mortality:

. Dar'ſt thou ſcreetch-Owle
ith thy rude croaking interrupt their muſique;
hoſe melody hath made the ſpheares to lay
eir heavenly lutes aſide, only to liſten
o their more charming notes?

. Say what you will,
ay a cudgell now were excellent Muſique.

Oberon deſcende citus,
Elves *Ne cogaris hinc invitus.*
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

Jo. Prince *Oberon?* I heard his Graces name.
Bro. O ho: I ſpye his Grace! Moſt noble Prince
Come down, or I will pelt your Grace with ſtones,
That I believe your Grace was ne're ſo pelted
Since twas a Grace.
Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand.
Bro. Immortall thiefe come downe, or *I* will fetch yo
Me thinks it ſhould impaire his Graces honour
To ſteale poore mortalls Apples. Now have at you!
Dor. Jocaſtus, we are *Oberon*, and we thought
That one ſo neare to us as you in favour,
Would not have ſuffered this prophane rude groome
Thus to impaire our royalty.
Jo. Gracious Prince,
The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged
From his mortality.
Do. Did we out of love.
And our entire affection, of all Orchards
Chooſe yours to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry meaſures, and fantaſticke rings!
And you ingratefull mortall thus requite us.
All for one Apple!
Jo. Villaine th'aſt undone me:
His Grace is much incens'd.
Do. You know, *Jocaſtus*,
Our Grace have Orchards of our own more preci
Then mortals can have any: And we ſent you
A preſent of them t'other day.

Jo. Tis right,
Your Graces humble ſervant muſt acknowledge it.
Bro. Some of his owne I am ſure.
Do. I muſt confeſſe
Their out-ſide look'd ſomething like yours indeed;
But then the taſte more reliſh'd of Eternity,
The ſame with *Nectar.*
Jo, Your good Grace is welcome
To any things *I* have: Nay, Gentlemen
Pray doe not you ſpare neither:
Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti.
Jo. What ſay theſe mighty Peeres, great *Oberon?*
Do. They cannot ſpeak this language, but in ours
They thank you; and they ſay they will have none.
Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti-Tititatie.
Jo. What ſay they now?
Do. They doe requeſt you now
To grant them leave to dance a Fairy ring
About your ſervant, and for his offence
Pinch him: doe you the while command the Traitour
Not dare to ſtirre, not once preſume to mutter.
Jo. Traitour, for ſo Prince *Oberon* deignes to call thee,
Stirre not, nor mutter.
Bro. To be thus abus'd!
Jo. Ha? mutter'ſt thou?
Bro. I have deſerved better.
Jo. Still mutter'ſt thou?
Bro. I ſee *I* muſt endure it.
Jo. Yet mutter'ſt thou? Now Noble Lords begin
When it ſhall pleaſe your honours.
Do. Ti ti ta tie.
Our Noble friend permits, *Tititatie*
Doe you not ſir?

Jo. How ſhould *I* ſay I doe?
Do. *Ti ti ta tie.*
Jo. *Ti ti ta tie* my noble Lords.

Quoniam per te violamur
Elves *ungues hic experiamur.*
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valde variatam.

They dance.

Jo. *Titiatie* to your Lordſhip for this excellent muſic.
Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to on's maſter.
Jo. Still mutter'ſt thou?

Exit Bromius.

Dorylas from the tree. Iocaſtus falls on his knees.

Do. And riſe up Sir *Jocaſtus*, our deare Knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a *melliſonant Tingle-Tangle.*
(Indeed a ſheep-bell ſtoln from's own fat weather.) a
The Enſigne of his Knight-hood. Sir *Jocaſtus*,
We call to minde we promis'd you long ſince
The preſident of our Dances place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you, give him there
His ſtaffe of Dignitie.
o. Your grace is pleas'd
o honour your poore lie eman
Do. Now be gone.
Jo. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you,
Titit atie my Noble Lords farewell.
Dor. *Titit atie* my Noble foole farewell:
Now, my Nobilitie and honoured Lords,
Our Grace is pleas'd for to part ſtakes; here *Jocalo*
Theſe are you ſhare; theſe his, and theſe our graces,

Have we not gull'd him bravely! see you Rascalls,
These are the fruits of witty knaverie.

Mopsus enters barking. (Lords!

Dor. Heaven shield Prince *Oberon*, and his honoured
We are betraid.

Mop. *Bow wow wow.*

Nay nay since you have made a sheep of my brother
Ile be a dogge to keep him.

Do. O good *Mopsus!*

Mop. Does not your grace, most low and mighty
Dorylas.
Feare whipping now?

Do. Good *Mopsus* but conceale us,
And I will promise by to morrow night
To get thee *Thestylis.*

Mop. *I* will aske leave
Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night; (*An owle*
That plainly shewes that by to morrow night, (*shreekes.*
He may performe his promise.

Do. And *I* will.

Mop. Why then *I* will conceale you. But your Grace
Must think your Grace beholding to me.

Do. Well.

We doe

Mop. And thank the owle, she stood your friend.
And for this time my witty Grace farewell.

Do. Nay be not so discourteous; Stay and take
An apple first: you *Jocalo* give him one,
And you another, and our Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberall: But now I feare
I am not he that must interpret th' Oracle.
My brother will prevent me, to my griefe.

I much ſuſpect it, for this *Dorylas*
A ſcarre-crow cozend him moſt ſhamefully,
Which makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.

Exit Mopſus.

Dor. So, we are clean got off: come Noble Peeres
Of *Fairy*, come attend our Royall Grace.
Let's goe and ſhare our fruit with our Queen *Mab*,
And th'other Dary-maids: whereof this theam
We will diſcourſe amidſt our Cakes and Cream.

Cum tot poma habeamus,
Elves. *Triumphos læti jam canamus.*
Faunos ego credam ortos
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I domum Oberon ad illas
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.
Quarum oſculemur ſinum,
Inter poma, lac, & vinum.
Finis Actus tertij.

Actvs 4. Scena 1.

Mopſus. Theſtylis.

Mop. I Would have you to know *Theſtylis*, ſo *I* would I am no dog, but mortall fleſh and blood
As you are.
Theſ. O be patient gentle *Mopſus.*
Mop. S'lid fetch and carry!
Theſ. Nay good ſweet heart
Be not angry.
Mop. Angry? why, 'twould anger

A dog indeed to be ſo us'd, a dog!
I would not uſe a dog ſo: bid a dog
That comes of a good houſe to fetch and carry!
Diſcourteous! let him get dogs of his own,
For *I* have got my neck out of the collar
Let him unkennell's Oracles himſelfe
For *Mopſus*, if I ſtart or ſpring him one,
Ile dye the dogs death, and be hang'd: mad foole.
Theſ. But *Mopſus*, you may now ſecurely viſit
Me and my houſe: *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd,
Is now recover'd of his wits again.
Mop. How? and grown wiſe!
Theſ. *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.
Mop. Shut up your doores then; *Carduus*, *Benedictus*
Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.
Theſ. What meane you *Mopſus?*
Mop. Mean I? what mean you
To invite me to your houſe when 'tis infected?
Theſ. Infected?
Mop. I *Amyntas* has the Wits;
And do you think *I* le keep him company?
Though as J told you ſtill, I am ſuſpitious
Iocaſtus is the man that muſt----
The. Do what?
Mop. It grieves me to thinke of it.
The. Out with't man.
Mop. That muſt interpret; *I* have cauſe to think
(With ſorrow be it ſpoken) he will prove
The verier foole, but let him; yet now my Augury
That never failes me, tells me certainely
That I ſhall have thee, *Theſtylis*, yet ere night;
It was an owle.---

SCEN.

SCEN. 2.

Claius. Amyntas.

---*And*----see see, *Theſtylis*,
Here comes the Ivy-buſh, Ile ſtand aſide;
For I am ſtill moſt bodily afraid.
Amy. What Deity lives here? the ſoule of *Phœbus*,
Breaths in this powerfull man: ſure *Æſculapius*
Reviſits earth again; and in this ſhape
Deales health amongſt us! I before was nothing
But bruit and beaſt. O tell me by what reliques
Of heavenly fire have you inſpir'd me with
This better ſoule of reaſon! worthy ſir,
If y'are ſome god (as leſſe I cannot deem you)
That pittying of my miſeries, came downe
From heaven to cure me, tell me, that I may
With ſacrifice adore you.
Mop. *Adore him?*
Are there ſuch ruffian gods in heaven as he?
Such beggarly Deities?
Amyn. If you will conceale it,
And *I* by ignorance omit to pay
Thoſe ſacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd
To pardon me.
Mop. Heighday! well *Theſtylis*,
You may be glad your houſe is not infected;
Hee's ten times madder now then ere he was,
To deify this rude ill-favour'd *Sylvan*,
This fellow with the beard all over: *Theſtylis*,
I dare not ſtay; unleſſe my heeles maintaine
My ſafety, I ſhall turne a dog again. *Exit Mopſ*
Clai

Cla. I am as you are, mortall; tis my skill
In Physick, and experience in the rare
Vertue of herbs, that wrought this miracle,
No Divinity or power in me.
Theſt. Amyntas, when ſhall we requite this kindneſſe?
Amyn. Never, I would willingly
Have ſacrific'd unto him but his modeſty
Will nor permit it: though he will not ſuffer us
T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay
A reverence to him as a father.
Claius. O thoſe words doe touch the quick!
Amyn. For if he be
A father that begot this fleſh, this clay,
What's he to whom we owe our ſecond birth
Of ſoule and reaſon? Father; I muſt call you
By that name Father.
Claius. Now the floud-gate's open, *(aſide*
And the full ſtreame of teares will iſſue out:
Traitors you will betray me!
Theſt. Sir, why weepe you?
Claius. To think of this mans father---- O I lov'd him
As dearely as my ſelfe, my words and all
Break out ſuſpitious! has he not a daughter?
As I remember well, he ſaid her name was----
Theſt. Amaryllis.
Cl. Yes I had almoſt
Forgot it, I would fain have ſeen her too.
Theſt. You cannot now, becauſe to night ſhe lodg'd
With one *Laurinda*.

SCEN. 3.
Vrania.

Amy. O my *Vrania*, welcome;
Amyntas bids thee ſo, I that 'till now

Was

Was not *Amyntas* : come my joy, and met mee
Full of our happineſſe!
Vra. Grant *Ceres* now
My hopes be faithfull to me, my *Amyntas.*
How come your thoughts ſo ſetled?
Amyn. O Vrania,
Here, here he ſtands, to whom I owe my ſelfe,
And thou oweſt me: we reverence in our Temples
Marble, and braſſe, whoſe ſtatues ſerve for nothing
But to hang cobwebs on: oh! how much rather
Should we adore this Deity, that beſtowed
Such happineſſe upon us!
Vra. Would we knew
How to deſerve it.
Cl. So you may *Vrania,*
If you will grant me one requeſt.
Vra. Command it.
Cl. I would intreat you preſently to vow
Virginity to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*
No more may toyle his brain in thinking what
To give you for a Dowry.
Vra. Sir I will
Preſently about it. Ile only firſt
Get ſome unknown diſguiſe.
Cl. I dare ſtay here
No longer, for I muſt begon ere yet
The light betrayes me.
Vra. Happineſſe attend you
Cl. Remember it *Vrania.*
Amyn. Farewell father.

Exeunt Vran. Amynt. Theſt.

Clains Solus.

Cl[illegible]hus like a bat, or owle *I* ſpend my age

In

In night or darkneſſe, as aſham'd of day,
And fearefull of the light: the Sunne and I
Dare never be acquainted, O guilt, guilt,
Thou and thy daughter fear are puniſhments
Perpetuall, every whiſtling of the wind
Doth ſeem the noyſe of apprehenders; ſhadowes
Affright me more then men. Each ſtep *I* tread
Is danger. Life? why to live longer ſhould we
Not live at all? I heare a noyſe: falſe timorouſneſſe
Deceive me not,---my eyes inſtruct me too,
Heaven ſhield me.---

SCEN. 4.

Alexis, Da*mon*,

Fain I would enquire of them
For *Amaryllis*, but if one of theſe
Be Da*mon*, I am loſt.
Alex. How early, *Damon*, doe lovers riſe?
Cl. Tis he, *I* heare his name, good mole away. *Exit.*
Dam. No Larks ſo ſoon, *Alexis*.
Alex. He that of us ſhall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*.
Will not be ſo ſoon: ha! would you *Damon*?
Dam. Alex, no; but if I miſſe *Laurinda*,
My ſleep ſhall be eternall.
Ale. I much wonder the Sunne ſo ſoone can riſe?
Da. Did he lay his head in faire *Laurind*'s lap,
We ſhould have but ſhort dayes.
Ale. No ſummer *Damon*
Dam. Thetis to her is browne.
Ale. and he doth riſe
From her to gaze on faire *Laurinda*'s eyes,
Dam. O now I long to meet our Arbitreſſe.
Ale. Oh whom depends our only happineſſe.
Dam. It muſt be the firſt Virgin that we greet

From

From *Ceres* Temple.
Ale. Yes, the first we meet.
Dam. I heare no noyse of any yet that move.
Ale. Devotions not so early up as love.
Dam. See how *Aurora* blushes! we suppose
Where *Tithon* lay to night.
Ale. That modest rose
He grafted there.
Dam. O heaven, 'tis all I seek,
To make that colour in *Laurinda's* cheek.
Ale. The Virgins now come from the Temple.
Dam. Appeale unto the first.

SCEN. 5.

The Virgins passe over the stage with wax candles in their hands, Amaryllis *goes the first, but she is stai[d] by* Damon, *as unknown to be* Amarylis *she being vail'd and having on her head the garland that* Laurinda *took from* Damon.

Chast beauteous Nymph,
Ceres so grant your prayers, as you determine
Justly our cause!
Ama. *Ceres* has heard my prayers,
For all my morning orisons beg'd no more
Then one kind world from *Damon.*
Dam. *Amaryllis*!
Alex. That name breaths life and soule to poore *Alexis.*
Ama. The same,---why startle you? you have not met
A poyson, *Damon.*
Dam. Yes a thousand vipers
Have stung my soule.
Alex. as many joyes crown mine
With happinesse.
Dam. Would I had met this morning

Inf[elicious]

Infectious vapors nurſing plagues, not thee,
No curſe but that had power to ruine me!
Alex. No other bleſſing hath preſerved me.
Ama. VVhat ſhould this mean, my *Damon*? how have I
Diſpleas'd you, ſweet? heaven knowes it is my prayer
More then for heaven, to pleaſe you.
Da. O my torture!
Fly hence as farre as hell, and hide thy head
Lower then darkneſſe; would thou hadſt been acting
Inceſt or murder, when thou cam'ſt to pray,
Thou hadſt in any thing ſinn'd leſſe then this:
Unſeaſonable devotion!
Ama. Can it be
A ſin to pray for *Damon*?
Dam. Thou hadſt bleſt me
Hadſt thou ſat all this while in ſome darke cell
Loading my head with curſes.
Ama. Innocence
Let me not underſtand you.
Da. Ile not ſtand
To her award, ſhe is a partiall judge,
And will decree unjuſtly.
Ama. How to *Damon*?
To him ſhe loves ſo dearely?
Dam. That's the reaſon;
She does confeſſe, *Alexis*, that ſhe loves me,
That's argument enough againſt her.
Ama. *Ceres*, theſe obſcure paſſions move me:
Alex. Ile inſtruct you,
Take here the paper, pen and inke.
Ama. VVhy yet ſir
I know no more.
Alex. you are to paſſe your cenſure,

Being

Being the first Nymph that we have met this morning
Which of us two must have the faire *Laurinda*.
Write your award; our mutuall oathes doe bind us
Not to deny't
Da. 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd
Betwixt this curſed Nymph and you, *Alexis*.
Alex. *Damon* you wrong us both.
Dam. Where did you ſteale
This Garland? it was mine.
Ama. For that I love it,
Becauſe it once was thine.
Da. For that I hate it,
Cauſe it is thine, had it been true to me,
Methinks as ſoone as it had toucht thy head
It ſhould have withered:
Ama. So it would have done
Had it not firſt touch't yours. *Laurinda* gave me
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.
Da. *Alexis*, you deale falſe, 'tis a conſpiracy
'Twixt you and her.
Alex. How can it? you know, *Damon*,
I have not been one minute from your presence.
Da. You took your time while I was ſleeping.
Alex. Neither,
Nor I nor you could ſleep one winke this night,
The expectation of this morning triall
Did keep us both awake
Da. I do not know,
But there is ſome trick in't, and I'le appeale
From her too partiall ſentence (you ſtay
Alex. I'le the while go fetch *Laurinda*, ſhe ſhall force
Vnto her triall. *Exit.*
Ama. *Damon*, thy harſh language is more then death
Vnto me. *Da.*

Da. I doe charge you to teare the paper;
And refuse to judge between us.
Ama. No, I am resolved to write I determine.
Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou maist
Revenge my scorn. Take it, but Ile prevent thee.
he strikes her.
Ama. Welcome death!
From him all things are foe. *Damon* fly hence,
Thou hast shed bloud here in the *Sacred Valley*,
Make hast away or thou art lost for ever.
Dam. Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.
Exit Damon.
Ama. What was it he said last? ---Thou hast indeed
A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorn.
----With love. no otherwise: and there thou shalt not
Prevent me, *Damon*. I will write--This inke
Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*,
Tis black and ugly, thou thy selfe hast furnisht me
With that of better colour: 'Tis my blood
That's truly *Cupids* ink: love ought to write
Only with that;---This paper is too course;
O that I had my heart, to write it there!
But so it is already. Would I had
A parchment made of my owne skin, in that
To write the truth of my affection,
A wonder to posterity!--- Hand make hast
As my blood does, or I shall faint *I* feare
Ere *I* have done my story---

SCEN. 6.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. These milk-maids are the daintiest rogues, they (kisse
As sweet as sillibubs, surely *Oberon*
Lives a delicious life! Ha who lies here?

A Nymph? *If* 'twere but now in *Oberons* power
To ſteale away her maiden-head, as ſhe ſleeps:
O, twould be excellent ſport, to ſee how ſhe
VVould miſſe it when ſhe wakes: what miſery it is
To be a boy, why could no: my good father
Have got me five yeares ſooner? here had been
A purchaſe. will 'tis but five yeares longer
And *I* ſhall hope to ſee a merrier world.
No body neare too! S'lid the very thoughts
Enough to make me man o'the ſuddain, well
Ile kiſſe her though.
Ama. Oh *I* faint.
Do. ſhe dreames;
Now ſhall *I* know all ſecrets. Theſe ſame women
Are given ſo much to talk when they are awake
That they prate ſleeping too.
Ama. My blood congeales
VVithin my quill, and *I* can write no more.
Dor. Love-letters? ſhe was troubled yeſternight
About inditeing, and ſhe dreames on't now.
Poore ſleepy ſecretary!
Ama. *I* will fold it up
And ſend it; who's that's here? my eyes
Are dimme, ha, *Doryllas!*
Dor. Now ſhe dreames ſhe gives it me to carry;
I halfe feare I uſe to carry letters in my ſleep,
VVearying my ſelfe all night, and that's the reaſon
I am ſo loath to riſe i'th morning.
Ama. *Doryllas*, carry this letter for me.
Dor. I thought ſo,
That's all that I can doe, carry their letters,
Or runne of errands: well come five yeares hence
They may imploy me better. Unto whom is it?

Ama.

Ama. Unto *Laurinda*, take it.
Dor. How, a red Letter ?
Ama. Say *I* wiſh all health to her and *Damon*;
And being not able for to beare my griefes,
I ſought a remedy from mine owne ſpeare, and died.
Dor. How, dead ? Oh me,
See how her bloud hath ſtain'd the holy *Valley* !
Well you have done me wrong to kill your ſelfe,
Only to have me ſacrific'd on the Altar,
I nere deſerv'd it.
Ama. Feare not *Dorylas*.
Dor. Feare not, to dye ſo like a Calfe ? oh *Dorylas* oh—
Ama. Good *Dorylas* be gone, whilſt yet my breath
Will give me leave to ſay it was not you.
Dor. See that you doe, and ſo farewell. *Exit.*
Ama. Farewell !
How fearefull death is unto them, whoſe life
Had any ſweetneſſe in it ! my dayes have all
Been ſo ore-worn with ſorrow, that this wound
Is unto me rather a ſalve then ſore,
More phyſicke then diſeaſe, whither my journey
Shall lead me now ; through what dark hideous place,
Among what monſters, hags and ſnake-hair'd Furies,
Am I to goe, I know not : but my life
Hath beene ſo ſpotleſſe, chaſte, and innocent,
My death ſo undeſerv'd, I have no reaſon
(If there be gods) but to expect the beſt ;
Yet what doth moſt torment me, is the thought
How long 'twill be ere I againe enjoy
My *Damon's* preſence : untill then, *Elyſium*
Will be no place of pleaſure ; and perchance
When he comes thither too, he then may ſlight me

As much as now---That very feare doth make thee
Dye, wretched *Amaryllis* !

SCEN. 7.

Enter Claius.

Cl. How no feare
Can make me lose the Father ! Death or danger
Threat what you can : I have no heart to goe
Back to the mountains, 'till my eyes have seen
My *Amaryllis.*
Ama. O was ever love
So crosse'd as mine ! was ever Nymph so wretched
As *Amaryllis* ?
Cl. Ha ! I heard the sound
Of *Amaryllis* ; where's that blessed creature,
That owes the name ? are you the Virgin ?
Ama. Yes,
That fatall name is mine, I shall anon
Be nothing but the name.
Cl. O speak, what hand,
What barbarous Tigers issue, what curs'd whelp
Of Beares, or Lyons, had the marble heart
To wound so sweet a Nymph ?
Ama. O sir, my bloud
Calls none but fortune guilty, I by chance
Stumbled on mine owne dart, and hurt my selfe.
Cl. Then I have hearbs to cure it : heaven, I thank thee
That didst instruct me hither ! still the bloud
Flowes like a scarlet torrent, whose quick streame
Will not be checkt : speak *Amaryllis*, quickly,
What hand this sin hath stain'd, upon whose soule
This bloud writes murther ; till you see the man
Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope

In

In Phyſick is deſpaire.---She will not ſpeak,
And now the cure growes to the laſt. Yet here
I have a receipt will revive her ſpirits, *Applies a*
And 'till the laſt drop of her bloud be clean *medicine*
Exhauſted from thoſe azure veines, preſerve her; *& rubs*
But then ſhee's loſt for ever! Then O *Ceres, her Temples*
If there be any in theſe groves, men, Virgin,
Beaſt, bird, or trees, or any thing deteſting
This horrid fact, reveale it! Sacred graſſe
Whoſe hallowed green this bloudy deed hath ſtain'd,
Aske nature for a tongue to name the murtherer!
Ile to the Temple.---If this place containe
Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion,
If there be any god at home, or Prieſt,
Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, ſpeake
Who did it: who is guilty of this ſinne,
That dyes the earth with bloud, and makes the heaven
Aſham'd to ſtand a witneſſe?

SCEN. 8.

Enter Pilumnus. Corymbus.

Pi. What ſad voyce
Diſturbs our pious Orgyes?
Cor. See, *Pilumnus*,
A Virgin all in gore,
Pi. Ceres defend us;
The *Sacred Vally* is prophan'd.
Cor. The place
So deare to *Ceres*, all defil'd with bloud
Pi. By *Ceres*, and her holy *Ompha*, hee
That did it, with his bloud ſhall ſatisfie

The Goddeſſe anger; who by bloud offends
By his own ſacrific'd, muſt make amends,
Cl. I durſt preſume upon the power of Art,
Did I but know the murtherer.
Pilum. Howſoever
Tis death to him that did it.
Cor. Speake his name
Faire Virgin.
Ama. O--If it be death to him
That did it, I have not the power to live
Behind him.
Cor. Why, who was it then?
Ama. My ſelfe,
And therfore in my death your law is ſatisfied
The bloud and act both mine.
Cl. It is not ſo,
For had it been by her own hand, my skill
Could have preſerv'd her life.
Ama. It was my ſelfe,
Or one as deare.
Cl. Who's that?
Ama. Ile rather dye
Then name him, though it be a name I uſe
Oft to repeat, and every repetition
Is a new ſoule unto me: 'tis a name
I have taught the birds to caroll, every
Laurell and Cedar beares it regiſtred
Upon his tender barke; it is a name
In which is all the life I yet have left;
A name I long to ſpeake: yet *I* had rather
Dye all the ſeverall ſorts of death twice over
Then ſpeake it once.
Cl. *I* charge thee by that duty

Thou ow'ſt to me, *Amaryllis*, that thou oweſt to me
Who gave thee life.---
Pil. What ſhould this mean *Corymbus!*
Cl. And by the womb that bare thee, by the breaſts
Of thy Dead mother, *Lalage.*
Cor. This is ſtrange.
Cl. Conceale him not! in plain, I am thy father
Thy Father, *Amaryllis*, that commands thee
By theſe gray haires to tell me. *I* am *Claius.*
Pilum. How, *Claius!* and ſo fortunately found?
Claius. I, glut your hate. *Pilumnus*; let your ſoule
That has ſo long thirſted to drink my bloud,
Swill till my veins are empty; and carowſe
Deep in my heart, till you grow drunk, and reele,
And vomit up the ſurfet, that your cruelty
Quaſt off with ſo much pleaſure; *I* have ſtood
Long like a fatall Oake, at which great *Jove*
Levels his thunder, all my boughes long ſince
Blaſted and wither'd; now the trunk falls too.
Heaven end thy wrath in me!
Pilum. Bleſſed be *Ceres!*
What unexpected happineſſe is here?
Rejoyce *Sicilians* miſerable lovers,
Crowne all your browes with roſes, and adore
The Deity that ſent him: he is come
Whoſe bloud muſt quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,
And kindle more auſpitious flames of love
In every breſt.
Cla. I, doe, I feare not death.
Let every Virgins hand when I am ſlaine
Ring me a knell of Plaudits: let my Dirges
Be amorous Ditties, and inſtead of weeping
Dance at my funerall! 'Tis no griefe for me

To

To dye to make my countrymen some sport.
Here's one in whom *I* only wish to live
Another age.
Ama. What joy have I to live,
That nere liv'd yet? the time that I have spent
Since first *I* wept, then, when I first had entrance
Into this world, this cold and sorrowfull world,
Was but a scene of sorrow, wretched I!
Fatall to both my Parents! For my birth
Ruin'd my mother, and my death my Father.
O Tragick life! I either should have been
Nere born, or nere have died. When I began
To be, my sin began, why should it then
Out-live me? for, though now I cease to be,
That still continues: Eyes, flow forth a pace,
And be asham'd to see my wound run bloud
Faster then you drop teares---.

Enter Damon.

See here he comes
His absence never untill now I wisht.
Da. My Conscience brings me back, the feet of guilt
Goe slow and dull, 'tis hard to run away
From that we beare about us!
Cl. The murtherer
Is in this place, the issue of her bloud
Is stopt o'th' sudden. Cruell man, 'tis thou
Hast done this bloudy act, that will disgrace
The story of our Nation, and imprint
So deep a blemish in the age we live in
For savage barbarisme, that eternitie
Shall nere weare out. *Pilumnus*, on my knees
I begge the Justice of *Sicilian* lawes
Against this monster.

Pi.

Pi. Claius, 'tis your hate,
And old revenge instructs you to accuse
My son, you would have fellowes in your death,
And to that purpose you pretend, I know not
What mysteries of art!
Cl. Speak *Amaryllis*
I'st not this Wolfe?
Pilum. Say, Virgin was it he?
Ama. O, I am angry with my bloud for stopping!
This coward ebbe against my will betraies me;
The streame is turn'd, my eyes run faster now,
Pil. Can you accuse my son?
Ama. By *Ceres* no;
I have no heart to doe it: does that face
Look cruell? doe those eyes sparkle with hate,
Or malice? Tell me, Father, looks that brow
As if it could but frown? Say, can you think
'Tis possible *Damon* should have the heart
To wound a Virgin? surely barbarous crueltie
Dwels not in such a breast: mercy, and mildnesse,
Courtesie, love, and sweetnesse breath in him,
Not anger, wrath, or murther; *Damon* was not
Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send
Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruell?
Whence should he learn so much of barbarism
As thus to wrong a Virgin? *If* he wound me
'Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind god
whets his pil'd arrowes; He besides, you know,
Had never cause to wrong me, for he knowes
Alwayes I lov'd him: Father, do not wrong
An innocent; his soule is white, and pure,
'Tis sinne to think there lives a sinne in him,
Impiety to accuse him.

Cl. In his lookes
He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange
And obstinate silence; shame, and his conscience
Will not permit him to deny it.
Ama. Tis, alas,
His modest, bashfull nature, and pure innocence
That makes him silent: think you that bright rose
That buds within his cheekes, was planted there
By guilt or shame? no, he has alwayes been
So unacquainted with all act of sinne,
That but to be suspected strikes him dumb
With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*
(I think my oath be lawfull) *I* my selfe
Was cause of this.
Cl. Still I am confident
'Twas he.
Pi. It is your envie makes you so.

SCEN. 9.

Alexis. Laurinda.

Lau.---I will *Alexis*,
And so he must if oaths be any tye.
Alex. To lovers they are none, we breake those bonds
As easily as threeds of silke: A bracelet
Made of your maidens haire's a stronger chaine
Then twentie cob-web oathes; while we break,
Venus but laughs: it must be your perswasion
That works him to it.
Lau. Damon, you must stand
To what you promis'd, how shall I believe
Those other oathes you sweare, if you respect

This one no better? It was my device
To have her judge, was it not, *Amaryllis*?
How, all in blood!
Cl. Yes this unmercifull man
(If he be man that can doe such a crime)
Has wounded her.
Ama. Indeed it was not he.
Pil. You see her selfe frees him
Lau. When last we left her
She was with *Damon*.
Ama. Pray believe her not,
She speaks it out of anger, I nere saw
Damon to day before.
Alex. And when we left 'em
He was incens'd
Amar. You are no competent witnesse;
You are his Rivall in *Laurinda's* love
And speak not truth but malice; 'tis a plot
To ruin innocence.
Lau. O ungratefull man!
The wolfe that does devoure the brest that nurst it
Is not so bad as thou: here, here, this Letter
Th' eternall Chronicle of affection,
That ought with golden characters to be writ
In *Cupids* Annalls, will (false man) convince thee
Of foule ingratitude: you shall heare me read it.

The Letter.

Laurinda, *you have put it unto me*
To chuse a husband for you, I will be
A Iudge impartiall, upright, Iust, and true,
Yet not so much unto my selfe as you.
Alex. Now I expect to heare my blessed doome.
Lau. Alexis *well deserves*, but Damon *more*,

I wiſh you him I wiſht my ſelfe before
Alex. O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope
How like the hearb Solſtitiall is a lover!
Now borne, now dead again, he buds, ſprouts forth,
Flouriſhes, ripenes, whithers in a minute.
Lau. Take him, the beſt of men, that ever eye
Beheld, and live with him for whom I dye
Amaryllis.
Here look on't---
Dam Writ with blood? O let me kiſſe
My bill of accuſation, here my name
Looks like my ſoule, all crimſon, every line,
Word, ſyllable, and letter, weare the livery
Of my unnaturall action. *Amaryllis*
That name of all is black, which was alone
Worthy ſo pretious inke; as if diſdaining
The character of cruelty, which the reſt
Were cloth'd in: for as if that word alone
Did wear this mourning colour, to bewaile
The funerall of my vertue, that lies buried
Here in this living tombe, this moving ſepulchre;
Lau. Know murtherer I hate thy bed, and thee.
Unkind, unthankfull villaine.
Ama. Nay, *Laurinda*,
You have bound your ſelfe to ſtand to my award,
The ſentence now is paſt, and you muſt love him,
It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd,
He is not guilty of this ſinne, his love
To me for mine, makes him againſt his conſcience
Seem to confeſſe it, but believe him not.
Lau. Nor will I, he is all falſhood, and ingratitude,
Da. Laurinda, you may ſpare in this harſh language
To utter your diſlike: had you a beautie

More

e then immortall, and a face whose glory
outshin'd Angels, I would make my choice
e, and no where but here; her vertue now
es a more noble flame within my breſt
en ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd
e of her ſoule, then ever yet I doted
n your face. I do confeſſe the fact;
ion me vertuous maid, for though the action
worthy death, the object moſt condemns me!
e me to death *Corymbus*, *Amaryllis*
e to write my ſtory of repentance
th the ſame inke, wherewith thou wrote before
e legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Corymb. Dam.

l. *Laurinda*, and *Alexis*, doe you call
e Shepheards, and the Virgins of *Sicilia*
ſee him ſacrific'd, whoſe death muſt make
eir loves more fortunate; this day ſhall be
ppy to all *Sicilians*, but to me.
t come thou curſed *Claius*, the ſweet comfort
hich I ſhall take when my revenge is done,
ll ſomething eaſe the ſorrow for my ſonne.
Amaryllis, prethee call *Amyntas* to me,
d *Theſtyllis*; I faine would have mine eye
hold them once againe before I dye, *Exit Pil. Cla.*
. Come my *Laurinda*, through how many chances,
ſpicions, errors, ſorrowes, doubts, and feares
ve leads us to our pleaſures! many ſtormes
ve we ſail'd through my Sweet, but who could feare
tempeſt, that had hope to harbour here?

Ex. Alex. Lau.

Amaryllis ſola.

mar. All, all but the diſtreſſed *Amaryllis*
e happy, or leſſe wretched; faire *Laurinda* Is

Is ready for a wedding, old *Pilumnus*
Hath loſt a ſon, yet mitigates his griefe
In *Claius* death, my father *Claius* dies,
Yet joyes to have the ſonne of his old enemy
A partner of his ſorrowes; my father loſes
Only himſelfe, and *Damon* too no more;
Amyntas but a father, only I
Have loſt all theſe; I have loſt *Claius*, *Damon*,
And my ſelfe too; a father with *Amyntas*,
And all the reſt in *Damon*, and which more
Affects me, I am cauſe of all; *Pilumnus*
Had not elſe loſt his ſonne, nor had *Amyntas*
Wept for a father; nor poore *Theſtylis*
Bewail'd a Brother, *Damon* might have liv'd,
And *Claius* but for me; all circumſtances
Concurre to make my miſeries compleat,
And ſorrowes perfect; for I loſt my father
As ſoon as I had found him, and my *Damon*
As ſoone as I had found he lov'd me: thus
All *I* can find is loſſe; O too too wretched,
Diſtreſſed Virgin! when they both are dead
Viſit their Aſhes' and firſt weepe an houre
On *Claius* Urne, then go, and ſpend another
At *Damon's*, thence againe go wet the tombe
Of thy dead father, and from thence returne
Back to thy lovers grave, thus ſpend thy age
In ſorrowes; and till death do end thy cares
Betwixt theſe two equally ſhare thy teares.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS 5. SCEN. 1.

Dorylas, and a Chorus of Swaines.

Dor. COme neighbours let's goe see the Sacrifice
Must make you happy lovers, oh 'twill be
A fortunate season. Faher *Coridon*,
You and old mother *Baucis* shall be friends.
The sheep-hook and the distaffe shall shake hands.
You lovely freeze-coats, nothing now but kissing,
Kissing and culling, culling and kissing, heighday,
In hope it will be one day so with me
I am content to live. Now let's ascend.

SCEN. 2

Alexis, Laurinda, Medorus.

Alex. Now my *Laurinda*, now, (O happy now!)
All lets that stood between my joy and me
Are gone and fled,
Lau. Long, O too long, *Alexis*
My doubtfull fancy wavered whom to love,
Damon, or you; in both was happinesse,
But double happinesse was my single misery.
So far'd it once, *Alexis*, (for *I* well
Remember it) with one of my poore ewes,
Equally mov'd between two tufts of grasse,
This tempting one way, that inticing t'other,
Now she wold this, then that, then this again
Untill poore foole (true embleme of her mistresse)
She almost starv'd in choosing which to feed on;
At last (so heaven pitied the innocent foole)
A western gale nipt one, which being blasted

She

She fed upon the other.

Alex. Pretty foole, lets now no more deferre our n
tiall joyes

Medor. How sweet a folly is this love! But rash yo
Alexis,
(As youth is rash) runs indiscreetly on,
While mature judgment ripened by experience
Stayes for loves season.

Alex. Season? why, can love
Be ever out of season?

Med. Yes, *Alexis*,
Nothing's borne ripe, all things at first are greene

Alex. Lau. And such shall our affection still be seen.

Med. You are too hasty reapers that doe call
For Sickles in the spring.

Alex. Loves harvest shall;
(Lovers you know) his harvest ought to be
All the yeare long

Lau. In *Cupids* husbandry,
Who reapes not in the spring, reapes not at all.

Med. Women indeed too soon begin their fall.
Yet till curst *Clajus* die, as now he must,
Alexis, and *Laurinda*, let my councell'
Asswage the heat of youth; pray be perswaded
A while for to defer your nuptiall blisse;
'Tis but a while.

Alex. A while in lov's an age.

Lau. Maids in a while grow old.

Med. Temper loves fire.

Alex. 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in desire

Med. Yet loving paire, stay till a fairer gale;
He deserves shipwrack; ('Tis the Mariners flout)
And justly too, that in a storme sets out.

...u. I will ſuppreſſe my flame, (ah ſtill it glowes.)
...lex. And I, but how unwilling *Cupid* knowes!
...ted. Tis well; now let's goe take our place, to ſee
...r our ſad griefes a ſadder remedy.

SCEN. 3.

Amyntas Amaryllis.

...myn. --Yes, it was he: hee's in the temple brother,
...place wherein he doth deſerve a ſhrine,
...e is to him a priſon; can you gods
...ffer the place that's reard unto your honours
...e made ſo vile a thing?
...myn. Pray give me entrance:
...am not mad, (and yet I would I were)
...m I not mad to wiſh ſo? Let me come
...d ſee him, ſure you had your ſelfe a father;
...d you not wiſh to ſee him ere he died?
...e be dead, wee'l only pray a while,
...d weep; will teares pollute the hallowed Ompha?
...e we muſt ſhed them, yes we cannot chooſe:
...me ſiſter, he will let us, for though *Lalage*
...s our ſad mother, yet the gods will let us
...ep for her: come, come *Amaryllis*, come. *Exit*

SCEN. 4.

Mopſus, Iocaſtus.

...p. Brother, aread, what meanes his gratious favour?
...p. It ſignifies you beare the bell a way,
...mall his Graces Nobles.

Io.

Io. Divinely Augour'd!
For this I'le make thee Augur to his grace.
Mop. Belwether of Knighthood, you shall bind me to you.
Io. I'le have't no more a sheep-bell; I am Knight
Of the *Mellisonant tingletangle.*
Mop. Sure one of my progeny; tell me gratious brother
Was this *Mellisonant Tingletangle* none
Of old *Actæons* hounds?
Io. Ignorant mortall!
Thou dost not understand the termes of honour.
Mop. How should I sir? my trees beares no such apples
Io. As mine, th' Hesperian fruit are crabs to mine.
Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.
Mop. The fame whereof rings lowd,
Io. We know it.
Mop. Foure such Knighoods more
Would make an excellent peale.
Jo. J'le have 'em so
Mop. But you must get a Squirrell too.
Jo. For what?
Mop, To ring your Knighthoods.
Jo. J'le have any thing,
His grace will not deny me, O sweet Orchard!
Mop. To see the fruit that came of such an Orchard!
Jo. But shall we not see *Claius* sacrific'd?
Mop. Oh by all meanes.
Jo. But how deserv'd he death?
Mop. No matter for deserving it or no;
Tis fit he sufferfor example sake.
Jo. And not offend?
Mop. 'Tis fit he should offend.
They take their places.

SCEN.

SCEN. 5.

Thamnus with a ſacrificing knife, fire laid on the Altar, Prieſt holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Prieſt wring water on Clius *head, who was bound:* Corymbus *leading out* Damon *bound.*

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and religion
re at contention in me: my ſad ſoule
vided 'twixt my Goddeſſe and my ſonne,
uld in her ſtrange diſtractions, either have me
me Parricide or Apoſtate: Awfull *Ceres,*
whom I feed the fatteſt of my Lambs,
whom I ſend the holieſt of my prayers
n the ſmoaky wings of ſweeteſt Myrrh,
uſt thy doubtfull *Flamen!* as I cannot
get I am thy Prieſt; for ſooner ſhall
Lambs forget to feed, our Swains to ſing,
Bees forget firſt from the fruitfull Thyme
ull them bags of *Nectar:* every thing
get his nature, ere I can forget
thy Prieſt: Nor can I but remember
Damon is my ſonne, yet take him *Ceres!*
need not powre water upon his head,
doe it with my teares. *Ceres,* I hope
anger will not bind the Fathers eye
ook into the bowels of his ſonne,
therefore firſt ſpill on thy hallowed Altar
Captives bloud; and then retire my ſelfe
to be preſent at my *Damons* death,
Nature might turne Rebell to devotion.

SONG.

Ceres, to whom we owe that yet
we doe not Maſt and Akornes eat:
That didſt provide us better meat,
The pureſt flower of fineſt wheat.
This bloud we ſpill at thy deſire,
To kindle, and ſo quench a fire.
O let it quench thy flame of ire,
And kindle mercies more entire.
O let this guiltie bloud at one
For every poore unluckie one;
Nymph, or Swaine, who ere doe grone
under ſad Loves imperious throne.
That love a happier age may ſee
In thy long tortur'd Sicily.
That bloud which muſt th' atonement be
Thus goddeſſe, thus we pay to thee.

Amyntas. Amaryllis.

Amyn. Stay, ſtay that impious hand, whoſe haſty zc
Thinks murder can appeaſe the goddeſſe wrath!
If it be murther muſt appeaſe her wrath,
What is't can move her anger? Doe not then,
Doe not pollute her Altar, leſt it keepe
The crimſon ſtaine of bloud, and bluſh for ever,
As this too cruell, ignorant devotion.
Pil. Avoid the mad man.
Amyn. Why *Pilumnus*, why?
By the dread *Ompha*, ſpare this guiltie bloud,
And I'le expound the Oracle.
What fire has yet his bloud or quench't or kindled
Pil. Why it hath quencht the ſadder flames of love,

And more auſpicious fires begin to move.
Amyn. Where? in what breſt? No love in all *Trinacria*
But under *Cupids* ſcepter faints and groanes
More now then ever. Thy unfortunate *Damon*,
And more unfortunate *Amaryllis* ſtand
A ſad example; Thy *Urania*
(O ſad ſweet name!) may with her poore *Amyntas*
Witneſſe his tyrannous reigne here in *Sicilia*.
Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchaſt,
The very Pelicans of *Trinacrian* woods
Are found unnaturall, and thirſt the bloud
Of their young brood, (alas who can believe it?)
Whom they were wont to ſuckle with their owne.
O wretched ſeaſon! Bitter fruits of love!
The very Storks with us are Parricides.
Nay even the ſenſeleſſe trees are ſenſible
Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine
(The happie embleme once of happier lovers)
That with ſuch amorous twines, and cloſe imbraces
Did cling about the loved-loving Elme,
With ſlacker branches now falls down and withers.
If then to adde more fuell to the flame,
To powre in oyle and ſulphure be to quench it,
The flame is quench'd: Nor are you he *Pilumnus*.
That muſt expound the Oracle, 'tis a wit
Such as mine is, neglected, that muſt hit
The goddeſſe meaning: you, the living Oracle
Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Ompha* of the Kingdom
Will miſconceive the goddeſſe; you are wiſe
Skil'd in the vertues of all hearbs, and flowers,
What makes our Ewes can beſt, what keeps them ſound;
Can tell us all the myſteries of heaven,
The number, height, and motion of the ſtars;

Tis a mad braine, an intellect you ſcorne
That muſt unite this Riddle.
Pil. But I know
The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd
But by the bloud of *Claius.*
Amyn. So it is.
Pil. How can that be? yet his accurſed gore
Hath not imbru'd the Altar.
Amyn. But his bloud
Hath beene already ſhed in *Amaryllis*:
She is his bloud, ſo is *Urania* yours,
And *Damon* is your bloud, that is the bloud
The goddeſſe aymes at, that muſt ſtill her ire,
For her bloud hath both quench't and kindled fire.
Pil. What hath it quencht or kindled?
Amyn. Love, the fire
That muſt be quench't, and kindled. *Damons* love
To his *Laurinda* in that bloud extinguiſh'd,
Is by that powerfull bloud kindled anew
To *Amaryllis*, now growne his deſire:
Thus *Claius* bloud hath quench't and kindled fire,
All, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.
Pil. And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled
But to be quench't againe: *Ceres!* a froſt
Dwell on thy Altars, ere my zeal renew
Religious fires to warm 'em.
Amyn. Spare theſe blaſphemies,
For *Damon* is acquitted and abſoil'd
Of any treſpaſſe.
Pil. How *Amyntas?* ſpeak!
Thou that haſt ſav'd a Father, ſave a ſonne.
Amyn. Thus, *Amaryllis* is the ſacrifice
The goddeſſe aim'd at: and the bloud of ſacrifice

(As you all know) may lawfully be ſpilt
Even in the *Holy vale*, and ſo it was;
Beſides your *Damon* is a Prieſt by birth
And therefore by that title, he may ſpill
The ſacrificed *Amaryllis* bloud.
If this interpretation be not true.
Speake you *Sicilians*, I'le be judg'd by you.
Al. *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*, *Amyntas*.
Pil. *Amyntas*, thou haſt now made full amends
For my *Philebus* death; *Clarus* all envie,
Envie the Viper of a venomous ſoule
Shall quit my breſt: This is the man, *Sicilians*,
The man to whom you owe your liberties;
Goe Virgins, and with Roſes ſtrow his way,
Crowne him with Violets, and Lilly wreathes;
Cut off your golden treſſes, and from them
Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here
The debt of duty that thou ow'ſt to me;
Hence was thy ſecond birth.
Da. Or hither rather:
The Balſome of *Sicilia* flowed from hence,
Hence from this ſcarlet torrent, whoſe each drop
Might ranſome *Cupid* were he captive tane.
Amar. How much owe *I* my *Damon*, whoſe bleſt hand
Made me the publike ſacrifice! could I ſhed
As many drops of bloud, even from the heart,
As *Arethuſa* drops of water can,
I would out-vie her at the fulleſt tide,
That other Virgins loves might happy be,
And mine my *Damon* be as bleſt in thee.
Clai. O what a ſhower of joy falls from mine eyes!
The now too fortunate *Clarus*! my *Amyntas*,
My *Amaryllis*, how ſhall I divide

My teares and joyes betwixt you!
Pil. Lovers come,
Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes,
And singing Hymnes to *Ceres*, walk a round
This happie village, to expresse our glee,
This day each yeare shall *Cupids* triumphs be.
Amyn. Still my impossible Dowry for *Urania*
Leaves me unfortunate in the mid'st of joy;
Yet out of piety I will here a while
(Though blest I am not 'till she be my bride)
In publike joyes lay private griefes aside.
Exeunt cum Choro cantantium.
Jo. And I'le goe fetch the youngsters of the Town,
The morrall Fairies, and the Lasses browne,
To bring spic'd cakes, and Ale, to dance and play;
Queen *Mab* her selfe shall keep it holy day. *Exit.*
Mop. Ah *Dorylas* that I could not have the wit
To have been a mad man rather than a foole,
I have lost the credit.
Dor. Tis no matter,
You shall have *Thestylis*.
Mop. Shall I, *Dorylas*,
I had as live interpret her as Oracles. (you.—
Dor. And here she comes; give me your quaile pipe, hark
Exit.

Enter Thestylis.

Mop. Now *Thestylis*, thou shalt mine Oracle be,
Henceforth I will interpret none but thee.
Thes. Why have the birds (my *Mopsus*) counsel'd so
Mop. They say I must, whether you will or no.
Thes. How know *I* that?
Mop. The birds doe speake it plain. *Dorylas with a*
Hark. *Thestylis*, the birds say so again. *quaile-pipe*
Thes.

Thes. I understand them not.
Mop. Will you be judg'd
By th' next we meet?
Thes. *Mopsus*, I am content,
So you will stand unto it as well as I.
Mop. By *Ceres*, *Thestylis*, most willingly.

Enter Dorylas.

Mop. Ah *Dorylas*, heard you what the birds did say?
Dor. I *Mopsus*, you are a happie man to day.
Mop. What said they boy?
Dor. As if you did not know.
Mop. But *Thestylis*.
Dor. Why sure she understands it,
Have you to her this language never read?
Mop. No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her best in bed,
Dor. The birds said twice: (as you full well doe know)
You must have *Thestylis* whether she will or no.
Thes. And I am caught? Tis no great matter though;
For this time *Mopsus* I will marry thee;
The next I wed, by *Pan*, shall wiser be!
Mop. And have I got thee? thanks my witty boy.
Do. Hark, *Thestylis*, the birds doe bid you joy.
Thes. For fooling *Mopsus*, now tis time give ore.
Mop. Mad man I may, but will be foole no more.
Thes. Mad after marriage as a foole before.
For he's a foole that weds, all wives being bad;
And shee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

SCEN. 6.

Jocastus with a Morrice, himselfe Maid-marrian, Eromius the Clowne.

Dor. See, *Mopsus*, see, here comes your Fairy Brother,

Hark you, for one good turne deſerves another

Exeunt Dor. Mop.

Iocaſt. I did not think there had been ſuch delight
In any mortall Morrice, they doe caper
Like quarter Fairies at the leaſt: by my Knight-hood,
And by this ſweet *Melliſonant Tingle tangle*,
The enſigne or my glory, you ſhall be
Of *Oberons* Revels.

Bro. What to doe I pray?
To dance away our Apples?

Iocaſt. Surely mortall,
Thou art not fit for any office there

Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies, Mopſus.

Io. See blind mortall, ſee,
With what a port, what grace, what Majeſty
This princely *Oberon* comes, your Grace is welcome.

Do. A beauteous Lady, bright, and rare.
Queen *Mab* her ſelfe is not ſo faire.

Io. Does your grace take me for a woman then?

Do. Yes beauteous Virgin; Thy each part
Has ſhot an arrow through my heart;
Thy blazing eye, thy lip ſo thin,
Thy azure cheek, and chriſtall chin,
Thy rainbow brow, with many a roſe;
Thy ſaphyre eares, and rubie noſe,
All wound my ſoule, O gentle be
Or Lady you will ruin me.

Io. Bromius, what ſhall I doe? I am no woman?
If gelding of me will preſerve your grace,
With all my heart.

Bro. No Maſter, let him rather
Steale away all your orchard Apples.

Io. I, and ſhall,

Beauteous

Beauteous Queen *Mab* may loſe her longing elſe.
Do. How's this? are you no woman then?
Can ſuch bright beauty live with men?
Io. An't pleaſe your grace, I am your Knight *Iocaſtus*.
Do. Indeed I thought no man but he
Could of ſuch perfect beauty be.
Io. Cannot your Grace diſtill me to a woman.
Do. I have an hearb, they *Moly* call,
Can change thy ſhape (my ſweet) and ſhall.
To taſte this *Moly* but agree,
And thou ſhalt perfect woman be.
Io. With all my heart; ne're let me move
But I am vp to the eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?
Do. My Queen *Iocaſta* thou ſhalt be.
Fo. Sweet *Moly*! pray let *Bromius* have ſome *Moly* too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid (ready
Brom. No indeed forſooth, you have Ladies enough al-
Do. Halfe your eſtate then give to me,
Elſe, you being gon, there none will be,
Whoſe Orchard I dare here frequent.
Fo. Sweet *Oberon* I am content.
Do. The other halfe let *Mopſus* take.
Fo. And *Theſtylis* a joynture make.
Bro. Why Maſter are you mad?
Io. Your miſtreſſe ſirrah.
Our Grace has ſaid it, and it ſhall be ſo.
Bro. What, will you give away all your eſtate?
Io. We have enough beſide in *Fairy* land.
You *Theſtylis* ſhall be our maid of honour.
Theſ. I humbly thank your Grace.
Io. Come Princely *Oberon*,
I long to taſt this *Moly*: pray beſtow

The

The Knight-hood of the *Melliſonant tingle tangle*
Upon our brother *Mopſus*, we will raiſe
All of our houſe to honours.
Mop. Gracious ſiſter!
Jo. I alwayes thought I was borne to be a Queene.
Do. Come let us walke, Majeſtique Queene,
Of fairy mortalls to be ſeen.
In chaires of Pearle thou plac't ſhalt be,
And Empreſſes ſhall envie thee,
When they behold upon our throne
Jocaſta with her--*Dorylas.*
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Jo. Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and foold?
Mop. Alas ſir you were borne to be a Queene.
Jo. My lands, my livings, and my Orchard gone?
Dor. Your grace hath ſaid it, and it muſt be ſo.
Bro. You have enough beſide in Fairy land. (honour?
Theſ. What would your Grace command your maid of
Dor. Well I reſtore your lands: only the Orchard
I will reſerve for feare Queen *Mab* ſhould long.
Mop. Part I'le reſtore unto my liberall ſiſter
In liew of my great Knight-hood.
Theſ. Part give I.
Jo. I am beholding to your liberality.
Bro. I'le ſomething give as well as doe the reſt,
Take my fooles coat, for you deſerve it beſt
Jo. I ſhall grow wiſer.
Dor. *Oberon* will be glad on't.
Theſ. I muſt goe call *Vrania* that ſhe may
Come vow Virginity.

Exit.

SCEN. 7.

SCEN. 7.

Pilumnus, Amyntas, &c.

Amyn. Ceres, I doe thanke thee,
That *I* am author of this publique joy,
But is it juſtice (goddeſſe) *I* alone
Should have no ſhare in't? every one *I* ſee
I happy but my ſelfe that made 'em ſo,
And my *Vrania* that ſhould moſt be ſo.
I thirſt a midſt the Bowles, when others ſit
Quaffing off Nectar, *I* but hould the cup;
And ſtand a ſadder *Tantalus* of love
Starving in all thir plenty; *Cere's* demand
Feeds me with gall; ſtretching my doubtfull thoughts
On many thouſand racks: *I* would my Dowry
Were all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore
Of bright *Pactolus* channell:---But *Vrania*,
Tis hid, alas I know not what it is.

SCEN. 8.

Vrania. Theſtylis.

My *Theſtylis*, ſince firſt the Sea-gods Trident
Did rule the ſmall three pointed peece of earth
Of this our conquering ſoile, it has not been
A place of ſo much ſtory as to day,
So full of wonders: O 'twill ſerve (my *Theſtylis*)
For our diſcourſe when we goe fold our Ewes.
Thoſe Sheapheards that another day ſhall keep
Their Kids upon theſe mountaines ſhall for ever
Relate the miracle to their wondring Nymphs,

Of

Of my *Vrania* it will fill their eares
with admiration
Thes. Sir, *Vrania's* here.
Amyn. How! in this habit! This methinks befits not
A Lover, my *Vrania.*
Vra. Yes *Amyntas.*
This habit well befits a Virgins life.
For ſince my Dowry never can be paid,
Thus for thy thy ſake *I'*le live and die a maid.
Amyn. O is it juſt, ſo faire an one as you
Should vow Virginity? muſt the ſacred womb
Of my *Vrania* fit to have brought forth
A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren?
Never expect *Lucina?* ſhall this beauty
Live but one one age? how curs'd's our poſterity
That ſhall have no *Vrania's!* can one Tomb
Containe all goodneſſe? *Ceres* rather blaſt
The corne thou gav'ſt us: let the earth grow barren,
Theſe trees and flowers wither eternally;
Let our Plowes toyle in vain, and let there be
No more a harveſt: every loſſe is ſmall,
Yea though the *Phœnix* ſelfe ſhould burne to aſhes
And nere revive againe! But let there be
Some more *Vrania's*---
Pil. Tis neceſſity,
We muſt obey.
Amyn. But yet *Vrania,*
I hope we may ſome times come pray together,
'Tis not prophane, and midſt our ſacred Oriſons
Change a chaſte kiſſe or two; or ſhall I too
Turne Virgin with thee?--But I foole my ſelfe,
The gods intend to croſſe us, and in vaine
We ſtrive (*Vrania*) to croſſe them againe.

Vrania

Vrania kneeling before the Ompha.

Vra. Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proserpines* sake
Ravisht by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plaines
To raigne with him Queen of *Elysian* shades,
Accept the sacrifice of a Virgin, for
It is thy pleasure, thine, by whome the earth
And every thing growes fruitfull, to have me
Be ever barren: Thy impossible Dowry
Makes me despaire to be *Amyntas* bride,
Therefore that cold chast snow that never should
Have melted but betwixt his amorous armes
I vow unto thy Cloister (Awfull Goddesse!)
Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy *Echo.* Folly.
Better then live in an unhappy love? *Echo.* Happy love.
Be judge yee woods, and let *Amyntas* speak.

Ec. Amyntas speak.

Vra. The Goddesse is well pleas'd, she daines to answer
By gratious Echo's; goe *Amyntas* speak.

Amyntas. Why, will she answer me before *Vrania?*
No, 'twas the musique of her Angells voice,
Whose heavenly Accents with such charming notes
Ravish'd the Goddesse eares, shee could not choose
But beare a part in that harmonious song:
Yet if she will after such melody
Endure to heare the harsh *Amyntas* speak.

Ec. Amyntas speak.

When wilt thou think my torments are now?

Echo. Now.

Alas, how is it possible I should hope it? *Ec.* Hope it.
How shall I pay the Dowry that you aske me?

Echo. Aske me.

I aske a Dowry to be made a husband.

Echo. A Husband.

Answer

Anſwer directly to what J ſaid laſt.
Echo. What J ſaid laſt.
A Huſband, *Ceres*? Why is that the gueſſe? *Echo*, Yes
That which J have not, may not, cannot have—
Jhave not, may not, cannot have a Husband.
Tis true J am a man, nor would J change
My ſexe, to be the Empreſſe of the world.
Vrania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my ſelfe;
A Husband, take it.
Vran. Tis the richeſt Dowry
That ere my moſt ambitious prayers could beg!
But J will bring a portion, my *Amyntas*,
Shall equall it, if it can equal'd be:
That which J have not, may not, cannot have
Shall be thy portion, 'tis a Wife, *Amyntas*
Amy. Should greater Queens wooe me in all their Pride
And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,
J ſhould prefer this portion for the beſt:
Thanks *Ceres*, that haſt made us both be bleſt.
Echo. Be bleſt.
Clai. Pilumnus, let us now grow young againe,
And like two trees robd of their leafy boughs
By winter, age, and *Boreas* keener breath,
Sprout forth and bud again: This ſpring of joy
Cuts forty yeares away from the gray ſumme.
Once more in triumph let us walk the Villag.
Pilum. But firſt *J* will intreat this company
To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilum.

Pilumnus Epilogizes.

ALL Loves are happy, none with us there be,
Now ſick of coyneſſe, or unconſtancy.
The wealthy ſummes of Kiſſes doe amount
To greater ſcores then curious art can count:
Each eye is fixt upon his Miſtris face,
And every Arme is lockt in ſome embrace:
Each cheek is dimpled, every lip doth ſmile:
Such happineſſe I wiſh this bleſſed Iſle,
This little world of Lovers: and leſt you
Should think this bliſſe no reall joyes nor true,
would every Lady in this orbe might ſee
Their loves as happy as we ſay they be!
And for you gentle youths, whoſe tender hearts
Are not ſhot-proofe gainſt love and Cupids *darts;*
Theſe are my Prayers (I would thoſe prayers were charms)
That each had here his Miſtriſſe in his armes.
True Lovers (for tis truth gives love delight)
To you our Author *only meanes to write.*
If he have pleas'd (as yet he doubtfull ſtands)
For his applauſe clap lips in ſtead of Hands.
He begs nor Bayes, nor Ivy; only this,
Seale his wiſht Plaudite *with an amorous Kiſſe.*

Exeunt Cantantes.

FINIS.

THE JEALOUS LOVERS.

A COMEDIE presented to their gracious Majesties at CAMBRIDGE, By the students of *Trinitie-Colledge.*

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House.

——*Valeat res ludicra, si me*
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the Universitie of *Cambridge*: 1640.

And are to be sold by Richard Ireland.

TO THE RIGHT *WORSHIPFULL*

Mr Dr COMBER,

Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*, and Master of *Trinitie-Colledge*.

Right worshipfull,

I Have observed in private families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to severall employments, sendeth some to school, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as uncapable of greater businesse, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is it in our Societie (which joyfully acknowledgeth you our carefull and indulgent Parent:) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies; while I, the last of that learned Bodie, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bless'd in your auspicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, & telleth me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Bodie long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my oath and peculiar ingagements have bound me to be,

Yours devoted in all dutifull observance,

THOM. RANDOLPH.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expense of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by mine own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'T is no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I find thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknesse, I cannot be angrie to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free raptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthriftie a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in pietie bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise & love-rubbing, but that I was willing thou shouldst have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kind as my audience, who, when they might have used their censures, made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

——Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

No, bestow the honour of that glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

To

To that complete and noble Knight,
Sir KENELLAM DIGBIE.

SIr, when I look on you, me thinks I ſee
To the full height how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their ſhare:
While we lie lock'd in darkneſſe, night and day
Waſting our fruitleſſe oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himſelf, perchance to be
A prettie youth, forſooth, in fallacie.
This on Arithmetick doth hourely lie,
To learn the firſt great bleſſing, ——Mukiply.
That travels in Geometrie and tires,
And he above the world a map admires.
This dotes on Muſicks moſt harmonious chime,
And ſtudying how to keep it, loſes time.
One turns o're hiſtories, and he can ſhow
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Phyſick labour; moſt of theſe
Loſe health, to know the name of a diſeaſe.
Some (too high wiſe) are gazing at a ſtarre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven already. And another one
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At Poetrie throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinitie many ſpend their powers,
That ſcarce learn any thing, but to ſtand two houres.
How muſt we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the beſt of theſe can ſhow!
For your deep skill in State, I cannot ſay;
My knowledge there is onely to obey:
But I believe 't is known to our beſt Peeres,
Amaz'd to ſee a Neſtor at your yeares.

Mars claims you too, witneſſe the Gallion
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,
When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your ſtore
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though inrich them! Stay here. How dare I then
To ſuch an able judgement ſhew my pen?
But 't is, Sir, from a Muſe that humbly prayes,
You 'll let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring ſervant, T. R.

To the truly noble Knight Sir *Chriſt. Hatton.*

TO you (whoſe recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments; whoſe quick ſoul can ſee
There may, beſides a hawk, good ſport be found,
And muſick heard, although without a hound)
I ſend my Muſe. Be pleas'd to hear her ſtrain
When y' are at truce with time. 'T is a low vein.
But were her breaſt enrag'd with holier fire,
That ſhe could force, when ſhe but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap above their clifts, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere;
'T were but a leſſon worthy ſuch an eare.

T. R.

To his honoured Friend Mr *Antonie Stafford.*

SIr, had my Muſe gain'd leiſure to conferre
With your ſharp judgement e're I ventur'd her
On ſuch an audience, that my Comedie
Had ſuffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee;
It needed not of juſt applauſe deſpair,
Becauſe thoſe many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That ſhould have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R. Coben-

Colendiſsimo viro, & juris municipalis peritiſſimo, Magiſtro Richardo Lane.

SIr, if the Term be done, and you can find
Leiſure to heare my ſuit, pray be ſo kind
To give this toy ſuch courteous acceptation,
As to be made your client i th' vacation.
Then, if they ſay I break the Comick laws,
I have an advocate can plead my cauſe.

T. K.

Venerabili viro Magiſtro Olboſton, *præceptori ſuo ſemper obſervando.*

SI bene quid ſcripſi, tibi debeo; ſi malè quicquam,
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Pierium per freta Tiphys eras.

T. R.

To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not ſay I on our ſtage have ſeen
A ſecond Roſcius; that too poore had been:
But I have ſeen a Proteus, that can take
What ſhape he pleaſe, and in an inſtant make
Himſelf to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntarie Metamorphoſis.
When thou doſt act, men think it not a play;
But all they ſee is reall: O that day,
(When I had cauſe to bluſh that this poore thing
Did kiſſe a Queens hand, and ſalute a King)
How often had I loſt thee! I could find
One of thy ſtature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all profeſſions and all paſſions ſee.

When

When thou art pleas'd to act an angrie part,
Thou fright'ſt the audience; and with nimble art
Turn'd Lover, thou doſt that ſo lively too,
Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.
T' expreſſe thee all would ask a better pen;
Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.
In deeper knowledge and Philoſophie
Thou truly art what others ſeem to be:
Whoſe learning is all face: as 't were thy fate
There not to act where moſt do perſonate.
All this in one ſo ſmall; Nature made thee
To ſhew her cunning in epitomie;
While others (that ſeem gianes in the arts,
Such as have ſtronger limbes, but weaker parts)
Are like a volume that conteins leſſ in 't
And yet looks big, 'cauſe 't is a larger print.
I ſhould my ſelf have too ungratefull ſhown,
Sent I not thee my book:——Take 't, 't is thine own:
For thus farre my confeſſion ſhall be free,
I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee.

Thy true friend, T.R

Amico ſuo chariſſimo, ingenioſiſſimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

AVdebit proprios negare odores
Myrrhæ faſciculus, ſuàſque mellis
Mendicare medulla ſuavitates,
Priùs quàm his Veneres deeſſe credam,
Quæ præ ſe placidos ferunt Amores.
Æternùm vigeat, vigens amore.
Quòd ſi quis lapides loquatur, iſtum
Jam jam aptum Tumulo ſcias libellum.
En! noſter bona verba portat autor:
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras,
Ridentes, niveóque perjocoſæ
Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.

Amor

Amores ſimul elegantiáſque
Ad partus properare tum putetis,
Cùm riſus populáris & theatri
Plauſus ſuppeditarit obſtetricem.

DEſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſſe
Scatter their ſcribbles and invade the Preſſe.
Stage-Poets ('t is their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 't is not ſo; there 's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 't is not right
To think that onely toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Roſie bluſh, enſignes of modeſtie;
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not fear others diſparagement.
But I 'll not tell their fortune, what e're 't be;
Thou muſt needs know 't, if skill'd in palmeſtrie.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay, 'T is pettie-treaſon to withhold.

Edward Hide.

To his deareſt friend the Authour, after he had reviſed his Comedie.

THe more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,
And thy free Genius: If this were mine,
A modeſt envie would bid me confine
It to my ſtudie, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
Who cenſur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue,
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lie

Within

Within the walls of ſome great librarie;
That if by chance through injurie of time,
Plautus, and Terence, and that * fragrant thyme
Of Attick wit ſhould periſh; we might ſee
All thoſe reviv'd in this one comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy ſcene doth repreſent unto the life,
Beſide the character of a curſt Wife:
So truly given, in ſo proper ſtyle,
As if thy active ſoul had dwelt a while
In each mans bodie; and at length had ſeen
How in their humours they themſelves demean.
I could commend thy jeſts, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow; thy names; what not?
But if our Poets, praiſing other men,
Wiſh for an hundred tongues; what want we then
When we praiſe Poets? This I'll onely ſay,
This work doth crown thee Laureate to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Onely in this thou doſt thy ſelf excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

* *Ariſtophanes.*

To his dear friend Mr Thomas Randolph, *on his Comedie called The Jealous Lovers.*

FRiend, I muſt grieve your poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in Poets, Modeſtie.
If you diſlike the iſſues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 't is as true,
Thoſe that were there can judge as well as you.
You onely think your gold adulterate,
When every ſcale of judgement finds it weight,
And every touchſtone perfect. This I'll ſay,
You contradict the name of your own play
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous ſtill of your own wit.

Rich. Beneſield, T. C.

To his ingenuous friend, the Authour, concerning his Comedie.

THe Muſes, Tom, thy *Jealous Lovers* be,
Striving which has the greateſt ſhare in thee.
Euterpe calls thee hers ; ſuch is thy skill
In paſtorall ſonnets and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou haſt an excellent vein for elegies.
'T is true ; but then Calliope diſdains,
Urging thy fanſie in heroick ſtrains.
Thus all the Nine : Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in perſon to decide the cauſe :
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,
And ſo gives ſentence on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine ;
What though the reſt with jealouſie repine ?
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muſe by laughter.
Out with 't, I ſay, ſmother not this thy birth,
But publiſh to the world thy harmleſſe mirth.
No fretting frontiſpice, nor biting Satyre
Needs uſher 't forth : born tooth'd ? fie, 'tis 'gainſt nature.
Thou hadſt th' applauſe of all : King, Queen, and Court,
And Univerſitie, all lik'd thy ſport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrel at diſlike, and, ſpite of rumour,
Force a more candid cenſure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the Court.
Such rude and ſnarling prefaces ſuit not thee;
They are ſuperfluous : for thy Comedie,
Backt with its own worth and the authours name,
Will find ſufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Duport.

Randolpho

Randolpho ſuo.

AN quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis ut ſuperſit ætas,
Cùm ſcriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum ſimilis futurus ævi,
Qui jam vita cluis Scholæ & Theatri?
Nolo. Marmor erit mihi poeta.
Mauſolæa mihi mei Menandri
O quàm æterna ſatìs liber perennis!
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis ut ſuperſit ætas.

Thom. Riley

AGmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis & pranſam vexat ubique domum,
Quot tua quottidie pulsarunt limina Chartæ:
Fervidus à tergo & quiſque rogator adeſt.
Prodeat audacter, repetitáque vulnera præli
Fabula, quæ meruit ſuſtinuiſſe, ferat.
Non horret tantùm tua Muſa, aut mutat, ut eſſet
Turpior ornatu ruſtica Nympha ſuo.

Car. Fotherbie. *J. Coll.*

Amico ſuo ingenioſiſſimo
THOM. RANDOLPH.

FIngito zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Muſa ſuſpicionis habe.
Fac dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fiet;
Muſa, licèt fuerit publica, caſta manet.

Fr. Meare
Fra

Fratri suo *Thom. Randolph.*

Non satis est quòd te dederit natura priorem,
Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores?
Illa, sciens noster quàm non sit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

Autori.

Hei mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?
Queis te jactandum das malesanus aquis?
Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?
Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?
O felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
Censurámque ipsam sub juga mitte gravem.
Qui meruit CAROLO plausum spectante, popello
Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.
Dirige victorem captivo Cæsare currum,
Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:
Triste supercilium lævo nictantis ocello
Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom. Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis perſonæ.

Tyndarus, ſonne of Demetrius, and ſuppoſed brother to Pamphilus, inamour'd of Evadne.
Pamphilus, ſuppoſed ſonne to Demetrius, but ſonne indeed to Chremylus.
Evadne, ſuppoſed daughter of Chremylus.
Techmeſſa, daughter to Chremylus.
Demetrius, an Athenian in the diſguiſe of an Aſtrologer.
Chremylus, an old man.
Dipſas, his wife.
Simo, an old doting father.
Aſotus, his prodigall ſonne.
Ballio, a Pander, and Tutour to Aſotus.
Phryne, a Courteſan, and Miſtreſſe to Aſotus,
Phroneſium, a merry chambermaid.
Hyperbolus, *Thraſymachus*, } two ſouldiers.
Bomolochus, *Chærilus*, } two Poets.
A ſexton.
Staphyla, his wife.
Pagnium, a Page.
A Prieſt.
Officers.
Servants.

The Scene

Thebes.

The Jealous Lovers.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio.

Sim. OW thrives my boy Asotus? is he capable
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I never met
A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.
Well, get thee home old Simo: go & kneel:
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods
Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive
Any impressions. *Asot.* As I am a Gentleman,
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,
To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good Asotus,
It is thy fathers care, a provident care,
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,
Each piece I finger makes me start, and crie,
This, this, and this, and this is for Asotus,
Asot. Take this, and this, and this, and this again:
Can you not be content to give me money,
But you must hit me in the teeth with 't? ——— S'lid,
Ball. Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father
That does not bless you with a sweatie palm
Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer;
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,
Fine white and yellow blessings. *Asot.* Pr'ythee Ballio,
I could endure his white and yellow blessings,
If he would leave his prating. *Sim.* Do you heare him;
How sharp and tart his answers are; Old Simo,

Th' haſt got a wittie wittie wagge; yet dear one,
When I behold the vaſtneſſe of my treaſure,
How large my coffers, yet how cramm'd with wealth,
That every talent ſweats as in a crowd,
And grieves not at the priſon but the narrowneſſe.
Aſot. If I make not room for 'em, ne're truſt me.
Sim. When I ſee this, I cannot chuſe but fear
Thou canſt not find out wayes enow to ſpend it:
They will out-vie thy pleaſures. *Ball.* Few ſuch fathers!
I cannot chuſe but ſtroke your beard, and wonder,
That having ſo much wealth you have the wit
To underſtand for whom you got it. *Aſot.* True:
And I have ſo much wit to underſtand
It muſt be ſpent, and ſhall, boyes. *Sim.* Pray heaven it may!
Aſot. I'll live to ſpend it all; & then——perhaps I'll die!
And will not leave the purchaſe of a ſheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin. *Ball.* Yes, deare Pupill,
Buy me an urn; while yet we laugh and live,
It ſhall contain our drink, and, when we die,
It may preſerve our duſt: tis fit our aſhes
Should take a nap there where they took their liquour.
Sim. Sage counſel this——obſerve it, boy,——obſerve it
Aſot. I live in Thebes, yet I dare ſwear all Athens
Affords not ſuch a Tutour: thou mayſt reade
To all the young heires——in town or citie.
Sim. Ah Ballio! I have lived a dunghill wretch,
Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,
A ruſt unto my ſelf, as to my gold:
To pile up idle treaſure ſtarv'd my bodie
Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,
And ſpider-like have ſpunne a web of gold
Out of my bowels; onely knew the care,
But not the uſe of gold.——Now, gentle Ballio,
I would not have my ſonne ſo loth'd a thing:
No, let him live and ſpend, and buy his pleaſures
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,

Where

Where are the daintieſt meats, the briskeſt wines,
The coſtlieſt garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the faireſt, be ſhe wife or daughter
To our beſt Burgeſſe: and if Thebes be ſcarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him: ——When I ſleep
Within my quiet grave I ſhall have dreams,
Fine pleaſant dreams, to think with how much pleaſure
Aſotus ſpends what I with care have got.

Aſot. Sure I were a moſt ungracious child now,
If I ſhould ſpoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou ſhalt dream thou ſeeſt me drink Sack plentie,
Incircled round with Doxies plump——and daintie.

Sim. How thrives my boy?——How forward in his ſtudies?

Ball. Troth—with much induſtrie--I have brought him now (drinking?

That he is grown --- paſt drinking. *Sim.* How man? paſt

Ball. I mean, he is grown perfect in that ſcience.

Sim. But will he not forget? *Aſot.* No I warrant you,
I know I ſha'nt forget; becauſe i'th' morning
I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Sim. How feeds my boy? *Ball.* Tooth well: I never met
A ſtomach of more valour, or a tooth
Of ſuch judicious knowledge. *Sim.* Can he wench? ha?

Ball. To ſay the truth——but rawly. *Aſot.* Rawly? --I'm ſure
I have alreadie made my Dad a Grandſire
To five and twentie: —— and if I do not
Out of mere charitie people all the Hoſpitalls
With my ſtray babes, then geld me. ——Wo to the Pariſh
That bribes me not to ſpare it. *Ball.* Then for the Die,
He throws it with ſuch art, ſo poys'd a hand,
That had you left him nothing, that one myſterie
Were a ſufficient portion. *Aſot.* Will you ſee me?
Set me a bag. Theſe were an Uſurers bones.

Ball. In this behold what frailtie lives in man:
He that rubb'd out a life to gather traſh,
Is after death turn'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw, Aſotus.
Aſot. Then have at all,——and 'twere a million.——All!
Fortune was kind: the precious dirt is mine.
Sim. And take it boy, and this——and this beſide.
And, 'cauſe deſert may challenge a reward,
This for your pains, deare Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,
Although to my beſt power,---- alas ——come ſhort
Of any merit. Sir, you make me bluſh,
And this reward but chides my inſufficiencie.
Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modeſt ---honeſt --honeſt man:
I'll double it---in faith I will---I am
The joyfull'ſt father! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps!
Aſot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.
Sim. Come hither deare, come, let me kiſſe my ſonne.
Aſot. There's a ſweet kiſſe indeed: this 'tis to want
A Tutour. Had you had my education,
You would have ta'ne me by the lilie hand,
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
As wondring at the luſtre of their orbs;
Then humbly beg in language ſtrow'd with flowers,
To taſt the cherries of my rubie lip.
God-a-mercy for this, Tutour. *Sim.* I am o'rejoy'd, I am o'rejoy'd. *Exit Simo.*

SCEN. II.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. WEll, go thy wayes, I may have a thouſand fathers,
And never have the like:——Well pockets, well,
Be not ſo ſad; though you are heavie now,
You ſhall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I muſt tell you,
I do repent the loſſe of thoſe good houres,
And would call back the ſtudie I have ta'ne

In

In morall Alchymie, to extract a Gentleman
Almoſt out of a dunghill. Still do I ſee
So much of peaſant in you? *Aſot.* Angrie, Tutour?
Ball. Teem'd my Invention all this while for this?
No better iſſue of my labouring brain,
After ſo many and ſuch painfull throes?
Another ſinne like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Aſot* The reaſon, deare Inſtructour.
Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the myſteries,
The preciſe rules and axiomes of Gentilitie?
And all methodicall? Yet you ſtill ſo dull,
As not to know you print eternall ſtains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your bloud
(That coſt me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money? See theſe Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverend Breeches
Loſt to the faſhion by a lump of droſſe.
I'll be your bailiff rather. *Aſot.* Out infection.
Ball. Who, that beheld thoſe hoſe, could e're ſuſpect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your ſelf?
Or elſe whoſe Journeyman or Prentiſe are you?
Aſot. Pardon me, Tutour: for I do repent,
And do proteſt hereafter I will never
Wear any thing that jingles----but my ſpurres.
Ball. This is gentile. *Aſot.* Away mechanick traſh:
I'll kick thee, ſonne of earth:—thus will I kick thee,——
For torturing my poore father.——Dirt, avant——
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Bleſt be thy generous tongue.
But who comes here? This office muſt be mine:
I'll make you fair account of every drachme.
Aſot. I'll not endure the trouble of account:
Say all is ſpent,——and then we muſt have more.

SCEN. III.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. WHat Furie shot a viper through my soul
To poison all my thoughts? Civil dissension
Warres in my bloud: here Love with thousand bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart; which, mann'd with nought but fear,
Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!
Canst thou, that riseſt fairer then the morn,
Set blacker then the evening? ——— Weak jealousie! ———
Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile?
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;
No toyish gesture, no desire to see
The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.
She is no popular Mistresse; all her kisses
Do speak her Virgin: such a bashfull heat
At severall tides ebbes, flowes, flowes, ebbes again,
As't were afraid to meet our wilder flame.
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
The sleights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
I were undone for ever ——— wretched Tyndarus!

Asot. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Cockscomb,
That 's jealous of his wife ere he has got her,
And thinks himself a Cuckold before marriage.

Ball. Want of a Tutour makes unbridled youth
Run wildly into passions. You have got
A skilfull Pilot (though I say it) Pupill,
One that will steer both you and your estate
Into safe harbour. ——— Pray, observe his humour.

Tyn. Away foul sin. ——— Tis Atheisme to suspect
A devil lodg'd in such divinitie.

Call

Call ſnow unchaſte, and ſay the ice is wanton,
If ſhe be ſo. No, my Evadne, no;
I know thy ſoul as beauteous as thy face.
That glorious outſide which all eyes adore,
Is but the fair ſhrine of a fairer ſaint.
O pardon me thy penitent infidell:
By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow
Never to think ſinne can be grown ſo bold
As to aſſault thy ſoul. *Aſot.* This fellow, Tutour,
Waxes and wanes a hundred times in a minute:
In my conſcience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

SCEN. IIII.

Chremylus, Dipſas, Aſotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Dip. ROt in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee,
Curſt be our day of marriage: ſhall I nurſe
And play the mother to anothers brat?
And ſhe to noſe my daughter?——Take Evadne,
Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go——and provide her
A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.
Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience.
For I will have no patience.——S'lid. Patience? Patience?
Chrem. You know her daughter to our deareſt friend:
And ſhould my ſonne committed to his care
Thus ſuffer as the poore Evadne does,
The gods were juſt ſo to revenge her wrong.
Dip. I will not have my houſe afflicted with her;
She has more ſuitours then a pretty wench in an Univerſity,
While my daughter has leiſure enough to follow her needle
Chrem. Wife, I muſt tell you y'are a peeviſh woman.
Dip. And I muſt tell you y'are an arrant Cockscomb
To tell me ſo. My daughter nos'd by a ſlut?
Aſot. There will be a quarrel, Tutour: do you take

The old mans part; I am o'th' womans ſide.

Chrem. Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd
With bloud deriv'd from thoſe whoſe anceſtours
Tranſmitted in that bloud a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family;
Yet truſted to my care ſhe is my daughter,
And ſhall ſhare equall bleſſings with mine own.

Dip. Then a perpetuall noiſe ſhall fill thy houſe:
I will not let thee ſleep, nor eat, nor drink,
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.
Thou ſhalt confeſſe the troubled ſea more calm;
That thunder with leſſe violence cleaves the aire:
The ravens, ſchreech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
Shall be thy conſtant muſick——I can talk.
Thy friends that come to ſee thee ſhall grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue:
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:
And 't ſhall be ſharper; or were any member
Not dead beſides my tongue, I would employ it
In thy juſt torment. I am vext to think,
My beſt revenge age hath prevented now:
Elſe every man ſhould reade it in thy brow.

Chrem. I will not wind you up, deare larum: Go,
Run out your line at length, and ſo be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. V.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Tyn HEre is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are theſe the joyes we reap i'th' nuptiall bed?
Firſt in thy boſome warm the ſnake, and call
The viper to thy arms——O gentle death,
There is no ſleep bleſt and ſecure but thine.
Wives are but fair afflictions: ſure this woman

Was

Was woo'd with proteſtations, oathes and vowes,
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
As wiſe and vertuous as my ſoul ſpeaks her:
And may not ſhe or play the hypocrite now?
Or after turn Apoſtate?——Guilty thoughts,
Diſturb me not. For were the ſex a ſinne,
Her goodneſſe were ſufficient to redeem
And ranſome all from ſlander. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,
I pitie the unripeneſſe of your age,
That caſt your love upon a dangerous rock.
My daughter! ——But I bluſh to own the birth,
And curſe the womb ſo fruitfull to my ſhame.
You may be wiſe and happy——or repent.

Exit Dipſas.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. THis woman is a devil, for ſhe hates her own children.

Ball. In what an extaſie ſtands that grieved wight!

Aſot. In troth I ſhall into compunction melt.
Will not a cup of Lesbian liquour rowze
His frozen ſpirits to agility?

Ball. Spoke like a ſonne of Æſculapius!

Aſot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean
It ſhould profane theſe breeches. Sure his ſoul
Is gone upon ſome errand, and has left
The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealouſie, I ſhall account thee now
No idle paſſion, when the womb that bare her
Shall plead her guilt: I muſt forget her name.
Flie from my memorie: I will drink oblivion
To loſe the loth'd Evadne. *Aſot.* Generous Sir,
A pottle of Elixir at the Pegaſus
Bravely carouz'd is more reſtorative.

My

My Tutour ſhall diſburſe. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.
Aſot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.
Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent.
Tutour, draw forth thy fatall ſteel, and ſlaſh
Till he devoure the word Impertinent.
Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrel;
The Epithet of Good hath mollified it.
Aſot. We are appeas'd——Be ſafe——I ſay——Be ſafe.
Tyn. Be not raſh, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.
I am too ſudden to conclude her falſe
On ſuch ſleight witneſſe. Shall I think the Sunne
Has loſt his crown of light, becauſe a cloud
Or envious night hath caſt a robe of darkneſſe
'Twixt the worlds eye and mine? *Aſot.* Canſt thou, royall (boy,
Burn out the remnant of a day with us?
Tyn. I am reſolved upon a ſafer triall.
Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
Fall out about you: for thoſe rare perfections
Can do no leſſe then raviſh. *Aſot.* I confeſſe——
I cannot walk the ſtreets, but ſtraight the females
Are in a tumult.——I muſt leave thee, Thebes,
Leſt I occaſion civill warres to rage
Within thy walls——I would be loth to ruine
My native ſoil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my inſtructions,
He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now
But pull the maiden-bloſſomes of a roſe
Sweet as the ſpring it buds in, fair Evadne;
Or gain her promiſe, and that grant confirm'd
By ſome ſleight jewel, I ſhall vow my ſelf
Indebted to the ſervice, and live yours.
Aſot. She cannot ſtand the furie of my ſiege.
Ball. At firſt aſſault he takes the female fort.
Aſot. And ride loves conquerour, through the ſtreets of Thebes. I 'll tell you, Sir: You would not think how many Gentlemen-uſhers have & daily do indanger their lit-

tle

tle legs, by walking early and late to bring me visits from this Ladie, and that Countesse. Heaven pardon the sinne! Ne're a man in this city has made so many chambermaids lose their voices as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? *Asot.* By rising in the cold night to let me in to their Madame. If you heare a waiting-woman coughing, follow her: she will infallibly direct you to some that has been a mistresse of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tacticks to him, and he knows
The militarie discipline of wooing:
To rank and file his kisses: How to muster
His troups of complements, and---*Tyn.* I do believe you.
Go on--return victorious. O poore heart,
What sorrows dost thou teem with! Here she comes.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. And is it possible so divine a Goddesse
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sin
With a Babion as this is?---My Evadne,
Why should a sadnesse dwell upon this cheek
To blast the tender roses? spare those tears
To pitie others; thy unspotted soul
Has not a stain in 't to be washt away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve; thy sorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weaknesse.

Asot. A pretty enemy. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours?

Evad. My lord, 't is guilt enough in me to challenge
A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty.
I would your just sword would so courteous be
As to unrip my heart; there you shall read
In characters sad lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have lost all distrust; seal me my pardon

In

In a chaſt turtles kiſſe. The doves that draw
The roſie chariot of the Queen of Love,
Shall not be link'd in whiter yokes then we.
Come let us kiſſe, Evadne.----Out temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy laſcivious lip--Go to the ſtews;
I may perchance be now and then a cuſtomer,
But do abjure thee from my chaſter ſheets.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne, Ballio, Aſotus.

Evad. THen from the world abjure thy ſelf, Evadne,
And in thy quiet death ſecure the thoughts
Of troubled Tyndarus.——My womaniſh courage
Could prompt me on to die, were not that death
Doubled in loſing him. Th' Elyſian fields
Can be no paradiſe while he 's not there:
The walks are dull without him. *Aſot.* Such a qualm
O' th' ſudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Reſolution
Is the beſt ſword in warre. *Aſot.* Then I will on,
And boldly.——Yet.——*Ball.* What? will you loſe the day
E're you begin the battel? *Aſot.* Truly, Tutour,
I have an ague takes me every day,
And now the cold fit 's on me. *Ball.* Go home and bluſh,
Thou ſonne of fear. *Aſot.* Nay, then I 'll venture on,
Were ſhe ten thouſand ſtrong. Hail heavenly Queen
Of beautie, moſt illuſtrious Cupids daughter
Was not ſo fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Aſot.* 'T is no matter.
The ſilly Damſell underſtands no Poetrie.
Deigne me thy lip as blue as azure bright.
Ball. As red as ruby bright. *Aſot.* What 's that to th' purpoſe?
Is not azure blue as good as ruby red?
Evad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are juſt,

And

And may requite you with a ſcorn as great
As that you throw on me. *Aſot.* Not kiſſe a Gentleman?
And my father worth thouſands?——Reſolution,
Spurre me to brave atchievements. *Evad.* Such a rudeneſſe
Some Ladies by the valour of their ſervants
Could have redeem'd.——Ungentle god of Love,
Write not me down among the happier names;
I onely live a martyr in thy flames. *Exit.*

Aſot. This is ſuch a maſculine feminine gender.

Ball. She is an Amazon both ſtout and tall.

Aſot. Yet I got this by ſtruggling. If I fit you not, *a diamond ring out of her eare.*
Proud ſqueamiſh coyneſſe.--Tutour, ſuch an itch
Of kiſſing runnes all o're me. I'll to Phryne,
And fool away an houre or two in dalliance.

Ball. Go, I muſt ſtay to wait on fair Techmeſſa;
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus
As Tyndarus of Evadne. *Aſot.* Surely, Tutour,
I muſt provide me a ſuit of jealouſie:
It will be all the faſhion.

SCEN. IX.

Techmeſſa, Ballio.

Tech. BLeſſe me! what uncouth fanſies toſſe my brain!
As in yon arbour ſleeep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowrie plain were met
A troup of Ladies, and my ſelf was one.
Amongſt them roſe a challenge, whoſe ſoft foot
Should gentlieſt preſſe the graſſe, and quickeſt run.
The prize for which they ſtrove, the heart of Pamphilus.
The victorie was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their courſe with equall ſpeed, and Pamphilus
Was choſen judge to end the controverſie.
Me thought he ſhar'd his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troup, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have deſcried--

Tech.

Tech. What, Ballio? *Ball.* A froſt in his affections
To you;——but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other peticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the Pox a woman,
He would not ſtick to court it. *Tech.* O my ſoul!
Thou haſt deſcried too much.——How ſweet it is
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did ſound him home,
And with ſuch words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards ſword. One that ne're ſaw you
Rebuk'd my ſlanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree ſtill,
While he ſat ſtill unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.
Ball. I'll undertake he ſhall reſigne his weapon,
And forſwear ſteel in any thing but knives,
Rather then venture one ſmall ſcratch, to ſalve
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaſte,
Encounter with a pin.
Tech. I am no common miſtreſſe, nor have need
To entertain a multitude of champions
To draw in my defenſe.——Yet had he lov'd me,
He could not heare me injur'd with ſuch patience.
Ballio, one triall more: bring me his ſword
Rather reſign'd then drawn in my defenſe,
And I ſhall reſt confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine buſineſſe.
What ſhall I do? go to a cutlers ſhop,
And buy a ſword like that. O 't will not do.
Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is reſolv'd. I will
One way or other. Wit, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Pægnium, Techmeſſa, Ballio.

Pæg. MAdame, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What of him?
Pæg. Is through your cruelty and ſuſpicion dead.
Bali. That news revives me, *Tech.* Haſte, Techmeſſa then:

Wha

hat doſt thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
aſt off this robe of clay, my ſoul, and flie
o overtake him, bear him companie
o the Elyſian groves: the journey thither
dark and melancholy: do not ſuffer him
o go alone. *Pæg.* Madame, I joy to ſee
ith how much ſorrow you receive his death.
will reſtore you comfort: Pamphilus lives.
Ball. If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.
Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we ſhall have you
n a little counterfeit ſorrow, and a few drops
f womans tears, go and perſwade your maſter
im deeply in love with him. *Pæg.* If you be not,
ou ought in juſtice. *Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather
nd tell me what were thoſe three Ladies names
ur maſter entertain'd laſt night. *Pæg.* Three Ladies!
Tech. You make it ſtrange now. *Pæg.* Madame, by all
maſter bears a love ſo firmly conſtant (oathes
you, and onely you; he talks, thinks, dreams
nothing but Techmeſſa. When he heares
e ſound of your bleſt name, he turns Chameleon,
d lives on that ſweet aire. Here he has ſent me (*he layes down his ſword, to pull out his letters.*
ith letters to you; which I ſhould deliver
now not, nor himſelfe: for firſt he writes,
d, when that letter likes him not, begins
econd ſtyle, and ſo a third and fourth,
d thus proceeds; then reades 'em over all,
d knows not which to ſend: perchance tears all.
e paper was not fair enough to kiſſe
white a hand; that letter was too big,
ne uneven; all excuſe prevail'd.
guage, or phraſe, or word, or ſyllable,
t he thought harſh and rough. I have heard him wiſh
ove all bleſſings heaven can beſtow
ſtrange a fanſie has affection taught him)
t he might have a quill from Cupids wing

Dipt

Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record
Your praiſes and his love. I have brought you here
Whole packets of affection. *Ball.* Bleſſed occaſion! (*he flies away with the word.*
Here is a conqueſt purchas'd without bloud.
Though ſtrength and valour fail us, yet we ſee
There may a field be won by policie. *Exit.*

Tech. Go, Pægnium, tell your maſter I could wiſh
That I was his; but bid him chooſe another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to injoy me;
Yet bid him not deſpair. I do not doubt
His conſtant love to me: yet I ſuſpect
His zeal more fervent to ſome other ſaint.
Say I receive his letters with all joy,
But will not take the pains to read a ſyllable. *Exit.*

Pæg. If I do not think women were got with riddling, wh
me: Hocas, Pocas, here you ſhall have me, and there you ſh
have me. A man cannot find out their meaning with
the ſieve & ſheers. I conceive 'em now to be ingendred
nothing but the wind & the weather-cock. What? my ſw
gone? Ha! Well. This ſame pandarly rogue Ballio
got it. He ſows ſuſpicions of my maſter here, becauſe
cudgells him into manners, and that old ſcold Dipſas hi
him to it. How could ſuch a devil bring forth ſuch an A
gel as my Lady Techmeſſa? unleſſe it were before her f
I know all their plots, and yet they cannot ſee 'em. Hea
keep me from love, and preſerve my eye-ſight. Go plot E
gineers, plot on:

I 'll work a countermine, and 't will be brave,
An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Ex.*

ACT

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. REvenge, more sweet then muscadine and eggs,
To day I will embrace thee. Healths in bloud
Are souldiers mornings-draughts. Proud, proud Evadne
Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,
And such a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they ——— man or woman.
This can my Tutour do, and I, or ——— no man.
Ball. And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock
His liberal valour late bestowed upon me,
Invention lies at safer ward then wit:
This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.
Asot. And by this gemme shall I confound a jewel.
Slid, Tutour, I have a wit too: there was a jest *ex tempore.*

SCEN. II.

Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PHysicians say, there 's no disease so dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.
Such, such is mine. I could not be so ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but suspected is more horrid
Then present miserie. I have seen a man,
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death:
Who, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,
I were too blest; or could I say she 's false,
I could no more be wretched. ——— I am well:
My pulse beats musick, and my lively bloud

Dances a healthfull measure.——Ha! What 's this
Gnaws at my heart? what viperous shirt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh?
'T is some infection.—— *Asot.* Tutour, let 's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Asotus?
Asot. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'T is love
Is my infection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus:
For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sickness in the world
When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self!
How fares the darling of the age? Say, what successe?
Asot. Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born
With a caul upon my face? My mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the towring hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.
Ball. So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tender flie. (laws.
Asot. True, Tutour, true: for I woo 'em with cobweb-
Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses: but my Evadne stands
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milkie way: The Phœnix self,
Although but one,——no virgin: e're I harbour
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid!
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move:
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.
Asot. I do not know where the inchantment lies,
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
Or lip, or cheek, or brow:——but I suppose
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.
Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.
Troth 't is a prettie lasse; and for a woman

She courts in handſome words, and now and then
A polite phraſe, and ſuch a feeling appetite,
That having not a heart of flint or ſteel,
As mine 's an eaſier temper,——I conſented
To give her, in the way of almes, a night
Or ſo: ——You gueſſe the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.
And muſt her luſt break into open flames,
To lend the world a light to view her ſhames?
Could not ſhe taſte her Page? or ſecretly
Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms?
Or practice with her Doctour, and take phyſick
In a cloſe room? But thus, good heavens, to take
Her ſtallions up i'th' ſtreets! While ſin is modeſt,
It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,
The feſter ſpreads above all hopes of cure.
I never could obſerve ſo ſtrange a boldneſſe
In my Evadne. I have ſeen her cheeks
Bluſh as if Modeſtie her ſelf had there
Layn in a bed of corall.——But how ſoon
Is vertue loſt in women! *Ball.* Miſtake us not,
Deare Tyndarus: Evadne may be chaſte
To all the world——but him. And as for him,
Diana's ſelf, or any ſtricter Goddeſſe
Would looſe the Virgin-zone. I have inſtill'd
Magnetick force into him, that attracts
Their iron hearts, and faſhions them like ſteel
Upon the anvile to what ſhape he pleaſe.
He knows the minute, the preciſe one minute,
No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
I'll teach you in one fortnight by Aſtrologie
To make each Burgeſſe in all Thebes---- your cuckold.
Aſot. As ſilly lambes do fill the wolves black jaw,
And fearfull harts the generous lions paw,
As whales eat leſſer fries; ſo may you ſee
The matrones, maids and widows ſtoup to me.
Tyn. O do not hold me longer in ſuſpenſe:

The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Heare the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubtfull triall. Pray confirm me.

Asot. Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings
Asot. If your Evadne be a Phœnix, Tyndarus, (crack!
Some ten moneths hence you may have more o' th' breed.

Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the oathes religion knew. No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjurie. The diamond
Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foil'd
A glorie of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy;
But of no value to my other tropheys
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a mysterie. I have sweat out such
Varietie of trifles, their severall kinds
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots, & shoe-
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (strings,
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip
Thy lazy team, run headlong to the West,
I long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfeted,
To take a prety breakfast of my leavings——

Tyn. Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious miss
That would infect the aire of her pure fame:
My sword shall purge you forth, base drosse of men,
From her refined metall. *Asot.* Blesse me, Tutour!
This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why should I
Afflict my self for her? No, let her vanish.
Shall I retein my love, when she has lost
The treasure of her vertue? Stay, perchance

Her

Her innocence may be wronged. Said I, perchance?
That doubt will call a curſe upon my head
To plague my unbelief. ——— But here 's a witneſſe
Of too-too certain truth ſtands up againſt her.
Me thinks the flame that burnt ſo bright dies in me.
I am no more a captive, I have ſhak'd
My fetters off, and broke thoſe gyves of ſteel
That bound me to my thraldome. ——— My fair priſon,
Adieu. ——— How ſweetly breathes this open aire!
My feet, grown wanton with their libertie,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
With my advanced head. Come, deare Aſotus,
There are no pleaſures but they ſhall be ours.
We will diſpeople all the elements
To pleaſe our palates. Midnight ſhall behold
Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker maſk,
As envious of our jollities. The whole ſex
Of women ſhall be ours: Merchants ſhall profer
Their tender brides. Mothers ſhall run and fetch
Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to ſatisfie
Our liquouriſh luſts. Then Tyndarus happy call,
That loſing one fair maid has purchas'd all.

Aſot. You have an admirable method, Tutour:
If this fellow has not been i' my heart, I 'll be hang'd.
He ſpeaks my mind ſo pat. Ha, boon couragio ———

Ball. You ſee what more then miracles art can do.

Tyn. And when we have runne o're the catalogue
Of former pleaſures, thou, and I, and Ballio
Will ſit and ſtudie new ones. I will raiſe
A ſect of new and rare Philoſophers,
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

Aſot. And I will raiſe another ſect like theſe,
That ſhall from me be call'd ——— Aſotides.
Tutour, my fellow Pupill here and I
Muſt quaff a bowl of rare Philoſophie
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

Tyn. Come, bleſt reſtorer of my libertie.
Aſot. If any friend of yours want libertie
In ſuch a kind as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
Th' Aſotides ſhall grant them libertie.
Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and ere we part,
Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndar. & Aſot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Techmeſſa.

Ball. THere is beſides revenge a kind of ſweetneſſe
In acting miſchief. I could hug my head,
And kiſſe the brain that hatches ſuch deare rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries.——Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own ſword I'll kill thee, and then trample
On thy poore fooliſh carcaſe. Techmeſſa here?
Then Fortune wait on my deſignes, and crown 'em
With a ſucceſſe as high as they deſerve.
Tech. Me thinks ſometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel-like in white and ſpotleſſe robes;
And ſtraight upon a ſudden my chang'd fanſie
Preſents him black and horrid, all a ſtain,
More lothſome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fanſie
Preſents him in his likeneſſe. All the ſinks
And common ſhores in Thebes are cleanly to him.
Tech. Peace, thou foul tongue. *Ball.* Nay, if you be ſo
I have no womaniſh itch to prate.---Farewell. (ſqueamiſh,
Tech Nay, do not leave me unreſolv'd, good Ballio.
Ball. Why, I did ſet you out in more vile colours,
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe
Witch, hag, or furie with. *Tech.* Thou couldſt not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghoſt, fleſh and bloud ſtill.
I ſaid you had a pretty head of hair,
And ſuch as might do ſervice to the State,

Made

Made into halters: that you had a brow
Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps: that your eyes
Were like two powdring-tubs, either runing o're,
Or full of ſtanding brine: your cheeks were ſunk
So low and hollow they might ſerve the boyes
For cherry-pits.——*Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
And not his bloud turn choler? *Ball.* This? and more.
I ſaid your noſe was like a hunters horn,
And ſtood ſo bending up, a man might hang
His hat upon't: that I miſtook the yeare,
And alwayes though it Winter, when I ſaw
Two icicles at your noſtrils. *Tech.* Have I loſt
All woman, that I can with patience heare
My ſelf thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my ſelf
For ſpeaking it; but 't was to ſound him, Madame.
I ſaid you had no neck: your chin and ſhoulders
Were ſo good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'em:
I vow'd your breaſts for colour and proportion
Were like a writheld pair of 'oreworn footballs.
Your waſte was ſlender, but th' ambitious buttock
Climbes up ſo high about, who ſees you naked
Might ſwear you had been born with a vardingal.
Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy ſtrange deſcription.
Ball. I left, aſham'd and weary: he goes on,
There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips,
Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes: and her teeth
Look like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
Would make the deaf man bleſſe his imperfection,
That frees him from the plague of ſo much noiſe:
And ſuch a breath (heaven ſhield us!) as out-vies
The ſhambles and bear-garden for a ſent.
Tech. Was ever ſuch a furie? *Ball.* For your ſhoulders,
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th' Temple; and that's all the uſe
Religion can make of you: Then your feet,
(For I am loth to give the full deſcription)

He vowes they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not ſcandal more.
Is this the man adores me as his ſaint?
And payes his morning oriſons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there ſuch hypocriſie
In loves religion too? Are Venus doves
But white diſſemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That ſhakes and trembles at a frown of mine,
More then at thunder? I muſt have more argument
Of his apoſtaſie, or ſuſpect you falſe.

Ball. Whoſe ſword is this? *Tech.* 'T is his. And this I tied
About the hilt, and heard him ſwear to fight
Under thoſe colours, the moſt faithfull ſouldier
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.
Falſe men, reſigne your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be
Not upright fortitude, but treacherie.

Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldneſſe,
As wou'd have fir'd the chilleſt veins in Thebes,
To ſtand in your defenſe, or elſe reſigne
The fruitleſſe ſteel he wore. He bid me take it.
He had not ſo much of Knight errant in him,
To vow himſelf champion to ſuch a doxie.

Tech. Then Love, I ſhoot thy arrows back again,
Return 'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breaſt will ſay the dart is welcome,
And kiſſe the golden pile. I am poſſeſt
With a juſt anger. Pamphilus ſhall know
My ſcorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely reſolv'd.
Madame, report not me to Pamphilus
Authour of this: for valour ſhould not talk,
And fortitude would loſe it ſelf in words.

Tech. I need no other witneſſe then his ſword.

SCEN.

SCEN. IV.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. Techmessa? never did I understand
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.
Asot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me;
We 'll drink a pottle to Liberty, and another
Pottle to th' Asotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides, (des.
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped--Techmessi-

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, welcome; Shake thy sorrows off:
Why in this age of freedome dost thou sit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire?
Or of some quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.
Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not
His native sweetnesse, 't is a joy for you.
But I am all bitternesse. *Ball.* Now, Asotus,
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my attonement with my angry goddesse?
Do you celestiall forms retein an anger
Eternall as your substance? *Tech.* O fine hair!
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose!
How nectar-sweet his lips are! and his teeth,
Like two fair ivory pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmonie. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitie

A beard ſhould overgrow it: and his feet
Paſt all expreſſion comely.
Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to inſult
Upon a proſtrate wretch is harder tyrannie
Then to have made him ſo. *Tech.* And then a ſhoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death,
Take wings; thou art too ſlow. *Tech.* I could not heare
Thoſe precious parts defam'd, but I durſt fight
In the juſt quarrel. *Tyn.* 'T is a touchy Tiger.
How happy am I that I have ſcap'd the dennes
Of theſe ſhe-wolves! *Ball.* Now my ſafety lies
Upon a tickliſh point---a womans ſecrecie.
Madame, my reputation is dear to me.
Pam. In what a maze I wander! how my ſorrows
Run in a labyrinth! *Tech.* I 'll unriddle it.
Ball. St, St. The honour of a man at arms.
Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have lea
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madame, I am all love:
And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some ſpark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.
Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and muſt work
Upon a breaſt ſo capable as mine.
Aſot. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here 's noth
but Hocas pocas, Præſto be gone, Come again Jack;
ſuch feats of activity.
Tech. But I muſt tell you, you are falſe and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (*To Aſ*
(For I ſuppoſe you of a nobler ſoul)
If you ſhould heare your miſtreſſe by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beautie,
Could you have ſuffered it? *Aſot.* Madame, were you m
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,
And wrong my miſtreſſe, you ſhould heare my rage
Pro

Provoke my blade, and crie, Blade, canst thou sleep
In peacefull scabbard? Out thou beast of terrour,
And Lion-like rore this disdainfull wight
To Pluto 's shades and ghosts of Erebus.
Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion could resigne
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terrour of your own steel to redeem
My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the toyls of treacherie!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid Jove battel, and besieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly, and with reverence
Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,
May I for ever lose the light I live in, (sium.
The sight of you. *Tech.* I'll try your spirits: Phrone- (*Intrat*
Tyn. That bloud of goats should soften Adamant! *Phroneſ.*
And poore weak woman with an idle face *& exit*
Should make the souldier to forget his valour, *rursus, & statim in-*
And man his sex! *trat cum gladio.*
Enter Phroneſium.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Phroneſium.

Tech. HEre 's a champion for you.
Phron. Come, Sir, this sword be yours, and if you dare
Maintein the lists against me, as I fear
Your bloud is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your sword.
Asot. This is another Hercules come from the distaff.
Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet,
And the disgrace of chivalry. *Pam.* O my shame!

Asot.

Asot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this ſtirre thee not,
Thy miſtreſſe is the blemiſh of her ſex,
A dirty filthy huſwife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Diſhonour now to kill thee! *Phron.* If your valour
Lie in your back parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raiſe it. Pray go fetch him
Some *aqua vitæ*: for the thought of ſteel
Has put him in a ſwound: nothing revive you?
Then will I keep thy ſword and hang it up
Amongſt my buſk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetuall trophey *Exit Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where ſhall I run
And find a deſert, that the foot of man
Ne'r wandred in, to hide from the world 's eyes
My ſhame? S' death, every Page, and ſweaty Footman
And ſopie Chambermaid will point and laugh at me.
Tyn. I joy to think that I ſhall meet Evadne
Turn'd on the ſudden Moor. How black and vile
She will appear!

SCEN. VII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens! who will not dare
Henceforth to ſcorn your powers, and call ſacri-
ledge
Merit and piety? I do not ſee
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail ſuſtain
The brand of her deſerved ſhame. You puniſht
The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly
Her perjurie hath added to her form,
And that the abuſed gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrack'd tenant ſtrives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,
Load

Load not weak ſhoulders with too great a burden.

Tyn. O luſt! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chaſtity lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars!
Tempt me not, ſtrumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings and other toyes,
Purchaſe your journeymen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaſt eare
Has been a ſtranger to ſuch words as theſe,
I have not ſinne enough to underſtand 'em,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

Tyn. I am turn'd eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate ſunne.
I muſt be ſhort, who muſt this ring direct
Into your guilty theets? *Evad.* I do not know
How I ſhould loſe that pledge of my Lords love:
But 't is not in the power of any thief
To ſteal away the heart I have vowed yours:
And would to all the gods I had kept it there!

Aſot. Come, bluſh not, baſhfull belly-piece---I will meet thee:
I ever keep my word with a fair Lady.
I will requite that jewel with a richer.
The glorious heavens array'd in all their ſtarres
Shall not outſhine thee. Be not, girl, aſham'd.
Theſe are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of thoſe ſports
We ſhall enjoy: then pleaſures double riſe,
When both we feed, and they ſhall Tantalize.

Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A virgins fame, with hazard of your own.

Aſot. Tut, laſſe, no matter, we 'll be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine diſſembler! ha! what tumult 's here?

Enter Pægnium and officers.

SCEN.

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Evadne, Pamphilus, Pægnium, and officers.

Pæg. THat 's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.
1. *Offic.* Villain, we reprehend thee. *Bal.* Slaves, for what?
2. *Offic.* For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away this little Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medley, 't is flat felonie by statute.

Pam. I thank thee, Innocence. Though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.
Pæg. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villany,
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 't was you I wrong'd,
I do confesse the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandal on you, was by me
Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters
From you to your Techmessa; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Curs'd Tutour,
Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
But the high-way to th' gallows. There shall we
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
To make the women weep and sob to see
Th' untimely end of two such proper men.
This mouth was never made to stand awry,
And sure my neck was long enough before.
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge
That striving with felonious intent
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,
From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.
Pæg. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.
Tyn. I am again thy servant, mighty love!
O my Evadne, how shall I appear
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?

It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
But you that should condemn me. *Evad.* Sir, you know
The power I have is yours: be your own judge,
And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'T is double life
Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment
Shall we inflict on these? *Asot.* Gentle Lady,
E'n what you please——but hanging;——that's a death
My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.
Besides, it makes a man look like a cat
When she cries mew. *Ball.* I'll bark and bite awhile
Before the dogs death choke me. *Asot.* Pray dismisse
This pack of hounds: and since we both are guilty,
Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.
Pæg. Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks pretty little Gentleman.
Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the mad dogs gone? *Exeunt officers.*
Come Tutour, I must reade a while to you
Under correction.——Not so hard, good Tutour.
Tyn. Enough. *Asot.* Nay, one bout I beseech you more
To make up satisfaction. *Ball.* Well, for this
I'll have one engine more; my bad intents
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.
Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.
Asot. Nay we must have the health i' th'crab-tree cup too.
One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Asotides,
And one, my deare instructour, to the Techmessides.
Pam. Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.
Asot. Say you so? nay, then here 's a health to the Pamphilides too;
And, for his noble sake to the Evadnides,
And all Philosophie sects whate'r they be.
Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.
Asot. Then I ha' done: farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutour, stay, this little Gentleman

Has

Has been forgot: ——Pray, Sir, what may I call you?
Pæg. My name is Pægnium. —*Asot.* I were most unthankfull
To passe o're you. ——To the Pægniades, Tutour:
You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,
'Twas but to exercise your passive valour.
Asot. Your passive valour? give me your active valour:
I do not like your black and blue valour,
When bones shall ake with magnanimitie.
Exeunt Asot. Ball. Pæg.

SCEN. IX.

Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.

Tyn BRother, I find my soul a troubled sea
Whose billows are not fully quieted,
Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,
By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
With all the charms that love can teach thee,
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her
Constant, I end my jealousie: if frail,
The torrent of my love shall bend his course
To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love
That made us twins, though born at severall births,
That grew along with us in height and strength,
I will be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Ex. Tyn.*
Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That he was not
Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:
To prove a man free from an act of theft,
Assoils him not of murder. No, no, sister;
Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance
Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman
To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yield not,
I will put off distrust. I do not know

Whom I durſt truſt but you. *Evad.* Though mine own love
Find me enough of buſineſſe, yet in hope
That you will ſecond me in my occaſions
I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, Evadne,
Leſt, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
A reall fire.——I dare not be too confident.
Hence will I cloſely pry into their actions,
And overheare their language; for if my ſiſter
See with my eyes ſhe cannot chooſe but love him
In the ſame height with me.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmeſſa in inſidiis.

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, ſoft, and active as the ſpring, the ſtarre
And glory of our nation, ſhould be prodigall
Of your affections, and miſplace your love
On a regardleſſe boy. *Evad.* Sir, the ſame pitie
I muſt return on you. Were I a man
Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,
(As leſſe you cannot be) I would not loſe
My ſervice to a Miſtreſſe of ſo coy
And proud an humour:——True, ſhe is my ſiſter;
But the ſame womb produces ſeverall natures.
I ſhould have entertein'd ſo great a bleſſing
With greater thankfulneſſe. *Pam.* That my ſtarres ſhould be
So croſſe unto my happineſſe! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruel to me! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of Fortune; ſhe's a goddeſſe
That has no deitie where diſcretion reignes.
Evad. But ſhall I wrong my ſiſter? *Pam.* Do not I
Give juſt exchange, and loſe a brother for her?
Our ſufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They muſt be equall necks that can draw even
In the ſame yoke. *Evad.* I have obſerv'd, the chariot

Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with ſparrows; but the turtle joyns
With turtles, and the ſparrow has his mate.
Pam. See if one ſoftneſſe kiſſe not in our lips.
Evad. One lip not meets the other with more ſympathie
Then yours met mine. *I'am.* Let 's make the ſecond triall.

SCEN. XI.

Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer,——Gentle ſiſter.
Evad. I cannot blame your jealouſie: for I find
Tech. Too much of ſweetneſſe in his amorous lips.
There is no tie in nature; faith in bloud
Is but a thing that ſhould be. Brothers, ſiſters,
Fathers, and mothers, are but ſpecious names
Of love and duty: you and I have been
But gueſts in the ſame womb, that at firſt meeting
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at leaſt ride
Contrarie rodes. *Evad.* Will you then miſconſtrue
The ſervice I perform'd at your requeſt?
Tech. Henceforth I 'll ſet the Kite to keep my chicken
And make the Wolf my ſhepherd.

SCEN. XII.

Evadne, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, how is 't? *Pam.* I know not how to anſwer thee.
She met me with more courtſhip then I tender'd.
Tech. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the ſame womb
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.
Your traitour wears the mask call'd Brother: mine
As cunning a diſguiſe, the name of Siſter.
Theſe eyes are witneſſe, that deſcried 'em kiſſing

Cle

Closer then cockles, and in luſtfull twines
Outbid the jvy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met
So neare, and folded in ſo cloſe a knot,
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.
Tyn. Then farewell all reſpect of bloud and friendſhip:
I do pronounce thee ſtranger. If there can be
Valour in treacherie, put thy truſt in ſteel
As I do, not in brothers ——— Draw, or die.
Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name: it is a word
Whets my juſt anger to a ſharper edge.
Pam. Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the ſword.
Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,
Or hadſt the altar for ſecuritie,
Religion ſhould not bind me from thy death.
Couldſt thou retreat into my mothers womb,
There my revenge ſhould find thee. I am ſudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Bear me witneſſe, heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne, Chremylus, Dipſas.

Chrem. PUt up for ſhame thoſe rude unhallowed blades,
And let not raſh opinion of a valour
Perſwade you to be Parricides. Pray remember
You thirſt but your own bloud. He that o'recomes,
Loſes the one half of himſelf. *Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tied my hands:
But were my threed of life meaſur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incenſed ſoul might follow his,
And to eternity proſecute my revenge.
Pam. Brother, at your intreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and, becauſe I found her

Againſt my mind, too eaſie to my ſuit,
Your rage falls heavie on me. *Tech.* On my knees
I beg, dear father, cloyſter me in darkneſſe,
Or ſend me to the deſert to converſe
With nothing but a wilderneſſe, or expoſe me
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
So you will free me from the companie
Of a falſe ſiſter. *Evad.* Sir, with much perſwaſion
She wrought on me to perſonate a love
To Pamphilus, to find if I could ſtagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this ſo much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you ſee
The fruits of raſhneſſe. Do you find your errour?
But the foul ſpring, from whence theſe bitter ſtreams
Had their firſt head, I fear, is from you, Dipſas.
Dip. I will no more denie it: I have ſown
Thoſe ſeeds of doubt, wiſhing to ſee diſſenſion
Ripe for the ſickle——For what cauſe, I now
Forbear to ſpeak——But henceforth I will ſtrive
To clear thoſe jealouſies, and conclude their loves
In a bleſt nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!
One Sunny day the exhalation rears
Into a cloud: at night it falls in tears. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Dipſas, Tyndarus.

Tyn. IF it be not immodeſtie to demand
So bold a queſtion, I would be reſolv'd
Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly by all holineſſe
My anſwer ſhall be true. *Tyn.* When you were young,
And lively appetite revelled in your bloud,
Did you not find rebellion in your veins?

Did

Did not the ſame embraces tedious grow,
And cauſe a longing in your thoughts to taſte
Varieties of men? *Dip.* I bluſh, I cannot anſwer
With a denialt; not a proper Gentleman
But forc'd my goatiſh eye to follow him:
And, when I had ſurvey'd his parts, I would
With any loſſe of honour, wealth, and friendſhip,
Have bought him to my bed: and truly, Sir,
'T was cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence!
What fruit can I expect the bough ſhould bear
That grows from ſuch a ſtock? *Dip.* I had of late
A moneths mind, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make
To pleaſe a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of luſt,
When ſhe is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcaſſe.

Dip. And that 's the reaſon I have croſs'd my daughter
To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir;
For though the fewel 's ſpent, there is a ſpark
Rak'd up i' th' embers.——But I now deſiſt.
Pleaſe you to go to Ballio's houſe, my daughter
Shall meet you there: ——I hope that out of dutie
She will not grudge her mother a good turn
When ſhe is married——now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no houſe
To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne
Acquainted there? is that the rendezvous
Of her hot meetings?——yet I ſtill ſuſpect
This womans malice to her child not loſt.
I will beſtow ſome time, and go to ſee
The ſtrange event of this dark myſterie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. II.

Dipſas, Ballio.

Dip. BAllio. *Ball.* Madame. *Dip.* See your houſe be ſtor'd
With the deboiſeſt Roarers in the citie:

Let every room be fill'd with noiſe and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.
You gueſſe the reſt; if not, this purſe of gold
Better inform you. *Exit Dipſas.*

Ball. Moſt celeſtiall Lady.
Though I have practiced villanie from my cradle,
And from my dug ſuckt miſchief more then milk,
This furie ſtill out-does me.——I am vext,
Vext to the heart, to ſee a ſilly woman
Carry more devils in her then my ſelf.
And yet I love thee,——thou ſhe-rogue, I love thee.
Had I but ſuch a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. HEre comes my mole,
The ſonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrails
To turn up treaſure for his boy and me;
That with induſtrious eyes ſearches to hell
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
Thou age of gold: how do the bags at home?
Are all the cheſts in health? thrives the purſe ſtill?
And ſayes it to the talents, Multiply?

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a ſwarm. Wealth falls
Not in ſmall drops upon me, (as at firſt)
But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitie
My boy ſhould not invent ſluces enow
To drain the copious ſtream? *Ball.* A thouſand pities
That you ſhould loſe the fruits of ſo much care.

Sim. True, Ballio, true. *Ball.* Truſt me, what art can do
Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I'll not be ungratefull.
It lies in you to turn theſe ſilver hairs
To a freſh black again, and by one favour

Cur

Cut fourtie years away from the gray ſumme.
Ball. I had rather cut off all, & be our own carvers.— *Aſide*
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl
An aged ramme in ſome inchaunted caldron
Till he ſtart up a lambe, I would recall
Your youth, and make you like the aged ſnake
Caſt off this wrinkled skin, and skip up freſh
As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.
If you will place me where I may unſeen
Make my eye witneſſe of my ſonnes delight,
I ſhall enjoy the pleaſures by beholding 'em.
Ball. True, Sir, you know he 's but your ſecond ſelf,
The ſame you might have been at one and twenty:
The bliſſe is boths alike. *Sim.* Moſt philoſophicall!
Ball. Place your ſelf there. *Sim.* I ha' no words but theſe
To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. IIII.

Aſotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Chærilus, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Simo in angulis.

Aſot. COme forth, my Raſcalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man
Yclep'd a —— Page. Our honour be attended
With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets
Shall with the Bilbo blade and Gray gooſe quill
Grace our retinue. —— And, when we grow ſurly,
Valour and wit fall proſtrate at our frown;
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.
Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his ſtate: To ſee what wealth can do,
To thoſe that have the bleſſing how to ſpend it!
Ball. Your bleſſing was the wealth: the art of ſpending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.
Thraſ. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,

Shall be a morſel for the dogs. *Aſot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thraſymachus ——Thou for this ſhalt feed.
I will not ſuffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have ſeen an armie
Of ſuch a meagre troup, ſuch thin-chapt ſtarvelings,
Their barking ſtomachs hardly could reſrain
From ſwallowing up the foe, e're they had ſlain him.
Hyper. If thou command our ſervice, we will die
Dull earth with crimſon, till the tears of orphanes,
Widows, and mothers waſh it white again:
Wee'l ſtrow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,
And pay thee tribute thouſand heads a day,
Freſh bleeding from the trunk: and panting hearts
Not dead ſhall leap in thy victorious paw.
Aſot. Then ſay thou too to Hunger——Friend, adieu!
Ballio, condemne a bagge; let traſh away,
See 'em both arm'd in ſcarlet cap-a-pe.
Strike top-ſail, men of warre. *Ball.* We muſt divide:
We that ſerve great men have no other ſhifts
To thrive our ſelves, but gelding our Lords gifts.
Sim. Now I am rich indeed: this is true treaſure.
Aſot. Ha! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
That you are ſilent, my Parnaſſian beagles?
Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollo's Jews-trump
By ſad diſaſter loſt her melodious tongue?
Cher. Your praiſe all tongues deſire to ſpeak: but ſome,
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumbe.
The harp of Orpheus bluſhes for to ſing,
And ſweet Amphions voice hath crackt a ſtring.
Aſot. A witty ſoleciſme; reward the errour! harp and ſing, voice and ſtring.
Bom. Give me a breath of thunder; let me ſpeak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noiſe obſtreperous. I will warble
Such bounſing notes ſhall cleave obdurate marble
Upon mount Caucaſus heavens-knocking head;

Boreas

Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, till I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three ſiſters,
Till envies eares ſhall heare it and have bliſters.
Aſot. O rare cloſe! a high ſublime conceit!
For this I 'll ſheath thee in a new ſerge ſcabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegaſean. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our bloud come to! —— I have ſatisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My ſacred hunger hath devour'd. *Aſot.* Ballio,
Bleſſe him with twenty drachmes——— yet forbear:
Money may ſpoil his Poetry. Give 's ſome wine,
Here is a whetſtone both for wit and valour.
A health to all my beadſ-men of the ſword.
Thr. Hyp. This will engage the men of arms to fight.
Aſot. This to the Muſes, and their threed-bare tribe.
Chær. Bom. Thou doſt engage the learned troups to write.
Aſot. Go ſonnes of Mars with young Apollo 's brood,
And uſher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd
My bloud, and wak'd it to an itch of ſporting. *Exeunt Bom. Hyp. Chær. Thr. for to fetch in Phr. Aſotus the while is putting on his armour.*
Bal. Some twenty ages hence 't will be a queſtion (more:
Which of the two the world will reverence
You for a thriving father, or Aſotus
So liberall a ſonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good:
But which will they preferre? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,
But muſt admire your fiſt, which grip'd ſo much
That made his hand ſo open. *Sim.* Gracious ſtarres,
How bleſt ſhall I be twenty ages hence!
Some twenty ages hence! *Ball.* You ſhall be call'd
A doting Cockscomb twenty ages hence.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

Chærilus, Bomolochus, before perſonating two Mercuries, Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by Hyperbolus and Thraſymachus.

Aſot. HOw bright and glorious are the beams my ſtarre
Darts from her eye! Lead up my Queen of beauty,
But in a ſofter march, ſound a retreat:
Lead on again, I 'll meet her in that ſtate
The God of warre puts on when he ſalutes
The Cyprian Queen:—— Theſe that were once the poſtures
Of horrid battels, are become the muſter
Of love and beauty. Say, ſweet brace of Mercuries,
Is ſhe th' Olympick——or the Paphian goddeſſe?
Ball. Where are you Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elyſium, in Elyſium.
Chær. This is no goddeſſe of th'—— Olympick hall.
Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes iſſue call.
Chær. For ſhe nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.
Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forreſt takes delight.
Chær. Nor is ſhe Muſe. *Bom.* Nor Grace. *Chær.* Nor is ſhe one of theſe
That haunt the ſprings, the beauteous Naiades.
Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is ſhe,
Chær. Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards deity.
Bom. No, ſhe is none of theſe. *Chær.* Oh then prepare
To heare her bleſſed name. *Both.* 'T is Phryne fair.
Aſot. Phryne the fair? Oh peace! if this be ſhe,
Go forth, and ſing the world a lullabie.
For thy dear ſake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing drummes and grones of ſlaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age agen.
Phryn. Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre,
'T was love of you that forc'd me from my ſphere,
And made me leave my orb without her influence,

To

To meet you in the furie of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the bloud
Of wretches ſacrific'd to the Stygian floud.
Aſot. Come forth, thou horrid inſtrument of death.
Bali. Do you heare him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort, Ballio.
Aſot. I will diſpeople earth, and drown the world
In crimſon flouds and purple deluges.
The old, the young, the weak, the luſty wight,
Souldiers and ſcholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all ſhall die,
I will have none ſurvive that ſhall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And half a noſe. I will carve legs and arms,
As at a feaſt. Henceforth to all poſterity
Mankind ſhall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!
Let the conjunction of my milder ſtarre
Temper the too malignant force of thine.
The drumme, the fife, and trumpet ſhall be turn'd
To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,
And cauſe the ſouldier turn his blade to knives,
To conquer capons and the ſtubble gooſe:
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But ſword of Bacon, and the ſhield of Brawn.
Deigne me a kiſſe, great Warriour. *Aſot.* Hogſheads of Nectar
Are treaſur'd in the warehouſe of her lips.
That kiſſe hath ranſom'd thouſands from the grave.
Phryn. Let me redeem more thouſands with a ſecond.
Aſot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.
Phryn. O let me kiſſe away all rigour from thee.
Aſot. Live, mortalls, live. Death has no more to do.
And yet me thinks a little rigour 's left.
Phryn. Thus ſhall it vaniſh. *Aſot.* Vaniſh, rigour, vaniſh.
Harneſſe the lions, make my chariot ready:
Venus and I will ride. *Phryn.* How? drawn by lions?
Aſot. I, thou ſhalt kiſſe 'em till their rigour vaniſh
(As mine has) into aire. I will have thee play

With

With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrel. Bears shall wait on thee,
And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.
Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.
Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? These for thy defense
'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.
And these on all occasions shall vent forth
Swelling Encomiums.——Say, Bomolochus,
How sings my mistresse?

Bom. The Grashopper chaunts not his autumn quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

Asot. They 'll make thee any thing. Thou art already
Cricket & Grashopper.——Chærilus, how does she dance?

Chær. Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, hight a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,
Dancing a measure o'r a Ladies smock,
With motion quick and courtly equipage?
So trips fair Phryne o'r the flowry stage.

Asot. Now thou art a flea.--How snorts she as she sleeps?

Bom. Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale
Through a grove of sycomore. The soft spring
Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course
With sweeter murmur. Let Amphions lute
(That built our Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.
Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be
The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercurie:
Yea though the spheres be dumb, I care not for 't:
No musick such as her melodious snort.

Asot. Melodious snort! With what decorum spits she?

Chær. Like the sweet gummes that from Electar trees
Distill, or hony of the labouring bees:
Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre
Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre;
Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits,

To

To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.
Aſot. Ballio, preſent me with the crowns of laurel.
Thus I drop wine the beſt of Helicon
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
Riſe Poets laureat both! Favour, Apollo!
Both. The Muſes and Aſotus be propitious!
Aſot. I will not have you henceforth ſneak to Taverns,
And peep like fiddlers into Gentlemens rooms,
To ſhark for wine and radiſhes; nor lie ſentinell
At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
Some novice for a ſupper: you ſhall deal
No more in ballads, to bewail an execution
In lamentable rhythmes: nor beg in Elegies:
Nor counterfeit a ſickneſſe to draw in
A contribution: nor work journey-work
Under ſome play-houſe poſt, that deals in
Wit by retail: nor ſhall you task your brains
To grace a Burgeſſe new poſt with a Rebus:
Or furniſh a young ſuiter with an Anagramme
Upon his miſtreſſe name: nor ſtudie poſies
For rings and bracelets.——Injure not the bough
Of Daphne: know that you are laureat now.
Ball. How like you this diſcourſe? *Sim.* Excellent well.
It is a handſome laſſe. If I were young
(As I am not decrepit) I would give
A talent for a kiſſe. *Phryn.* Come, beauteous Mars,
I 'll kemb thy hair ſmooth as the ravens feather,
And weave thoſe ſtubborn locks to amorous bracelets;
Then call a livelier red into thy face,
And ſoften with a kiſſe thy rugged lips.
I muſt not have this beard ſo rudely grow,
But with my needle I will ſet each hair
In decent order, as you rank your ſquadrons.
Aſot. Here 's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne 's health.
What durſt thou do, Thraſymachus, to the man
That ſhould denie it? *Thraſ.* Diſſect him into atomes.

Hyper.

Hyper. I durſt do more for beauteous Phryne's ſake.
Thraſ. What, more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.
Hyper. Yield, or I ſee a breakfaſt for the crows.
Thraſ. Death to my lungs, I ſpit upon thy fame.
Hyper. Then with my ſteel I whip the raſh contempt.
Aſot. Brawling, you maſtives?--Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainſt the common foe.
Phryn. You ſha' not be angry: by this kiſſe you ſha' not.
Aſot. I will, unleſſe you ſwear again. *Phryn* You ſha' not.
Sim. Ah, Ballio! Age has made me as dry as tinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.
The ſpark rak'd up in aſhes is broke forth,
And will conſume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What 's the matter?
Sim. Love, cruel love, I muſt enjoy that Lady,
Whatever price it coſt me. *Ball.* Your ſonnes miſtreſſe?
Sim. Sonne or not ſonne.----Let this intreat, and this.
Ball. This will perſwade. I muſt remove your ſonne,
His furie elſe will ſurely ſtand 'twixt us
And our deſignes.———Old lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this. You ſhall be milk'd,
Emptied and pumpt. Spunge, we will ſqueeze you, ſpunge,
And ſend you to ſuck more.———Invincible Mars.
Aſot. What ſayes the governour of our younger years?
Ball. You have worn this plot of Mars too ſtale already.
O ſhift your ſelf into all ſhapes of love.
Women are taken with varietie.
What think you of Oberon the King of Fayries?
I know 't will ſtrike her fanſie.
Aſot. Buſineſſe calls.
Drink on, for our return ſhall ſudden be.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Simo, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball. PHryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,
The golden bull that got this golden calf,

Deeply

Deeply in love with thee. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
I'll fleece him.——*Ball.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
We muſt not leave this Mine, till we have found
The largeneſſe of the vein.——Suck like an horſe-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
An eaſie path to tread in; 't will direct you
To your wiſht journeys end, and lodge you ſafe
In her ſoft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold?
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
And ſo was I, but I am grown again
Up to right man.——Thou ſhalt be my Tutour too.
Is there no ſtools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?
Sim. I would vault over them, to ſhew the ſtrength
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.
Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for you.
Give me ſome wine: Miſtreſſe, a health to you:
Pledge me, and ſpice the cup with theſe and theſe.
Thou ſhalt have better gowns. *Thraſ.* A brave old boy.
Hyper. There's metall in him. *Chær.* I will ſing thy praiſe
In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
And chaunt an ode that ſhall eternize thee.
Phryn. Of what a ſweet aſpect! how lovely look'd
Is this fine Gentleman!——I hope you know
It is in Thebes the cuſtome to ſalute
Fair Ladies with a kiſſe.——*Sim.* She is enamour'd.
Sure I am younger then I thought my ſelf.
Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.
Phryn. Good Sir, another kiſſe: you have a breath
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toyes with this:
I'll ſend thee more. *Phryn.* How raviſhing is his face!
Sim. That I ſhould have ſo raviſhing a face,
And never know it!——Miſer that I was!
I will go home and buy a looking-glaſſe,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryn.

Phryn. Come, lie thee down by me; here we will sit.
How comely are these silver hairs! This hand
Is e'ne as right to my one mind, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!
Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.
Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melts! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us score kisses up
On one anothers lips. Thou shalt not speak,
But I will suck thy words e're they have felt
The open aire.——*Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus, Phryne, Asotus.

Asot. NOw am I Oberon prince of Fairie land,
And Phryne shall be Mab my Empresse fair:
My souldiers two I'll instantly transform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robin-goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate
Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a pretty whimsie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.
The humour would be excellent, and become me
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmessa.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.
Sim. When shall we marry? *Phryn.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Furie shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart.——O Phryne, Phryne!
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.

But

But if all this be cunning, as who knows?
Away, foul sinne. O eyes, what mischief do you see!
Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.
My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stol'n thy heart away. *Phryn.* He? a poore mushrome!
Your boy? I should have guess'd him for your father.
He has a skin as wrinkled as a Tortoyse.
I have mista'n him often for a hedge-hog
Crept out on 's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.
Asot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little threed of gold profaned,
Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
A reall rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours: Grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.
Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.
Asot. I no Asotus am, nor thou my sire,
But angrie and incensed Oberon.
Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair upon my head
A piece in gold.——*Asot.* I should send you to the barbours.
Sim. All, all is thine: let me but share
A little in thy pleasures: onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'em. *Asot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,
I will go home and live a drudges life,
As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together:
And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,
Women, and Wine. I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bignesse of a polecat:
I will disclaim his faith that can believe
There is a Tavern, or a Religious place

For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
And have their beads to ſin by.——Get you home.
You kiſſe a Gentlewoman to endanger
Your chattering teeth?——Go, you have done your ſhare
In getting me: to furniſh the next age,
Muſt be my province. Go, look you to yours.
Lie with your muſtie bags, and get more gold.
S'lid, anger me, and I'll turn drudge for certain.

Sim. Aſotus, good Aſotus, pardon me.

Aſot. I wonder you are not aſhamed to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Aſotus.

Aſot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleaſures but in thee.

Aſot. This ſomething qualifies. *Sim.* It ſhall be my ſport
To maintein thine. Thou ſhalt eat for both,
And drink for both.--*Aſot.* Good: this will qualifie more.

Sim. And here I promiſe thee to make a joynture
Of half the land I have to this fair Lady.

Aſot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir:
But heare you, Sir, it muſt be paid for too.
To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empreſſe crown.

Ball. All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains
And Poets here, and leave the ſack for flies?

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Aſotus, Thryne, Simo, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Chærilus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.

Hyp. THraſymachus, a whole one. *Thraſ.* Done: I'll pledge thee,
Though 't were a deluge.--- By my ſteel, you have left
Enough to drown an iſland, Chærilus.

Chær. And 't were the famous fount of Hippocrene,
I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
And all the Muſes died for thirſt, Bomolochus.

Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnaſſus high.

Tyn.

Tyn. What nurſerie of ſinne is this? what temple
Of luſt and riot? Was this place alone
Thought a fit witneſſe for the knitting up
Chaſte and religious love? Deeds dark as hell,
Inceſt and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Marriage never lighted
His ſacred torch at ſo profane a den.
It is a cage for ſchreech-owls, bats and ravens,
For crows and kites, and ſuch like birds of prey.
But the chaſte turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious ſtork, flie hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here? Is ſhe a parcell
Of the damn'd family? Are there ſuch white devils
Among their Succuba's? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne:
And there be ſome that ſcatter ſnakes amongſt us,
Have ſtung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballio, Aſotus, Chærilus, Simo, Hyperbolus, Thraſymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. BLeſſe me eyes!
My troubled fancie fools me. I am loſt
In a diſtracted dream. It is not ſhe.
Awake thee, Tyndarus: what ſtrange ſleeps are theſe!
He thinks I am in hell, and yet behold
A glorious Angel there. Or have theſe devils
Broke into Paradiſe? for the place is ſuch
She bleſſes with her preſence.--- Mere contradictions,
Chimæra's of a reſtleſſe brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And whatſoever goddeſſe elſe protects
Unrouch'd virginitie, ſhield me with your powers.
To what a wilderneſſe have my wandring ſteps
Betray'd me! ſure this cannot be a place
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'T is Evadne,
'T is the fair-foul Evadne. Now my ſword,

That hadſt a good edge to defend this woman,
Go ſend her ſoul into another manſion
Black as it ſelf. It is too foul a tenant
For this fair palace. Stay yet, too forward ſteel,
Take her incircled in her ſtallions arms,
And kill two ſinnes together. —— Let 'em be
At hell to bear the puniſhment of luſt
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What ſtrange fancies
My maiden fears preſent me! Why, I know not:
But this ſuſpicion ſeldome bodeth good.

Thraſ. A handſome Bona Roba, and my prize.

Hyper. I do denie 't, ſhe 's my monopolie.

Cher. Perchance ſhe may one of the Muſes be,
And then claim I a ſhare for Poetrie.

Evad. If ever ſilly lambe thus ſtray'd before
Into a flock of wolves; or harmleſſe dove
Not onely made the prey, but the contention
Of ravenous eagles; ſuch poore ſoul am I.

Thraſ. Give me a buſſe, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here
A Gentleman in whom there lives a ſpark
Of vertue not yet out; I do beſeech him,
By all the aſhes of his anceſtours,
And by the conſtant love he bears his miſtreſſe,
To reſcue innocence and virginitie
From theſe baſe monſters. I for him will pay
A thouſand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from earthly thought, as e're found paſſage
Through the ſtrict gate of heav'n. *Tym.* That's a task for
Away, foul raviſhers, I will teach my ſword (me.
Juſtice to puniſh you. Such a troup of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour! I will quench
With your own bloud the rage of that hot luſt
That ſpurr'd you on to baſe and bold attempts.

Aſot. Flie, Phryne, flie, for dangers do ſurround.

Sim. This is a pleaſure that I care not for. *Exeunt*

SCEN.

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. LAdy, be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
An injur'd maid call blessings on your head
In plenteous showres! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves
Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victorie
Wait on your sword: and if you have a mistresse,
May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste
As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping flowres: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to posteritie,
And blesse succeeding times!--*Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf.
Evad. May you and plenty never live asunder.
Peace make your bed,-- and--*Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.
And nothing now bought at a rate so easie
As that same high way ware,-- Heaven blesse your worship.
In plain words Lady (I can use no language
But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.
Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumstance.
Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,
Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks
In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.
Tyn. You are discourteous, Lady. *Evad.* Let these tears
Plead for me: did you rescue me from thieves,
To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd?
Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging
That may command?——Proud Damsel, I will force thee.
Evad. I thank thee blest occasion:--Now I dare *She snatcheth a stiletto out of his pocket.*
Defie thee, devil: here is that shall keep
My chastitie secure, and arm a maid
To scorn your strength. *Tyn.* Be not too masculine, Lady.
Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
And force my bloud a passage, that in anger

Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!
By all thoſe powers that the bleſt men adore,
And the worſt fear, I have no black deſigne
Upon your honour; onely as a ſouldier
I did deſire to prove whether my ſword
Had a deſerving cauſe: I would be loth
To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you
Full weight, I 'll wear his life upon my point
That injures ſo much goodneſſe. *Evad.* You ſpeak honour.
Tyn. Bleſt be this minute, ſanctifie it, Time,
'Bove all thy kalendar. Now I find her gold.
This touchſtone gives her perfect. The diſcovery
Of ne'r found kingdomes, where the plough turns up
Rich oare in every furrow, is to this
A poore ſucceſſe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
And I dare boldly ſay, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. GReat Queen of love, ſure when the labouring ſea
Did bring forth thee, before ſhe was deliver'd,
Her violent throes had rais'd a thouſand ſtorms.
Yet now, I hope, after ſo many wracks
That I have ſuffer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me ſafe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus here?
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their houſe
Of toleration. She had ſpied me out
Through my diſguiſe: and with what ſtudied art,
What cunning language, how well acted geſture,
How much of that unbounded ſtore of tears
She wrought on my credulitie! The Fox,
Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beaſts of craft,
Have been diſtill'd to make one woman up. *Exit.*
Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den!

A

A ſpoil to rapine! what defenſe, poore maid,
Haſt thou againſt theſe wild and ſavage beaſts?
My ſtarres were cruel: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a floud of tears, and drown me in 't,
And be Phyſicians to my ſorrows now,
That have too long been Heralds of my grief.
My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair Evadne.
Evad. Is any left ſo courteous to wiſh health
To the diſtreſs'd Evadne? Pamphilus?
Pam. Is my Techmeſſa here? *Evad.* Now all the gods
Preſerve her hence; there is in hell more ſafety
Among the Furies. ——Miſchief built this houſe
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,
See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of luſt.

SCEN. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne.

Pam. TAke comfort, Lady.
Your honour ſtands ſafe on this guard, while I
Can uſe a ſword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.
Tyn. How cloſe they winde, like glutinous ſnakes ingen-
Tech. Well ſiſter, I ſhall ſtudie to requite (dring!
This courteous treacherie. *Evad.* Pamphilus, in me
All ſtarres conſpire to make affliction perfect.
Pam. Wait on heavens pleaſure, Madame: ſuch a one
The heavens ne'r made for miſery, they but give you
Theſe croſſes as ſharp ſauce to whet your appetite
For ſome choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you
Through a vault dark and obſcure as hell,
To make your Paradiſe a ſweeter proſpect.
——Thus I feed
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.
Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tech. WHy should we toil thus in an endlesse search
Of what we now behold?---Let us grow wise.
I loath false Pamphilus———yet I could have lov'd him:
And, if he were but faithfull, could do still.

Tyn. Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother;
Me thinks Evadne should be kinder to me.
Techmessa, joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Asotus.

SCEN. XIIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus.

Tyn OBallio, 't is in you and dear Asotus (happy.
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be

Tyn. I 'll make you two joynt-heirs of my estate,
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands; and bear us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence we 'll make escape,
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Asot.* Would you not both
Be buried in one coffin? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply: ——heare you, Tutour,
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,
And choke with a hempen squincy? *Tyn.* To secure you,
We 'll write before what we intend to act:
Our hands shall witnesse with your innocence.

Ball. Well: Come the worst, I 'll venture;---& perchance
You shall not die in jest again o' th' sudden.

Tyn. What strange Mæanders Cupid leads us through!
When most we forward go we backward move.
There is no path so intricate as love.

ACTUS

ACTUS. IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Asotus, Chærilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servant.

Ball. CArry these letters unto Chremylus house.
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,
And certifie 'em of this sad event.
It will draw tears from theirs — as from my eyes,
Because they are not-reall obsequies.

Asot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to expresse it,
Unlesse I should be dumbe! — Sob, — sob, Asotus,
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
With lamentation and distress'd condoling,
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle
Of mans mortalitie. — O my deerest Tyndarus!

Thras. Learn of us Captains to out-face grimme Death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Asot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
I'de scratch his eyes out. — O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa
Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have seen thousands sigh out souls in grones,
And yet have laugh'd: — it has been sport to see
A mangled carcasse broch'd with so many wounds,
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Asot. Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish,
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O — Techmessa, Death has swallowed thee,
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

Chær.

Chær. Chaſe hence theſe ſhowres, for ſince they both are dead,
Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread.
Bom. Inexorable ſiſters!——Be not ſorry:
For Clotho's diſtaff will be peremptory.
Aſot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel——impartiall Mors:
The ſavage Tyrant——all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:
Mors that reſpects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that ſpares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts not:
Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet.
Thraſ. If Mors were here, the Skeleton ſhould know
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving
Our noble Generall——Courage boon chevalier!

SCEN. II.

Simo, Aſotus, Ballio, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus, Chærilus, Bomolochus.

Sim. WHy is my boy ſo ſad?——Tell me, Aſotus:
If diſſolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treaſure.
Aſot. O ſad miſchance! *Sim.* What grieves my hope, my joy,
My ſtaff, my comfort? *Aſot.* Wofull accident!
Sim. Have I not barricadoed all my doores,
And ſtopt each chink and cranny in my houſe,
To keep out povertie and lean misfortune?
Where crept this ſorrow in? *Aſot.* Here, through my heart.
O father, I will tell you ſuch a ſtorie,
Of ſuch a ſad and lamentable nature,
'Twill crack your purſe-ſtrings. *Sim.* Ha? what ſtorie, boy?
Aſot. My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead,
——And, to augment my ſorrow,——kill'd himſelf.
And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,

Left

Left me and Ballio.——his eſtate.——*Sim.* Alas!
Is not this counterfeit ſorrow well expreſt?
Ball. But I grieve truly that I grieve in jeſt.
Sim. Half his eſtate to thee, and half to Ballio?
A thouſand pities.——Gently reſt his bones.
I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you ſee,
If you had left him nothing, my inſtructions
Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich
In nothing but a Tutour.——Good Aſotus,
Though ſorrow be a debt due to the herſe
Of a dead friend, and we muſt wet the turf
Under whoſe roof he lodges: yet we muſt not
Be too immoderate. *Aſot.* Bear me witneſſe, heaven:
I us'd no force of Rhetorick no perſwaſions
(What e'r the wicked and malicious world
May raſhly cenſure) to inſtigate theſe two
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;
All of you know that I am ignorant. *Enter Phryn.*
Phryn. Where is my love? ſhall ſorrow rivall me,
And hang about thy neck? If grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I 'll clap it out.——Dear chicken,
You ſha' not be ſo ſad, indeed you ſha' not.
Be merry: by this kiſſe I 'll make you merry.
Aſot. Then wipe my eyes.——Thus when the clouds are gone,
The day again is gilded by the ſunne.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Aſotus, Simo, Phryne, Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus Chærilus, Bomolochus, Sexton.

Aſot. WHo 's within here? *Sext.* What 's the matter without there?
Aſot. Ha! What art thou? *Sext.* The laſt of tailours, Sir, that ne'r take meaſure of you, while you have hope to wear

a

a new ſuit.

Aſot. How doſt thou live? *Sext.* As worms do: ——by the dead.

Aſot. A witty raſcall. Let 's have ſome diſcourſe with him.

Thraſ. Are any ſouldiers bones in garriſon here?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poore travellers,
Take up their inne by chance: but ſome there be.

Thraſ. Do not thoſe warlike bones in dead of night
Riſe up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls
Waken the dormiſe that dull peace hath lull'd
Into a lethargie? ——Doſt not heare 'em knock
Againſt their coffins, till they crack and break
The marble into ſhivers that intombes 'em;
Making the temple ſhake as with an earthquake,
And all the ſtatues of the gods grow pale
Affrighted with the horrour? *Sext.* No ſuch matter.

Hyper. Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortall,
Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs,
And cruſh the skulls that dare approach too near
Their honour'd graves?——When I ſhall come to dwell
In your dark family, if a noyſome carcaſe
Offend my noſtrils with too rank a ſent,
Know,——I ſhall rage——& quarrel, ——till I fright
The poore inhabitants of the charnell houſe:
That here ſhall run a toe, a ſhin-bone there:
Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away:
One way a crooked rib ſhall halting hie,
Another you ſhall trundling find a skull.
Like the diſtracted citizens of a town
Beleaguer'd,——and in danger to be taken.

Aſot. For heavens ſake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones
By ſome preciſe religious officer,
One that will keep the peace.—— Theſe roring captains,
With bluſtring words and language full of dread,
Will make me quit my tombe, and run away
Wrapt in my winding ſheet;——as if grim Minos,

Stern

Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth
Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.
This was a captains skull, one that carried a ſtorm in his countenance, & a tempeſt in his tongue: The great bugbeare of the citie, that threw drawers down the ſtairs as familiarly as quart-pots; and had a penſion from the Barbour-chirurgeons for breaking of pates: A fellow that had ruin'd the noſes of more bawds and pandars then the diſeaſe belonging to the trade.——And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another corſe took the wall of him, & the bandog ne'r grumbled.

Aſot. Then skull (although thou be a captains skull)
I ſay thou art a coward,——and no Gentleman;
Thy mother was a whore,——and thou lieſt in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

Aſot. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jeſt
To ſhow my reading in moralitie.

Chær. Do not the aſhes of deceaſed Poets
In ſpir'd with ſacred furie carroll forth
Enthuſiaſtick raptures? Doſt not heare 'em
Sing myſteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The reſt of mortall judgements? Doſt not ſee
Apollo and the Muſes every night
Dance rings about their tombes? *Bom.* Do not roſes,
Lillies, and violets grow upon their graves?
Shoots not the laurell, that impal'd their brows,
Into a tree, to ſhadow their bleſt marble?
Do they not riſe out of their ſhrowds to reade
Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not
Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not
Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,
To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
Prate they not cataracts of inſenſible noiſe,
That with obſtreperous cadence cracks the organs
Acroamatick, till the deaf auditour

Admires

Admires the words he heares not;

Sext. This was a poeticall noddle. O the ſweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, beſides the jeſts, half jeſts, quarter jeſts, & quibbles that have come out o' theſe chaps that yawn ſo! He has not now ſo much as a new-coyn'd-complement to procure him a ſupper. The beſt friend he has may walk by him now, & yet have ne'r a jeer put upon him. His miſtreſſe had a little dog deceaſed the other day, & all the wit in this noddle could not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this ſeven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail againſt the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene & the reſt of the Muſes have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he lived, he ne'r left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as moſt of the tribe) at the charge of the pariſh; and is happier dead then alive: for he has now as much money as the beſt in the companie, —— & yet has left off the poeticall way of begging, call'd Borrowing.

Aſot. I ſcorn thy Lyrick and Heroick ſtrain,
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.
Where be thy querks and tricks? ſhow me again
The ſtrange conundrums of thy friſking brain,
Thou Poets skull, and ſay, What's rythme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you ha' pos'd him: he cannot ſpeak to give you an anſwer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may ſafely converſe with him now, & never fear ſtifling in a crowd of verſes. And now a Play of his may be freely cenſur'd, without a libel upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet contrive it handſomely.
Me thinks the darkneſſe of the night ſhould prompt me
To a plot of that complexion. —— Ruminate,
Ruminate, Ballio. *Phryn.* Pray, Sir, how does death
Deal with the Ladies? Is he ſo unmannerly
As not to make diſtinction of degrees?
I hope the rougher bones of men have had

More

More education then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler ſtuff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madame: he makes no diſtinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the generall miſtreſſe, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of ſtarres in theſe two auger-holes: or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handſome noſe, that had been at the charges to maintein half a dozen of ſeverall ſilver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiſs'd theſe lips that grin ſo. This mouth out of all the Madames boxes cannot now be furniſhed with a ſet of teeth. She was the coyeſt overcurious dame in all the citie: her chambermaids miſplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to.——Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this phyſnomie of hers in a looking glaſſe, what a monſter would ſhe imagine her ſelf! Will all her perrukes, tyres and dreſſes, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruſſe and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctour, make this idole up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaiſter fair;
But when the houſe is fall'n, 'tis paſt repair.

Phryn. No matter, my Aſotus: Let death do
His pleaſure then, we 'll do our pleaſures now.
Each minute that is loſt is paſt recall.
This is the time alotted for our ſports,
'T were ſinne to paſſe it. While our lips are ſoft,
And our embraces warm, we 'll twine and kiſſe.
When we ſhall be ſuch things as theſe, let worms
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noſes off,
It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Aſot. And when we die, we die. We will be both embalm'd
In precious unguents to delight our ſenſe,
And in our grave we 'll buſſe, and hug, and dally
As we do here: for death can nothing be

To him that after death ſhall lie with thee.
Sexton, receive theſe coffins to the temple;
But not interre them,——for they both are guilty
Of their own bloud,——till we make expiation
T'aſſoyl the fact.——Tutour, reward the Sexton.
I'll come ſometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, my Pupill gives you:——but hereafter
I'll more then treble it, if you be no enemie
To your own profit. *Sext* Profit 's my religion.

Aſot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,
Uſher my living miſtreſſe home again.
Thus joy with grief alternate courſes ſhares:
Fortune, I ſee thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.

SCEN. IIII.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. STaphyla, why Staphyla: I hope ſhe has ta'ne her laſt ſleep. Why when, Staphyla?

Staph. What a life have I?I, that can never be quiet? I can no ſooner lie down to take my reſt, but preſently, Staphyla, Staphyla. What 's the news?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where? or from whom?

Sext. Why, thou knoweſt I rob no where but on the highway to heaven, ſuch as are upon their laſt journey thither. Thou & I have been land-pirates this ſix and thirty years, and have pillaged our ſhare of Charons paſſengers. Here are a couple of ſound ſleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou ſhalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

Staph. Truly, husband, I have had ſuch fearfull dreams to night, that I am perſwaded (though I think I ſhall never turn truly honeſt again) to rob the dead no more. For, me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart, and rob'd us.

Sext.

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charitie. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth'd, and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and securitie in these attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers skull. There was a tongue in 't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him so much as a poore halfpenny to pay for his waftage: and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundred it! ——Behold, most grave Judges, a fact of that horrour and height in sinne, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cause presented to the admiration of your ears. I cannot speak it without trembling, 't is so new, so unus'd, so unheard-of a villanie. But that I know your Lordships confident of the honestie of your poore Oratour, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions to gain your belief. This man, said I man? this monster rather: but monster is too easie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virtue, robb'd: (a sinne in the action) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. I say, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones, O't is most audacious and intolerable! — Now you have well spoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick put your

hand behind you to receive ſome more inſtructions back-ward? Now a man may clap you o' th' cockſcombe with his ſpade, and never ſtand in fear of an action of batterie.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but in-ſooth I will not make a common practice of it. Knock you up that coffin, and I 'll knock up this.--Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the ſunne! Come, we muſt ſtrip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the diſhes ſerv'd up to their table cover'd.

O, O, O! *Tyndarus and Techmeſſa riſe from the coffins;*

Staph. Heaven ſhield me! O, O, O! *and the Sexton and his wife affrighted fall into a ſwoon.*

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmeſſa.

Tyn. HOw poore a thing is man, whom death it ſelf
Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!
Is 't not enough our wretched lives are toſs'd
On dangerous ſeas, but we muſt ſtand in fear
Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us
So many buts of clay, at which the gods
In cruel ſport ſhoot miſeries.—Yet, I hope,
Their ſplene 's grown milder, and this bleſt occaſion
Offers it ſelf an earneſt of their mercy.
Their ſinnes have furniſht us with fit diſguiſes
To quiet our perplexed ſouls. Techmeſſa,
Let me aray you in this womans robes.
I 'll wear the Sextons garments in exchange.
Our ſheets and coffins ſhall be theirs.

Tech. Dear Tyndarus!
In all my life I never found ſuch peace
As in this coffin: It preſented me
The ſweets that death affords.———Man has no liberty
But in this priſon.———Being once lodg'd here,
He 's fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, ſuſpicions, jealouſies,

No

No ſorrows, cares, or wild diſtractions
Can force an entrance to diſturb our ſleeps.
Tyn. Yet to thoſe priſons will we now commit
Theſe two offenders. *Tech.* But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this diſguiſe? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
Are lov'd us living, they will haſte to make
Attonement for our ſouls ſtain'd with the guilt
Of our own bloud: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them ſo clear a paſſage
To their cloſe loves: and with thoſe thoughts poſſeſs'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For thoſe that leave the warfare of this life
Without a paſſe from the great Generall.
Tech. I hope they may prove conſtant. *Tyn.* So pray I.
I will deſire yon ſtatue be ſo courteous
To part with 's beard a while.——So, we are now
Beyond diſcovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Staph.* O, O, O!
Tyn. Let 's uſe a charm for theſe.

Quiet ſleep, or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a ſnake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy bodie to the boyling lake,
Where fire and brimſtone never ſlake:
Thy heart ſhall burn, thy head ſhall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake.
And therfore dare not yet to wake.

Tech. *Quiet ſleep, or thou ſhalt ſee*
The horrid hags of Tartarie,
Whoſe treſſes ugly ſerpents be,
And Cerberus ſhall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three,
The worſt is call'd Tiſiphone,
Shall laſh thee to eternitie.
And therfore ſleep thou peacefully.

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio; what's his busi-
neſſe?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Ball. SExton, I'll open firſt thine ears with theſe,
To make 'em fit to let perſwaſions in.
Tyn. Theſe, Sir, will cure my deafneſſe. *Ball.* Art thou
mine?
Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'll pay double for
thee.
Shall I prevail in my requeſt? *Tyn.* Ask theſe.——
Ball. Th' art apprehenſive: to the purpoſe then:
Have you not in the temple ſome deep vault
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:
We have to night perform'd the laſt of ſervice
That pietie can pay to our dead friends.
Tyn. 'T was charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'em hi-
ther
To their laſt home.——Now, Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes
Denie 'em buriall. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendſhip cannot be ſo ſoon forgot;
Eſpecially ſo firm a one as ours.)
To have 'em caſt a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, theſe religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you
To caſt their coffins into ſome deep vault
And to interre 'em.——O my Tyndarus,
All memorie ſhall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impreſſion of that love I bear thee.
Thou left'ſt me half of all the land thou hadſt;
And ſhould I not provide thee ſo much earth
As I can meaſure by thy length, heaven curſe me!
Tyn. Sir, if your courteſie had not bound me yours,

This act of goodneſſe had. *Ball.* So true a friend
No age records.——Farewell.——This work ſucceeds.
Poſteritie, that ſhall this ſtorie get,
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit Ball.*

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Tyn. HEre was a ſtrange deliverance! Who can be
So confident of fortune, as to ſay,
Now am ſafe? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd
All our deſignes to Pamphilus and Evadne:
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
If you were dead indeed, have won this raſcall
To this black treaſon.——What foul crimes can Luſt
Prompt her baſe vaſſals to!——Here let us end
Our buſie ſearch, and travel o're the world,
To ſee if any cold and Northern climate
Have entertein'd loſt Virtue long ſince fled
Our warmer countrey. *Tyn.* Ha!——'T is ſo!——'T is ſo!
I ſee it with clear eyes.——O curſed plot!
And are you brooding, crocodiles? I may chance
To break the ſerpents egge ere you hive hatch'd
The viper to perfection. Come, Techmeſſa,
My anger will no longer be confin'd
To patient ſilence. Tedious expectation
Is but a fooliſh fire by night, that leads
The traveller out of 's way——Break forth, my wrath,
Break like a deluge of conſuming fire,
And ſcorch 'em both to aſhes in a flame
Hot as their luſt.——No:——'T is too baſe a bloud
For me to ſpill.——Let 'em e'ne live t' ingender
A brood of monſters:——May perpetuall jealouſie
Wait on their beds, and poyſon their imbraces
With juſt ſuſpicions: may their children be
Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth:

May they live long and wretched; all mens hate,
And yet have miſerie enough for pitie:
May they be long a dying——of diſeaſes
Painfull and lothſome:——Paſſion, do not hurrie me
To this unmanly womaniſh revenge.
Wilt thou curſe, Tyndarus, when thou wear'ſt a ſword?
But ha, heark, obſerve!——

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Pam. WAit till we call.
Heaven, if thou haſt not emptied all thy trea- (ſure
Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,
To lay on more. What torments haſt thou left,
In which thou haſt not exercis'd my patience?
Yet caſt up all th' accounts of all my ſorrows,
And the whole ſumme is trebbled in the loſſe
Of dear Techmeſſa. *Tech.* If this grief were reall!
Tyn. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have ſtood the reſt
Of your afflictions: with this one I fell,
Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage
Of thouſand violent billows, and withſtood
Their fierce aſſaults, untill the working Tide
Had undermin'd him: then he falls, and draws
Part of the mountain with him. *Evad.* Pamphilus,
When did you ſee my ſweet-heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a maying?——he will bring me
Some pinks and dayſies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven he meet no thieves! *Pam.* Alas, Evadne!
Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What ſhall I do?
I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd:
Yet I will make this triall full and perfect.
What at this diſmall houre, when nothing walks
But ſouls tormented, calls you from your ſheets
To viſit our dark cells, inhabited

By death and melancholy? *Evad.* I am come
To seek my true-love here. Did you not see him?
He 's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.
Tech. Sir, what cause
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.
Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you?
Did you admit no love into your bosome
But onely his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man but him?
No, Tyndarus, I will not long outlive thee:
We will be married in Elysium,
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change a thousand kisses;——you sha'nt see us.
Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or grief
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,
To her whose death you now so much lament?
For by those prodigies and apparitions
That have to night shak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconstancie
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.
Pam. The Sunne shall change his course, and find new paths
To drive his chariot in: The Loadstone leave
His faith unto the North:——The Vine withdraw
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm
In her kind arms:——But, if I change my love
From my Techmessa, may I be recorded
To all posterity Loves great Apostate
In Cupids annalls. *Evad.* If you see my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.
I will but weep a while first. *Tyn.* Prettie sorrow!
Tech. Sir, you may veil your falshood in smooth lan-
And gild it o're with fair hypocrisie: (guage,
But here has been such grones; Ghosts that have cried

In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O falſe Pamphilus!
Revenge on Pamphilus! Such complaints as theſe
The gods ne're make in vain.
Pam. Then there is witchcraft in't. And are the gods
Made parties too againſt me?——Pardon then
If I grow ſtubborn.——While they preſt my ſhoulders
No more then I could bear, they willingly
Submitted to the burden.——Now they wiſh
To caſt it off.——What treachery has brib'd you,
Celeſtiall Forms, to be my falſe accuſers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
And reade the ſecret characters of my heart)
Give in your verdict: did you ever find
Another image graven in my ſoul
Beſides Techmeſſa? No! 'T is hell has forg'd
Theſe ſlie impoſtures! all theſe plots are coyn'd
Out of the devils mintage. *Tech.* Certainly
There 's no falſe fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.
Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my tears. *Tyn.* There gentle Lady.
Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertein
A jewel of ſuch value? *Pam.* Where muſt I
Pay my devotions? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.
Evad. Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly preſſe thee:
And mayſt thou find thoſe joyes th' art gone to taſte,
As true as my affection. Now I know
Thou canſt not chooſe but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrivall: for the ſoul
Freed from the cloud of fleſh clearly diſcerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
A guilt upon thy bloud, thus I 'll redeem it, (*offers to kill her*
And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady? (*ſelf.*
Evad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.
If you were dead, who then were left to make
Luſtration for his crime? ſhall fooliſh zeal

Perſwade

Perſwade you to a haſty death, and ſo
Leave Tyndarus to eternitie of flames ?
Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus ; I will onely ſee
That office done, and then I 'll follow thee.
Pam. Thou gentle ſoul of my deceaſed love,
If thou ſtill hover'ſt hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus.——If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but Techmeſſa,
Or keep the leaſt ſpark of a love alive
But in her aſhes, let me never ſee
Thoſe bleſſed fields where gentle lovers walk
In endleſſe joyes.——Why do I idlely weep !
I 'll write my grief in bloud. *Tech.* What do you mean ?
Pam. Techmeſſa, I am yet withheld ; but ſuddenly
I 'll make eſcape to find thee. *Tech.* O bleſt minute !

SCEN. IX.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa.

Dipſ. WHere ſhall I flie to hide me from my guilt ?
It follows me, like thoſe that run away
From their own ſhadows : that which I would ſhun
I bear about me.——Whom ſhall I appeaſe?
The living, or the dead ? for I have injur'd
Both you and them.——O Tyndarus, here I kneel,
And do confeſſe my ſelf thy cruel murdreſſe ;
And thine, Techmeſſa.——Gentle daughter, pardon me.
But how ſhall I make ſatisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have loſt two ?
Oh Pamphilus ! my malice ruin'd thee,
But moſt Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Becauſe ſhe is no iſſue of my wombe,
But truſted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a ſtepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty ſhould eclipſe
My daughters honour.——But the gods in juſtice

Have

Have ta'n her hence to punish me.——My sinnes
March up in troups against me.——But this potion
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:
I will revive Techmessa. *Dipsa.* O sweet daughter!
Pam. Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, Evadne;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear.
Take hence those coffins, I will have them born
Trophey's before me when we come to tie
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousie
Hath added strength to our resolved love,
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day:
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Demetrius solus.

HAil, sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed soil,
And on my knees salute thy seven gates.
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy flouds
Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then
With Warre, that sought the ruine of those walls
Which Musick built. When Minos cruel tribute
Robb'd mothers of their deareſt babes, to glut
His ravenous Minotaure; I for safety fled
With my young sonnes, but call'd my countreys hate
Upon my head, whom miserie made malicious.
Each father had a curse in store for me,
Because I shar'd not in the common losse;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage

Enger

Eager againſt me. I will therefore ſtudie
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN. II.

Demetrius, Aſotus.

Aſot. I Have heard my mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth,
(Peace with her ſoul where'e're it be) affirm,
Marry too ſoon, and you 'll repent too late.
A ſentence worth my meditation:
For marriage is a ſerious thing: perchance
Fair Phryne is no maid; for women may
Be beauteous yet no virgins. Fair and chaſte
Are not of neceſſarie conſequence.
Or being both fair and chaſte ſhe may be barren;
And then when I am old, I ſhall not have
A boy——to dote on as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Aſot. A pretty complement. What art thou, fellow?

Dem. A Regiſter of heaven, a privie Counſellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houſes, Tutour to the Fates,
That taught 'em th' art of ſpinning; a live Almanack,
One that by ſpeculation in the ſtarres
Can foretell any thing. *Aſot.* How! foretell any thing?
How many years are paſt ſince Thebes was built?

Dem. That is not to foretell: you ſtate the queſtion
Of times already paſt. *Aſot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things paſt as things to come?
Say, Regiſter of heaven, and privy Counſellour
To all the planets, with the reſt of your titles,
(For I ſhall ne're be able to repeat 'em all)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married?

Dem. Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Aſcendent,
I find with Luna corporally joyn'd

To

To the Almutes of the ſeventh houſe,
Which is the matrimoniall family:
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.
And yet th' Aſpect is not in Trine or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation
Or Tetragon, which ſhews an inclination
Averſe, and yet admitting of reception.
It will, although encountred with impediment,
At laſt ſucceed. *Aſot.* Ha! What bold impediment
Is ſo audacious to encounter me?
Be he Almutes of what houſe he pleaſe;
Let his Aſpect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile;
I do not fear him with his radiations,
His Tetragons, and inclinations:
If he provoke my ſplene, I 'll have him know
I ſouldiers feed ſhall mince him, and my Poets
Shall with a ſatyre ſteep'd in gall and vineger,
Rhythme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.
Dem. Good words.
There 's no reſiſtance to the laws of Fate.
This ſublunary world muſt yield obedience
To the celeſtiall virtues. *Aſot.* One thing more
I would deſire to know: Whether my ſpouſe
That ſhall be be immaculate. I 'd be loth
To marry an Advowſion that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I 'll reſolve you inſtantly.
The Dragons-tail ſtands where the head ſhould be:
A ſhrewd ſuſpicion,——ſhe has been ſtrongly tempted.
Aſot. The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.
I feel a kind of ſting in my head already.
Dem. And Mars being landlord of th' eleventh houſe,
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly ſignifies
The maid has been in love? but the Aſpect
Being without reception layes no guilt
Of act upon her.
Aſot. I ſhall be jealous preſently:

For

For the Ram is but an ill ſigne in the head;
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.
Dem. But when I ſee th' Aſcendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes,
I do conclude her virgin pure and ſpotleſſe.
Aſot. I thank th' Aſcendent, and his noble Lord;
He ſhall be welcome to my houſe at any time,
And ſo ſhall miſtreſſe Moon with all her angles
And her fixt ſignes. But how come you to know
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabaliſts,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:
As *Aſla*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gafar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Beneſaphan*, and *Albubetes*.
Aſot. Are *Aſla*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
With all the reſt o' th' Jury, men of credit?
Dem. Their words ſhall go as farre i'th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Aſot.* I am beholding to 'em.
Another ſcruple yet:——I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old;
Such as will ſpend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have ſuch fine dreams in my grave.
Dem. Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not ſee
In all your horoſcope one ſigne maſculine;
For ſuch portend ſterilitie. *Aſot.* How 's that, man?
Is 't poſſible for any man to ha' children
Without a ſigne maſculine? *Dem.* Sir, you miſtake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Aſcendent is not elevated
Above the Almutes of the filial houſe:
Venus is free, and Jove not yet combuſt:
And then the ſignifier being lodg'd
In watry ſignes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fiſh,
Foreſhew a numerous iſſue of both ſexes.
And Mercury in 's exaltations

Plac'd

Plac'd in their angles, and their points ſucceſſive,
Beholds the Lords of the Triplicitie
Unhindred in their influence. You were born
Under a getting conſtellation,
A fructifying ſtarre.——Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father. *Aſot.* Happy be the houre
I met with thee! I 'll ha' thee live with me.
Thou ſhalt be my domeſticall Aſtronomer.
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,
To furniſh thee with verſes for each moneth.
Sir, ſince the gracious ſtarres do promiſe me
So numerous a troup of ſonnes and daughters,
'T is fit I ſhould have my means in my own hands
To provide for 'em all: therefore I fain would know
Whether my father be——long-liv'd or no.

Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
To Saturn; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Weſterly poſition.
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun
In oppoſition, both ſiniſterly
Fall'n from their corners, plainly ſignifies
He cannot long ſurvive. *Aſot.* Why, who can help it?
There 's no reſiſtance to the laws of Fate:
This ſublunary world muſt yeild obedience
To the celeſtiall virtues.——Were 't not providence
To beſpeak mourning clokes againſt the funerall?

Dem. 'T is good to be in readineſſe. *Aſot.* If thou be
So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean
To entertein thee for my wizard?

Dem. Sir,
I do not ſee the leaſt Azymenes,
Or planetary hindrance. Alcocoden
Tells me you will. *Aſot.* Tell Alcocoden then
He is i' th' right. Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus! *(Enter Thraſym. Hyperb.*
We have increas'd our family: ſee him enroll'd.
He is a man of merit, and can propheſie.

Thraſ.

Thraſ. We 'll drench him in the welcome of the cellar,
And trie if he can propheſie who falls firſt.

Aſot. How will the world admire me, when they ſee
My houſe an Academie, all the arts
Wait at my table, every man of qualitie
Take ſanctuary here! I will be patrone
To twenty liberall ſciences.

SCEN. III.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair ſunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Aſot.* Quondam Tutour,
(For I am paſt all tuition but my wifes)
Thanks for your wiſhes; have you ſtudied yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may expreſſe my grief
At the ſad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne? *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To find out a right garb: wear theſe two clokes.
This ſable garment, ſorrows Liverie,
Speaks funerall: this richer robe of joy,
Sayes 't is a nuptiall ſolemnitie.

Aſot. A choice device:— I 'll practice. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Aſotus, Ballio, Simo.

Sim. GOod morrow, boy: how flows thy bloud, Aſotus,
Upon thy wedding-day? is it ſpring-tide?
Find'ſt thou an active courage in thy bones?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandſire? ha?
O, I remember with what ſprightly courage
I bedded thy old mother, and that night

Bid

Bid fair for thee, boy: how I curst the ceremonies,
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points
Too slowly! 'T was a happy night, Asotus.

Asot. How sad a day is this! methinks the sunne
Affrighted with our sorrows should run back
Into his Eastern palace, and for ever
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he shew
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
And fair Techmessa? I will weep a floud
Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos
Shall muffle up the lamentable world
In sable clokes of grief and black confusion!

Sim. What ails my boy? unseasonable grief
Shall not disturb thy nuptialls.——Good Asotus,
Be not so passionate. *Ball.* What incomparable mirth
Would such a dotard and his humorous sonne
Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen
Had the expression! *Asot.* Now the t'other cloke.
In what a verdant weed the spring arayes
Freth Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields
With all her tapestrie! and the Choristers
Of every grove chaunt Carolls! Mirth is come
To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive
To grace our nuptialls. Let us sing and dance,
That heaven may see our revels, and send down
The planets in a Masque, the more to grace
This dayes solemnitie. *Sim.* I, this, Asotus;
There's musick, boy, in this. *Asot.* Now this cloke again.
You gods, you overload mortalitie,
And presse our shoulders with too great a weight
Of dismall miseries. All content is fled
With Tyndarus and Techmessa. Ravens croak
About my house, ill-boding schrich-owls sing
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.
Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste

The

The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus
And fair Techmeſſa from the world are gone?
No, pardon me, you gentle ghoſts; I vow
To cloiſter up my grief in ſome dark cell:
And there, till grief ſhall cloſe my blubber'd eyes,
Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is diſtracted!
Aſotus, do not grieve ſo: all thy ſorrows
Are doubled in thy father: Pitie me,
If not thy ſelf; O pitie theſe gray hairs,
Pitie my age, Aſotus. *Aſot.* What a ſilly fellow
My father is that knows not which cloke ſpeaks!
Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.
Caſt off thoſe tropheys of your wealthy beggery,
And clad your ſelf in rich and ſplendent weeds,
Such as become my father: Do not blemiſh
Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
As glorious as the ſunne. Set forth your ſelf
In your bright luſtre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
Was there ever father ſo fortunate in a child? *Exit Sim.*
Aſot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?
Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
On a Chameleon. *Aſot.* Nay, I know my mother
Was a Chameleon: for my father allowed her
Nothing but aire to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Aſotus, Phryne.

Phryn. RIſes Aurora with a happy light
On my Aſotus? *Aſot.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome;
Although the Dragons tail may ſcandal thee,
And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme;
Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes
Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my dear?
Aſot. Thy dear, my beauteous Phryne, means the ſame
With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gafar, with *Aſla*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,

With *Ben, Beneſaphan,* and *Albubetes.*

Phryn. I fear you ha' ſtudied the black art of late.

Aſot. Ah Girl! Th'——Almutes of the filial houſe
Is not depreſs'd, Venus is free, and Jove
Not yet combuſt: the ſignes are watry ſignes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aſpect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?

Aſot. We ſhall have babies plenty: I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readineſſe;
I long to tie the knot: at night we 'll make
A young Aſotus. *Phryn.* Health attend you, Sir. *Exit Phryn.*

SCEN. VI.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa, Aſotus, Ballio, Phroneſium, Prieſts and ſacrifice, and Hymens ſtatue diſcovered.

Aſot. TYndarus living? here, take this cloke away, Ballio;
We have no uſe on 't. *Ball.* The more ſorrow 's mine.

Tyn. How does my friend Aſotus? *Aſot.* You are welcome
From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elyſium
Are in good health. *Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily,
You had an honeſt and religious care
To ſee us both well buried. *Ball.* I ſhall be hang'd. *Exit.*

The ſong and ſacrifice.

Prieſt. Hymen, thou God of union, with ſmooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tieſt
Hearts in a knot, and link'ſt in ſacred chains (*He preſents Tyndarus and Evadne.*
The mutuall ſouls of Lovers, may it pleaſe
Thy Deitie to admit into the number
Of thy chaſte votaries this bleſſed pair.
Mercy, you gods! the ſtatue turns away.

Tyn. Why ſhould this be? The reaſon is apparent:
Evadne has been falſe, and the chaſte deitie
Abhorres the ſacrifice of a ſpotted ſoul.
Go thou diſſembler, mask thy ſelf in modeſtie,

Wear

Wear virtue for a veil, and paint falſe bluſhes
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayſt cozen
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,
Heaven has a piercing ſight. Hymen, I thank thee,
Thou ſtoppedſt my foot ſtepping into the gulf.
How near was I damnation! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,
What ſinne have I unwillingly committed
To call heavens anger on me? *Prieſt.* If there be
A ſecret guilt in theſe, that hath offended
Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou pleaſe to prove *He preſents*
This other knot? The Statue turns again! *Pam. & Tech.*
What prodigies are theſe! *Pam.* Celeſtiall powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and yet't is ſinne
To ask you why you wrong us. *Tech.* Cunning Pamphilus,
Though, like a ſnake, you couch your ſelf in flowers,
The gods can find your lurking, and betray
The ſpotted skin. *Prieſt.* Above this twenty years
Have I attended on thy ſacred Temple,
Yet never ſaw thee ſo incens'd, dread Hymen.
Tyn. To ſearch the reaſon, will you pleaſe to profer
Theſe to his godhead? *Prieſt.* Will thy godhead deigne
Theſe two the bleſſings of the geniall ſheet? *He preſents Pam.*
He beckens 'em. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted. *& Evad.*
Falſe Pamphilus, the honour of the temple,
And the reſpect I bear religion,
Cannot protect thee. I will ſtain the altars,
And ſprinkle every ſtatue in the ſhrine (thunder.
With treacherous bloud. *Prieſt.* Provoke not Joves juſt
Tyn. Well, you may take Evadne; heaven give you joy.
Pam. Religion is mere juggling. This is nothing
But the Prieſts knaverie: a kind of holy trick
To gain their ſuperſtition credit. Hymen,
Why doſt thou turn away thy head? I fear
Thy baſhfull deitie is aſham'd to look
A woman in the face. If ſo, I pardon thee:
If out of ſpight thou croſſe me, know, weak godhead,
I'll teach mankind a cuſtome that ſhall bring

Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple
As other creatures,——freely, and ne're stand
Upon the tedious ceremonie——Marriage:
And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple
Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn
A grain of frankincense? *Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls
To find the secret mysterie! *Asot.* I have entertein'd
One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
With the Almutes, can tell any thing.
I'll fetch him hither: he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*
Chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safetie,
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius: manent cæteri.

Asot. HEre 's another figure to cast, Sir. These two Gentlemen
Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry
Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,
And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus,
That has a moneths mind to Techmessa; but that Hymen
Looks with a wry neck at 'em. If the Ascendent
With all his radiations and aspects
Know any thing,——here 's one that can unfold it.
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*
Dem. Flie from the temple you unhallowed troup,
That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice
Before the gods! *Chrem.* What should this language mean?
Dem. Think you that heaven will ever signe a grant
To your incestuous matches? *Chrem.* How incestuous?
Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius sonne,
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother.
Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremylus,
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took

With

With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
To ſave the infants from the monſters jaws,
The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods
Forbid the banes, when in each match is inceſt.
Chr. I wonder he ſhould know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.
Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? *He pulls off his diſguiſe*
Pam. My father?
Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy bleſſing there.
Sir, if I not miſtake me, you are Chremylus.
Pray let me ſee that ring.——Sir, I muſt challenge it,
And in requitall will return you this.
Chrem. Demetrius! welcome. Now my joyes are full,
When I behold my ſonne and my old friend.
Dem. Which is Evadne? Bleſſings on thy head.
Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage
As we at firſt intended; my Clinias
With your Techmeſſa, and your ſonne Timarchus
With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it ſo.
Dem. Are the young people pleas'd? *Pam. Evad. Tyn. Tech.* The will of heaven
Muſt be obey'd. *Dem.* Now trie if Hymen pleaſe
To end all troubles in a happy marriage.
Prieſt. Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head
With all the glorious chaplets of the ſpring:
The firſt-born kid and fatteſt of our bullocks
Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be
Lawfull to ſacrifice in bloud to thee,
That art the means to life) 'cauſe thy provident mercy
Prevented this inceſtuous match. Deigne now
Propitious looks to this more holy knot.
This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,
And vows chaſte love to Clinias. All joy to you,
The fair Evadne too is come to hang
Her maiden girdle at thy ſacred ſhrine,
And vows her ſelf conſtant to the embraces
Of young Timarchus.——Happineſſe wait on both!
Tyn. I ſee our jealous thoughts were not in vain.

Nature, abhorring from ſo foul a ſinne,
Infus'd thoſe doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Aſotus in arms with a drum & trumpet, attended by Thraſymachus, Hyperb. Bom. Chær. Simo, Phryne.

Aſot. IF there be any Knight that dares lay claim
To beauteous Phryne,——(as I hope there 's none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the liſts:——If he be wiſe, he dare not,
But will conſider danger in the action.
I 'll winne her with my ſword:——miſtake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair ſhall ſup with Pluto:
'T were cooler ſupping in another place.
No champion yet appear?——I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Aſot. I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I muſt have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am weary of eating chalk and coals, and begin to diſlike the feeding on oat-meal. The thought of ſo many marriages together has almoſt loſt my maiden-head.

Aſot. Why, thou ſhalt have my father though he be old, He 's rich, and will maintein thee bravely. Dad, (happy.
What think you on 't? *Sim.* Thou 'lt make me, boy, too
She ſhall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make
My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my ſix horſes,
And my imbroyder'd coach, ride where I liſt,
Have all the gallants in the town to viſit me,
Maintein a pair of little legs to go
On idle meſſages to all the Madames.
You ſhall denie no Gentleman enterteinment.
And when we kiſſe and toy be it your cue
To nod and fall aſleep. *Sim.* With all my heart.

Aſot. Then take him, Girl, he will not trouble thee long;

For

For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,
And occidentall to the Sunne, proclaims
He is ſhort-liv'd. *Phron.* Well Sir, for want of a better
I am content to take you. *Aſot.* Joyn 'em, Prieſt.
Prieſt. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.
Aſot. Now uſher Phryne to my amorous arms.
Prieſt. The generous Aſotus and fair Phryne
Preſent their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen.
Sext. I forbid the banes. *Staph.* I forbid the banes. (*They ſpeak out of the coffin.*
Aſot. And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th' impediment the Azymenes
Or Planetary hindrance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the ſeventh houſe,
In an aſpect of Tetragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' averſeneſſe of my ſtarres.
Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours.
See you theſe ghoſts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; ſome of 'em may cozen you.
Sext. Pardon me, Sir; I ſeriouſly vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.
Tyn. Well, you ſhall both faſt to night, and take penance at the lower end of the table in theſe ſheets; and that ſhall be your puniſhment.
Aſot. Phryne, I take thee for my loving ſpouſe.
Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.
Prieſt. And I conclude the tie. *Aſot.* Ha, you ſweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Aſot WHy how now, Tutour? a rope about your neck? I have heard, that hanging and marrying go by deſtinie;
But I never thought they had come together before.
Ball. I have caſt a ſerious thought upon my guilt,
And find my ſelf an arrant rogue. The gallows

Was

Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.
E'ne uſe me as you pleaſe.

Aſot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon.
Spare him to day: for when the night comes on,
There 's ſweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevail'd. No man be ſad to day.
Come, you ſhall dine with me. *Aſot.* Pardon me, Sir:
I will not have it ſaid by the malicious, that I ate at another mans table the firſt day I ſet up houſe-keeping. No, you ſhall all go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then: our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praiſe, and all confeſſe,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealouſie
Of thoſe that wooe, and thoſe that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cum choro cantantium in laud. Hym.*

Epilogus.

Aſotus, Aſtrologer.

Aſot. HOw now? Will our indeavours give ſatisfaction?
Aſtrol. I find by the horoſcope, & the elevation of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile oppoſition; and that th' Almutes is inclining to the enemies houſe.

Aſot. Away with your Almutes, Horoſcopes, Elevations, Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppoſitions. I have an art of mine own to caſt this figure by.

THe Lovers now Jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I queſtion not heavens influence: for here
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the ſtarres I gaze at; we ſhall find
Our labours bleſt, if your Aſpects be kind.

FINIS.